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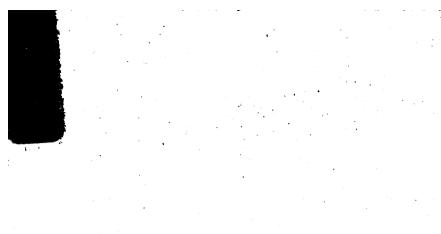
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## SELF-EFFORT.



James garfield working as a carpenter. Pa

Page 34.

Thomas Aelson and Sons,

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

# SELF-EFFORT;

OR.

# THE TRUE METHOD OF ATTAINING SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BY

### Foseph Fohnson,

AUTHOR OF "LIVING IN EARNEST," "LIVING TO PURPOSE,"

"NOBLE WOMEN OF OUR TIME,"

ETC. ETC.

"Come, firm Resolve, lead thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair."
BURNS.

#### Mondon:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW. EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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### First Mords.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

SHAKESPEARE.



N the threshold of life it is well to pause and consider the question—What is life? what does it mean? whither does it tend? It has

a purpose, and is not an accident. It can be made high and noble, although its condition may be Its record, however trivial and unlow and humble. important, can never be unwritten. It is the only time given for progress and development; and he who makes the most of life is he who most advances and develops himself. Time is the most precious heritage owned by human beings. Too many take no thought of to-day nor thought of to-morrow: days come and go without their opportunities being used or embraced. They have no aim, no resolved and determined plan. Talents and abilities may be possessed, but their owners fail in their use, because they have no mark, no purpose, no object in life.

Very early in life the thought occurs to the most unthinking, that in order to live it is needful to work, to engage in a profession, or undertake some business. And when this is done it will speedily be seen that success in the attainment of wealth secures plaudits and praises, transforming contempt into servility, evil prophesyings into honeyed congratulations, and fierce opposition into officious assistance. Then it is too frequently the case that wealth is pursued for its own sake; not as a means of living, but as the means of securing the shouts and praises of the crowd, which elevates the Midas, the man of gold, solely because he owns gold. But however much the man may be condemned who makes wealth a passion, the only purpose and object of life, its reasonable pursuit is a necessity which cannot be avoided. Rightly pursued and used, it tends to the expansion and development of every faculty. It is the source from whence is derived the means of living, the sufficiency which secures a reasonable and desirable independency, and the absence of that anxiety in relation to children and dependants which so frequently mars and vexes the lives of meritorious and useful men. The history of successful men, men who have acquired wealth and position, dissipates the unhealthy notion that success in trade is the result of chance, and not of work, of industrious habits, and adherence to the rules of probity, honour, and honestv.

It will be found by experience that individual improvement is the best means, if not the only means, to

secure trade or commercial success; and that without intellectual development and individual advancement there is not, and cannot be, any real success. Life in morals obeys certain laws as infallibly as life in matter. these laws are neglected or despised, success in the true sense cannot be attained; if they are regarded and made the rule of life, success will as certainly follow as day follows night. The rules, the laws of prosperous life, are seen and defined in the lives of great men. FRANKLIN was the embodiment of industry, temperance, and in-WILLIAM HUTTON, the Birmingham booktegrity. seller, illustrated in his life the virtues of courage and self-reliance. JOHN HOWARD exhibited the value of high aims and singleness of purpose. It is exemplified in the biographies of great men that industry, perseverance, the exercise of wisdom and virtue, infallibly lead to success; just as their rejection and disregard cause life to be a disappointment, and ultimately a wreck. Let but an honourable and possible aim be determined upon, just as such resolutions have been formed in the past, and success will inevitably follow. He that has passed his life waiting upon chance, will be found to have disobeyed the simple conditions of success, and will have himself to blame for the want of that which he so much desired.

It has been wisely said, Nature gives nothing; she insists upon an equivalent. All life, health, cultivation, knowledge, depend upon individual exertion and regard to natural laws. No circumstances can exempt from these claims. It clearly follows, then, that dependence

must be upon the individual, and that welfare and success are the results of personal effort. Carlyle said, "Translate the impossible 'Know thyself,' into the more possible 'Know what thou canst work at.'"

The following pages have been written with a strong desire to induce earnestness in life, and to make plain the fact that life is not a lottery, but that it is, on the contrary, subject to law and amenable to order; and that he that resolves to make the most of life, and will use the means, will certainly secure the desired object and the coveted prize—Success in Life.

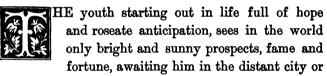
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### What is Success in Life?

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;

But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

Addison.



busy town to which his eager footsteps tend. Bravely and with a resolute heart he begins the "battle of life;" and if he but remembers the kindly counsels of an anxious father, the prayers of a weeping mother, and the promise and purpose of his youthful years, the end of his career will not be wanting in success, although neither fame nor fortune are attained. But what warring influences surround him! what temptations meet him in his course! On one side are arrayed his passions, demanding gratification at any cost—luxury, power, ease, and all sensual pleasures; on the other side is the stern law, refrain, obey, with the unalterable conditions of all human existence. Virtue secures happiness; vice produces misery. If these laws are disregarded,

if fame and fortune are sought, heedless of virtue and careless of the inroads of vice, life will be a disappointment in its course, and lack success at the end. How often has it been experienced that the brightest youth, giving notable promise of moral and intellectual achievement, yielding to the blandishments and allurements of temptation, has become a moral wreck and a dispiriting disappointment! How often has it been seen that the impetuosity of youth, without the needed checks of patience and experience, has destroyed promising prospects and hastened an ignoble ending! The youth of to-day cannot wait, cannot tread in the slow but sure footsteps of their sires; they must achieve at a bound the success which it took them a life-time to obtain. A youth just on the eve of his twentieth year knows, or thinks he knows, all that is needed to be known about any subject on which he has formed, or thinks he has formed, an opinion: when he attains his fiftieth year, although acquiring experience and knowledge during all the intervening period, he is compelled to confess how little he really knows and how liable he is to err.

It is true that history records many instances of success achieved in certain directions by youths and very young men. Alexander was in India at thirty, and Napoleon in Italy at twenty-six. In the arts and letters amazing work has been achieved long before middle life has been attained. Raphael, Burns, Byron, Lucan, and Newton attained to fame in early manhood; and, strangest of all such instances, Pitt, in his

twenty-first year, was Premier of England! There is danger that no account will be taken of the fact that these men were rare instances of intellectual vigour and extraordinary genius. The youth of to-day cannot understand why he may not attain the eminence attained by the youth of vesterday. Dearly-bought experience will speedily teach him that success is not attained by bounds and leaps, by intuition, without the tedious process of labour; but that it is the result of law and order, of rules and conduct, of slow development, and patient, painstaking care. "Without pains there are no gains." But however orderly and admirable life may be, it may yet miss the goal aimed at and the end desired. The goal may be too far and too high. It is quite true that almost every occupation, trade, or profession, has its instances of success; and that what has been achieved before may be achieved again. It is said that every French soldier carries a marshal's baton in his haversack,—a man may be raised from the ranks to occupy a position of command, as such instances have occurred; but it would be most unwise for every soldier to make the object of his thoughts and of his life the attainment of that position. moment's thought will convince him that one in ten thousand ten times told will not attain to that eminence. The legal profession, also, is not wanting in instances of obscure youths winning their way to judicial seats and the woolsack; but its archives record numberless instances of failure and disappointment. Castle-building and airy imaginings are sorry, profitless

employments. Day-dreams are idle, effeminate, and destructive of practical purpose. Well has Shakespeare said.—

"Some there be that shadows kiss; Such have but a shadow's bliss."

And yet, when the end aimed at is reasonable, within the compass of capability, and patience and perseverance become life-long habits, success is not often wanting. "It is a certain fact," said Baron Bunsen, "nothing of lawful and laudable attainment can resist the human will, if only strenuous and unremitting." The author of the Spectator recorded the result of his thoughtful and observing life in wise words, which should be engraved on the memory of every youth and young man venturing into the world: "If you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius." And the humane and philanthropic Sir Fowell Buxton, who illustrated his teaching by the example of his life, said: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men-between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination: a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Writing to a young friend, in whose welfare he felt the keenest interest, Sir Fowell said: "I am

sure that a young man may do very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school. where I learned little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them. gave up all desultory reading; I never looked into a novel or newspaper. I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place; I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment; I became speedily a youth of steady habits, of application, and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

Sir Fowell left some admirable maxims, which he

intended to have published; amongst them were the following:-" Mankind in general mistake possibilities for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect and those who do not." "People of weak judgment are most timid, as horses half blind are most apt to start." "Burke, in a letter to Miss Shackleton, says, 'Thus much in favour of activity and occupation, that the more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our direct task." "Plato-Better to err in acts than principles." "Idleness the greatest prodigality." "Two kinds of idleness -a listless and an active." "If industrious, we should direct our industry to right ends." "Possibly it may require as much industry to be the best billiard-player as to be senior wrangler." "The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given." "My experience is that men of great talent are apt to do nothing for want of vigour." "Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day." "Is there any one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer?—that kind of man never fails." "Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw; some iron in you." "Let men know that what you say, you will do-that your decision, once made, is final; no wavering-that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated. Acquire and maintain that character."

These maxims, adopted and practised in the life, would convert helpless weaklings into men—human

beings that would adorn and bless the world. And yet, however much patience and labour may accomplish, they cannot convert ordinary mortals into Shakespeares, Miltons, Franklins, or Newtons. To equal these eminent men, it is needful to possess the genius they possessed. Sir Joshua Reynolds defined genius to be the capability of continuous labour. Possibly he arrived at the conclusion from the fact that it is the nature of genius to labour patiently, to arrive at results by slow steps; but the most slavish drudgery would not enable one in ten thousand to make the most distant approach to his artistic genius, and to the production of paintings which are now preserved as national trea-Genius, mind, intellectual capability, are as sures. variously bestowed as strength, physical endurance, or dogged, resolute courage. Feats of strength and agility excite astonishment; but it would be absurd and useless for the weak and effeminate to imitate the professional athlete. Each has his own work and his own capability of doing it. "It is no man's business," observes a modern writer, "whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will be always the things God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies nor heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if he is a small man, small things: but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable." In the same spirit of wisdom Longfellow wrote: "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what can be done well, and doing well what can be done without a thought of fame."

While, therefore, it is needful to remind the vouth just entering upon his life's career that he must not hope to achieve the success of the world's great men, he may take courage in the assurance that if he uses the means, and is careful to note the conditions by which he is surrounded, and the conditions which surround possible success, he will not add to the failures of which the world is so full. The dullest should remember that the race is not always won by the swift; patience and perseverance have frequently enabled those credited with inability and incompetency to pass the quick, the sharp, and the adroit. "If there be one thing on earth," said Dr. Arnold, "which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." All experience proves that continued perseverance in the pursuit of an object within the grasp of power and capacity is ultimately secured; while, on the other hand, numberless are the instances of young men possessing great mental ability, and seemingly capable of any intellectual achievement, who, owing to a dependence upon natural talents and aptitude, have become disappointed wrecks, and have sunk out of sight and existence without the fulfilment of a single early promise.

But there is a life which may be lived, in which success may be obtained, which is independent of the

possession of genius, intellect, and ability, which can be attained by every human being, be the position in life what it may. But this life and attainable success has not so much to do with material possessions as with culture and character. The building up of the man is a work infinitely more important than the accumulation of wealth, or securing luxuries and costly surroundings. These may be obtained, and frequently are obtained, by men undeserving the name, whose lives are the reflex of all that is evil and noxious. John Wesley said, "No foot of land do I possess;" and when the Excise officers wrote for a list of his silver plate in order that it might be taxed, he replied that he had two silver spoons, one in London and one in Bristol; and that while there were so many wanting bread, he did not intend to increase his plate! The poet, then, was right when he wrote,-

"The bravest trophy ever man obtained,
Is that which o'er himself himself hath gained."

The Baroness Bunsen, summing up the results of her thought and experience during a long and varied life, said: "The object of human existence is not to be as comfortable as possible in every stage of its progress, but to make every advantage of the circumstances, whether pleasing or unpleasing, into which the path of life may successively bring you;" and then added, "A sphere of duty so clear and simplified that one could always be in it, and always absorbed in it, seems to me the unattainable happiness of life; and it will probably

form the happiness of a higher and more perfect condition."

It was Seneca who truly defined greatness and the certain road to happiness, when he said: "The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully: who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth. on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering." possible, then, be the conditions or circumstances what they may, to make life a success—to attain to character and mental possessions that will not only be the means of obtaining a life's satisfaction and happiness, but be a light, a beacon, and an encouragement to those about to engage in the world's strife. A bountiful Providence has so arranged the conditions of existence that no class can exclusively absorb life's enjoyments to the exclusion of every other class. To all is given the power, if opportunity is embraced and the needed exertion made, to attain to a noble life-blessing and being blessed. The poet Wordsworth admirably maintains in one of his poems that the capacity for virtue and enjoyment is universal, as much the patrimony of the poor as of the rich.

"Believe it not!
The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers:
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts;
No mystery is here, no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly graced

And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth As from the haughty palace."

America has furnished a number of interesting instances of men overcoming immense difficulties in the attainment of the highest position the great Republic can confer upon its sons. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log-cabin of poor parents, and when only eight years of age had to work on his father's farm-to chop wood, and do what he could to assist the family. During his earliest years, being deprived of the opportunity of attending school or receiving any instruction, he improved every leisure moment in study and reading, borrowing all available books owned by the farmers living miles away from his home. early noted for tact and energy. When a mere lad no kind of labour came amiss: he could work on the farm, chop wood, drive a team, or do carpenter-work; and when quite a youth he took charge of a flat boat, and ran it down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, a distance of eighteen hundred miles! And when Lincoln had qualified himself for the work, he became a teacher in the backwoods, and then a surveyor; during which time he studied law, which led to his becoming a member of the legislature of his native State before he was thirty years of age; and before he was thirty-seven, member of Congress, and finally the President of America! Tennyson well described him when he wrote the lines:—

"Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green:

- "Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
  And grasps the skirts of happy Chance,
  And breasts the blow of circumstance,
  And grapples with his evil star:
- "Who makes by force his merit known, And lives to clutch the golden keys,— To mould a mighty state's decrees, And shape the whisper of the throne:
- "And moving up from high to higher,
  Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
  The pillar of a people's hope,
  The centre of a world's desire."

James Garfield, who like Lincoln became President of America, and also like him was cruelly murdered, rose from the lowest and most untoward circumstances. The log-cabin in which he was born was situated a little distance from Cleveland, and was constructed of unhewn logs, laid one upon another, the spaces between being filled with clay or mud. He first saw the light on the 19th day of November 1831. Soon after his birth he lost his father, who contracted the seeds of his death while fighting with a forest fire that threatened speedily to burn his home to ashes. An interesting incident occurred before his death. His little son James was seated upon his knee, while he was reading a volume of Plutarch's "Lives." James had learned to say "papa" and "mamma." His father, raising his eyes for a moment from his book, said: "Say Plutarch." repeated the name very distinctly. Looking up to his wife with the love and pride of a father, he said: "Eliza, this boy will be a scholar some day."

The poor widow had little hope of such a result from the deprivation to which she was reduced when her

loved husband had departed. There was no money in the house, and there was a debt on the farm. seemed even that during the winter there would not be food enough for the four children! She was advised to sell the farm and return to her friends. "What!" she cried, "and leave my husband in the wheat-field?" She would not do that. And if she did, what better would she be? The cost of removing and the payment of the debt would swallow all, and the poor woman would then be reduced to imploring the charity of her She was not without hope, however. "So long as I have my health," she said, "I believe my heavenly Father will bless these two hands so as to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me like a holy trust, that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave." After taking counsel of her heavenly Father, she called her eldest son, Thomas, who was then only eleven years old, and laid the case before him as if he had been a man. The brave boy replied to his mother: "I can plough and plant. I can sow the wheat, and cut the wood, milk the cows, and do heaps of things." And young as he was he did it. From early morning until night set in he was on the farm, working with wonderful tact and endurance, delighted that he was able to assist his poor mother. Without any assistance, except such as his mother, and sister of twelve years, rendered, he did the planting and sowing in a style that assured a good harvest in the autumn. The poor mother had to subject herself to much privation, in order that her children might be fed before the harvest came, which was abundant and of excellent quality.

Then Thomas, having a little spare time, hired himself to plough and chop for a neighbour; his first earned money being devoted to obtaining a pair of shoes for James—the first he ever wore. He now counted himself equipped for pioneer life—he had no dread of the snows of winter. He was only three and a half years old when a school was opened about two miles from his mother's cabin. It was resolved that James and his sister should go. But how was he to get there? His sister solved the difficulty by saying she would carry him. On returning the first day, Mehetabel, the sister, rushed into the cabin exclaiming, "Oh, such a good time we have had!"

"And how did Jimmy get on at school?" inquired the mother.

"He liked it," answered his sister; "he said his letters and asked the master how he knew that letter was R."

And then, as soon as he had mastered the mysteries of the alphabet, during the long winter evenings, when the cabin was lighted up by a fire of pitch pine, he made great progress in spelling and reading, and made the astounding discovery that words in books represented things, objects, and events! In his first book he read: "The rain came pattering on the roof." "Why," he shouted to his mother, "I've heard the rain do that myself." Here was a new world opened to James—a world of thought: words expressed thoughts,

and books contained thoughts. Books, therefore, became his absorbing desire. This was before he was six years of age. Owing to the necessities of the farm, James, young as he was, had to assist his brother Thomas. He read, however, every book that he could obtain, and went to school when he could, which was only a few weeks in the year. Meanwhile he had to work on the farm.

There was one phase of his character which was notable through life—he was self-reliant. He scarcely knew what "I can't" meant; that which was a common expression, "I can do that," enabled him to overcome many difficulties, or, which was the same thing, make light of difficulties. His mother once said to him: "James, half the battle is in thinking you can do a thing. My father used to say, 'Where there's a will there's a way."

- "What is that?" said James.
- "It means," said his mother, "that he who wills to do anything will do it."
  - "I can do that," said James.
- "God will bless all our efforts to do the best we can," continued his mother.
- "What'll he do when we don't do the best we can?" inquired James.
- "He will withhold his blessing; and that is the greatest calamity that could possibly happen to us."
- "I thought God only helped people to be good," remarked James, who wondered if he helped farmers.
  - "God helps folks to be good in everything-good

boys, good men, good workers, good thinkers, good farmers, good teachers, good everything. And without his help we can be good in nothing." His mother continued: "If you do one thing well, you will do another well, and so on to the end. You will soon learn that your own efforts are necessary to accomplish anything, and so you will form the habit of depending upon yourself—the only way to make the most of yourself."

Thus early James learned that if he acquired or attained to anything it must be by his own efforts. He spoke from his own experience when in after years he said, addressing some young men: "Occasion cannot make spurs, young men. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself. Let not poverty stand in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving. To a young man who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life, it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be a commander. You must not continue to be employed; you must be an employer. You must be promoted from the ranks to a command. There is something, young men, that you can command; go and find it, and command it. You can at least command a horse and dray, can be a generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them."

When James was twelve years old, his brother Thomas, who was then twenty-one, obtained a situation in Michigan, leaving his little brother to manage the The brave boy said, "I can do it;" and he did, to the wonder of the neighbours. The heavy work of the farm he undertook with great spirit and delight. He had, however, during this season of labour, little time for reading and study-for which he longed with intense ardour. When his brother returned he brought seventy-five dollars, every cent of which he had hardly The money was to be devoted to the erection of a farm-house, which had long been the desire of the two boys. Thomas, as soon as a carpenter had been engaged, had to go back to his employment, leaving James to assist. He speedily got the "knack" of the work, and did the work of a man. He got on so well that when the house was completed he contemplated making carpentering a source of profit. When the dead season of the farm came, he found his way to the carpenter's, and got a job to plane a lot of boards at one cent each. The first day, to the astonishment of his employer, he planed one hundred boards, and took a dollar home to his mother. This led to more work to assisting in the building of a barn; at the end of which he took home to his proud mother twenty dollars! His evenings, as usual, were spent in studyin mastering every problem in Adam's arithmetic, and in revelling in the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Josephus;" many pages of the latter he could repeat up to the closing days of his life.

When James was fifteen he had an offer to work at a black-saltery, or a manufactory of potash. He was offered fourteen dollars a month—capital pay for so young a lad. He came in contact with rough men, but they could not contaminate him. He was more influenced by a number of books which it would have been just as well if he had not read. His master's daughter owned and lent him "Marryat's Novels." "Sinbad the Sailor," "The Pirate's Own Book," and books of a similar class. These books indisposed him for the black-salt business, and created an almost uncontrollable desire to see the world. He gave up the situation at the end of the winter, on being called a hired servant by his master's daughter. His thoughts were severe. "Hired servant!" he said; "I can rise above that, I know, and I will. I'll not stay in this place another day, let what will happen. I'll leave to-morrow. She shall see whether I'm a hired servant or not. I'll hire servants yet." Years afterwards, when James had become a man, and was battling with the stern realities of life, he said, "That girl's cutting remark proved a great blessing to me. I was too much annoyed by it to sleep that night; I lay awake under the rafters of the old farm-house, and vowed again and again that I would be somebody; that the time should come when that girl would not call me a 'hired servant.'"

The next work James obtained was a job at chopping wood, which was done according to contract, and to the satisfaction of his employer. He was then engaged by a farmer to assist him in the hay-harvest. He was up with the others at four o'clock in the morning, and only went to bed at the end of a long day's work. When he returned to his mother, he was engrossed with the thought of going to sea - an idea which had possessed him since reading the sea stories at the black-salt works. This course was strongly opposed by his mother. She consented, however, to his obtaining a berth on board one of the vessels navigating Lake Erie, in the hope that he would soon have enough of a sailor's life. Fortunately he had enough before he commenced. The first captain to whom he applied was "a drunken, beastly, angry fellow-a whisky-barrel on legs, his mouth pouring out the vilest words." To James's request to be employed a rough answer was returned—"Get off this schooner in double-quick, or I'll throw you into the dock!" As he turned away he met his cousin, who was captain of a canal boat, with whom he engaged to drive the horses. The captain had been a schoolmaster, and was rather proud of his attainments; but on examining James he found that he was far behind his young cousin; when he said: "Jim, you've too good a head on you to be a wood-chopper or a canaldriver." After a few months on the canal he returned home, for his mother to nurse him out of a fever. When he recovered, his thoughts went out in the direction indicated by his cousin—he would be a

scholar. "I will go," he said; and that resolution was the turning-point in his career. He was but scantily prepared to make an appearance in the Chester school: his trousers were nearly out at the knees, and all the money his mother could give him was eleven dollars. "That will do to begin with," he said; "I can earn more."

When at the Geauga Seminary he found, having to lodge and board himself, that the dollars went pretty He saw that he must do something, or he would be bankrupt. He hired himself to a carpenter and worked three hours each day, besides attending school, and all day on the Saturday. The result was that at the end of the school term he had sufficient money to pay all his bills and two or three dollars to carry to his mother. When at home during the vacation, he was impressed with the necessity of earning a little money to purchase clothes, shirts, and other needful things. He soon found a farmer that wanted assistance in the hay-field. When this was done he found other work which lasted him until the last day of the vacation, when he was able to take all he required to the Seminary and leave his mother a little money also; he did not carry much money with him, it is true—ninepence was all his store! He, however, went back to the carpenter's shop in the evenings, and at the close of his second term had paid all his bills and had a few dollars to take home.

The day after reaching home he again started upon a long walk to look for a school wanting a teacher, but

returned the next day without succeeding in his object. Providence, as his mother said, opened his way to keep school quite near his home. He succeeded wonderfully in training a number of rough boys, and earning from the parents the verdict that "he was the best teacher we ever had." On his return to Geauga Seminary, he boarded with Mr. Whitworth the carpenter, who took his pay in labour. The following vacation he spent keeping school at Warrensville. At the school one of the advanced pupils wanted to study geometry, to which subject James had given no attention. ing the needed books, he sat up at night and kept himself one lesson in advance of his pupil. During the third year at the Seminary, James was urged to think seriously of going to college. His desire was great, but his means were small. During the summer vacation of the last year, he and another lad applied for work on a farm, and astonished the owner by outstripping the men in the work accomplished. He soon decided that somehow he would go to college, and immediately commenced the study of Latin. When he finally left the Seminary, he had justly earned the reputation of scholarship and character. After a few days spent in the company of his mother, he heard that a teacher was wanted in Harrison, when he lost no time in applying for and obtaining the situation. When the school term was ended, he left with many expressions of affection and confidence from his pupils.

On presenting himself at the Hiram Eclectic Institute, he inquired for the principal, who was in con-

sultation with the trustees. On being introduced, James said,—

"Gentlemen, I am anxious to get an education, and have come here to see what I can do."

"And you want what education this institution can furnish?" said the chairman.

"Yes, sir, provided I can work my way."

"Then you are poor?"

"Yes, sir; but I can work my way. I thought that perhaps I should have the chance to ring the bell, to sweep the floors, to pay part of my bills."

"I think we had better try this young man," said one of the trustees.

"How do we know that you can do the bell-ringing and sweeping to suit us?" inquired another trustee.

"Try me," said James, "try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction, I will retire without a word."

Upon trial he gave satisfaction, not only to the committee, but to the carpenter, who employed him to plane boards, by which and other jobs he supported himself. At the close of the first year James ceased to ring the bell, and was promoted to be assistant-teacher of the English department and ancient languages; but he had still to continue carpentering.

The college he selected, on leaving the institution, was William's College,—Dr. Hopkins, the principal, having given him a warm invitation. He very soon made an impression in the college, making his mark above all others for accurate scholarship in every

branch, but particularly distinguishing himself as a writer, reasoner, and debater. When the first vacation came James opened a writing school in Pownal, Vermont, which proved very successful. In the vacation of the following winter he opened a writing school in Poestenkill, where he was invited to preach in the Disciples' Church, and where he received an invitation to become a teacher in the High School, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars. He refused this tempting offer—he had set his heart upon graduating at Williams. When he was back in college, the subject of chief interest outside of the usual studies was the Slavery The outrage of Preston Brooks upon Charles Sumner excited great indignation among the students. At a meeting in the college James delivered a powerful speech, to which his fellow-students listened with wonder and admiration.

James graduated in 1856, bearing off the honours of his class. One of the professors of the college wrote some years after: "Garfield, as a student, was one who would at any time impress himself upon the memory of his instructors by his manliness and excellence of character. He was one whom his teachers would never suspect as guilty of a dishonest or mean act, and one whom a dishonest or mean man would not approach. Manliness and honesty were Garfield's characteristics; and these gave him power to see and do what was for his own good and the honour of the college. His life as a student was pure and noble. Since he entered active life he has been distinguished for hard work, clear

insight into questions of public interest, strong convictions, and manly courage."

Upon leaving college he was elected Teacher of Ancient Languages and Literature in the Hiram Institute. At the end of the second year he became principal; eleven years from the time he left the towpath of the canal he was installed Principal of the Eclectic Institute of the Western Reserve, where three hundred young ladies and gentlemen were pursuing a course of education.

The students in after years had good reason to remember Garfield, not only for the pains he manifested in their studies, but for the excellent advice he gave them in his lectures. The subjects of his lectures were various: "Manners," "Elements of Success," "The Turning-point of Life," "Reading," "Books," "Government," etc. He also delivered lectures outside of the college, upon "Character and Writings of Sir Walter Scott," "Character of the German People," and Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." His capability as a lecturer was no doubt increased by his keen observing powers—nothing was permitted to pass unnoticed or unremembered.

One day, as he was passing through Cleveland with a friend, he suddenly darted down a cellar-way, over the door of which there was the sign, "Saws and Files," and from which was heard a regular clicking sound. "I think this fellow is cutting files," said Garfield as he disappeared, "and I have never seen a file cut." A stay of a few minutes, and he had found out all about the process.

When Garfield became the Principal of the Hiram Institute, the town was visited by Alphonso Hart, who delivered a speech full of slavery and democratic sophistries and errors. Garfield was incited to answer Hart, which he did in a speech of great power, the fame of which spread all over the country. Hart, smarting under the effects of the speech, challenged Garfield to a public discussion, which he cheerfully accepted. On the day of the debate Garfield was in his element. Hart was completely discomfited. From that day it was clearly seen that Garfield must take an active part in public affairs. He was immediately asked to become a candidate for senator in his own State. When his consent had been obtained, he was elected by a large majority in 1860. At this time there could be no doubt of the outbreak of a civil war. When the first blow was struck and Fort Sumpter had been fired upon, President Lincoln made a call for seventy-five thousand men. Garfield, when the call was read in the Ohio Senate, moved that "Ohio contribute twenty thousand men and three million dollars as the quota of the State."

He was not the man, however, to look on without taking an active part in the war. No one man contributed more to the success of the cause of humanity and freedom than Garfield. He became successively lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, and majorgeneral. After two years and three months' service in the army he was triumphantly elected member of Congress, where in due time he became the acknowledged

leader of the national House of Representatives. When the election was over he visited Columbus and addressed the State legislature, when he said, "During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise. it has been the plan of my life to follow my conviction, at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship."

In the year 1880 he had assigned to him the highest honour possible to an American citizen—he was elected President of the great Republic! During his brief tenure of office, before the bullet of the assassin laid him low, he earned, by the rectitude of his conduct, and by his unswerving trust in the right, the admiration and applause of surrounding nations. He will remain for all time an example of perseverance, of courage and endurance. With the example of Garfield before him, no youth, however lowly born, and however surrounded by untoward circumstances, need despair. If there be but the will and the resolve owned by Garfield, his fearlessness of work and singleness of purpose, there must be success—no circumstances can prevent that result.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was Garfield's life philosophy; but he also understood that the thing to do was that which came next to his hand. There was no thought of the work being mean or low. Done in the spirit which he brought to the task, let the work be what it might, it was noble work. No man that has ever lived had a higher reverence for self-dependence than Garfield. Many of his expressions of self-trust are worthy to be recorded with the wisdom of the wisest. Here are a few which, if pondered and remembered, may be the incentives of a useful and successful life:—

"There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up."

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat."

"There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have graduated in our own and the universities of Europe with high honours, and yet who could not harness a horse or make out a bill of sale if the world depended upon it."

"Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

- "If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it."
- "It is no honour of profit to appear in the arena. The wreath is for those who contend."
- "I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong."
- "Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours,—a part of yourself."
  - "Poets may be born, but success is made."
- "If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil."

## III.

## Success in Self-Culture.

"Wake! thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these last years should haunt thee in the night,
When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight.
Wake! ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something, do it soon, with all thy might:
"Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist."

UCCESS in life cannot be obtained without self-culture, which is education, or development, aided and helped by self, as distinguished from the training supplied by

schools, teachers, and universities. The word "culture" simply means tillage: agriculture involves all the processes of the culture or tillage of the ground; and self-culture means the tillage of the mind, in order that an intellectual crop may be the product—the tillage of the heart, so that a sweet, useful, and joyous life may result. This work, so grand and unlimited, is to be undertaken by self—by the individual—and by the individual to be carried on and completed. It is a mistake to suppose that only the poor—those deprived of the opportunities of intellectual development in schools

and colleges—need self-culture. Every human being, be his position in life what it may, will be undeveloped and uneducated unless there has been a process of selftraining. The youth whose education has been neglected, owing to the indisposition of parents or the necessities of devoting first capable years to labour. awakes to the fact that the world of knowledge is a closed and an unknown world, and that he is shut out from the exquisite pleasures enjoyed by those who know, who own or who are the possessors of knowledge. He learns also that he is to grow-because culture implies growth—into something which as yet he is not,-something which is so far distant as to seem to be the unattainable. In the prospect of so much to learn without the assistance which Fortune's favourites have provided for them, no wonder that there should be at times a want of heart and hope, and that despondency should take the place of effort and patient continuous endeavour. Such a youth had need to be reminded that men have risen from the lowliest states to adorn the loftiest positions; and that masters in the arts and sciences, who have laid the world under obligation for all time, have started from the lowest strata of society, and by their own resolute will and unbending determination have won for themselves a name and a niche in the temple of Fame. Not that any number of "laborious days" and "sleepless nights" would enable the ordinary youth to attain eminence and distinction; diligence and perseverance, however, in the pursuit of knowledge, or in the prosecution of any task, will earn for the self-instructor his own respect if he fail in the attainment of public distinction and honour. Every individual is capable of something which may not be available or attainable by any other; no two men are alike physically or mentally constituted. That which is attainable, and that which should be desired, is the development of the individual, not reproduction or imitation, which may be impossible.

If all the youths employed in the weaving-sheds in Lancashire were to resolve to imitate and emulate Dr. Isaac Milner because he was once a weaver, and that they like him would attain distinction as professors of mathematics and occupy the position of deans in the cathedrals, they would fail. They would not fail, however—not one of them would fail—if they resolved to attain to the possession of knowledge and intellectual development; and from the ranks there might then come, as in the past, some bright and beautiful spirit, blessed with a mental capacity capable of enriching and adorning the various fields of art, literature, or science. The value of the example of those who were "born mud and died marble" is not so much in what they attained as how they attained it. They had strong and resolute determination coupled with patient endurance; they laboured persistently and continuously, and achieved the object of their desires because they would not fail. And just as they are in these respects imitated, so will progress be certain and success in moral and intellectual attainments secured.

The growth which is possible for every man is mental and moral. He who neglects either branch of culture is defrauded of that which is a needful complement of his being—walking through the world "scarce half made up." However much a man may be employed in labour and absorbing engagements, there will always be time, if there is inclination, for mental and moral culture. A youth alive to the necessities of his condition, and unwilling longer to continue to make shipwreck of his opportunities, finds aids and helps meeting him on every hand—finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Books would no doubt be the first aid and help in the attainment of knowledge; and, fortunately for the youth of modern days, this is an age of cheap booksso cheap that no one having a desire to read and learn need be deprived of their assistance and companion-The best books are the cheapest. A few ship. shillings can now obtain what formerly would have cost hundreds of pounds. And so earnest has been the desire to communicate information, that there is scarcely a subject that has not "a key" or an "introduction," written by an acknowledged capable master, purchasable for a few pence. Let a youth, for instance, desire an acquaintance with the great authors who have adorned English literature, and he will find publishers and societies competing to serve him with admirably printed and written compendiums, to be purchased for the same money as would obtain a seat for an evening in

a theatre or at a concert. And in every other branch of knowledge books equally cheap are provided for the earnest and anxious student.

The use of books is well defined in the anecdote which is told of Edmund Stone, the son of the Duke of Argyle's gardener. One day the duke found a copy of Newton's "Principia" in his garden, which Stone claimed as his own.

"Yours!" replied the duke. "Do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?"

"I know a little of them," replied Stone.

"But how," said the duke, "came you by the know-ledge of these things?"

"A servant taught me ten years ago to read," was the reply. "Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-six letters in order to learn everything else one wishes?"

He then added, in reply to the duke's intensely interested inquiry, "I first learned to read. The masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and the use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books of these sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also that there were good books of the same kind

in French; I bought a dictionary, and learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

But books are not only the expounders of science, but, as Milton says, they are "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." A modern author has well said: "No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,-I shall not pine for intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from the best society." The student, however, who is in earnest in the pursuit of knowledge in the pages of books, must adopt and conform to a resolute determination of thoroughness; any other method of reading is mere dissipation and waste of If the habit is contracted of mastering every book that is read, progress solid and satisfactory must Books which ought to be read are books worth reading, and books worth reading demand painstaking and laborious thinking. "Reading," says Locke, "is but collecting the rough materials, amongst which a great deal must be laid aside as useless." The act of thinking, or meditation, is the process which conserves

and stores the essence, the germ, the product of the thought of an author, and which advances the mind of the student to the stand-point of the master spirit with whom communion has been held. Newton said that his great discovery of the law of gravitation was the result of constant thinking. Watt, the discoverer of the steam-engine, never let go his hold upon any subject until he had thoroughly mastered it. Gibbon, after having read a book, was accustomed to take a solitary walk and think over how much the author had added to his knowledge.

Mental digestion is as needful for intellectual growth as digesting food in the stomach is needful for stalwart physical development. The man who accepts results without going through the process of thinking and studying, will only be a smatterer—a repeater; but he cannot in the true sense be said to know. A man may be told that the Earth is so many millions of miles from the sun; he accepts the fact, and has thus acquired information: but he is not satisfied with the bare fact; he learns and studies the method by which a knowledge of the planets' distances is obtained, and then the knowledge becomes his own. A book upon anatomy may describe clearly the several parts of the human body; but the anatomical information thus acquired would not enable the student to perform an important surgical operation. It is an accepted fact, discovered by Newton, that the Earth has an uniform power of attraction—drawing all substances within its influence at the same rate of speed without reference to size or

weight. The fact that a very heavy table, shot from a balloon a mile from the Earth, and a feather blown from the car at the same instant of time, would, if the air were removed, arrive at the Earth at the same instant. is accepted with some mental misgivings; when, however, the student demonstrates the fact by dropping a guinea and a feather in an air-exhausted glass vessel. and it is seen that the feather and the coin reach the bottom at the same instant, Newton's discovery has become his discovery, and he has risen to the sublime height of knowledge. Books, then, immensely important as they are, are not the only means or methods of Some of the wisest men attained wisdom culture. Socrates, "whose mouth mellifluously without books. watered all the schools," and Plato and Aristotle, attained their wisdom by meditation—certainly not by reading. It is not unusual to meet with men who know little of books, but who have acquired, by observation and reflection, a practical knowledge of the philosophy of life, and a knowledge of themselves and the things around them.

Observation and reflection have ever been the means of obtaining a knowledge of matter, and the laws of matter; of mind, and the laws of mind. A brass lustre hanging from the vaulted roof of the Cathedral of Pisa had been left swinging by the verger. To a mind not accustomed to observation, the only thought would have been to stop the swinging of the lamp; to Galileo, however, who entered the church at the moment, the idea occurred to measure time by the oscillation of a

pendulum. The Marquis of Worcester, observing the lid of a kettle to move by the steam within it, reflected upon the possibility of using the power for mechanical purposes, and hence the wondrous steam-engine that has changed the face and force of the world. The great want in the multitude is eyes to see;—given, the habit of observation and reflection, and then the world and the universe become full of wonders more marvellous than the fabled creations of Aladdin's lamp.

Conversation and discussion are admirable means for the attainment of knowledge; but this necessitates wise companions and earnest converse. Not frivolous smartness, show and parade of words, but a modest and anxious desire to know—to learn. Such a spirit manifested in the presence of a teacher, or of one who can teach, is sure to elicit willing aid and help. And no true student who loves knowledge for its own sake but delights in its diffusion—delights in communicating to less instructed minds, facts and the inferences from facts, which make up the sum of human knowledge. Another advantage from the company and conversation of superiors is that they communicate their superiority to those with whom they associate and converse. "evil communications corrupt good manners," so good companions tend to the eradication of evil habits and the correction of poor and mean thinking. A man who enjoys the companionship of a wise and true man, who combines probity and goodness in his nature, and who has made knowledge the pursuit of his life, imbibes his spirit, and for a time becomes like him in thought

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and action. And then, too, the companionship of a superior inspires and quickens the understanding—stimulates the intellect, so that a higher class of language is used to express wiser and more elevated thoughts. It is all-needful, however, in conversation and discussion, that no opinions are advanced that are not honestly held. Inward truthfulness is as necessary to the formation of a sound moral character as exterior truthfulness. Earnestly held truth should influence words, control thoughts, and direct actions. In discussion, friendly discussion, there must be no compromise of truth; there must be honesty of words not less than honesty of thoughts.

As advantage is derived from the intellectually superior, improvement is also obtained from communicating to those less informed and instructed. He who is rich in stores of knowledge becomes richer by dispensing his riches. The Sunday-school teacher, for instance, whose opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge have been limited, improves as much as the children committed to his care. The Scripture lesson which he imparts is the result of his thinking; the mental process which has thus been induced strengthens his understanding, and renders him more capable of future intellectual efforts. Imparted knowledge does not "diminish learning's store;" on the contrary, it increases and enlarges it.

It is all-important, in the pursuit of knowledge, that the mind should be subject to discipline and wise control. Thought must not be permitted to succeed thought in vain, vague, and roving ideas. Thoughts profitless and enervating must be subdued at once. Any eccentricity or peculiarity of thinking dwarfs and stunts the growth of the mind, which not unfrequently leads to a morbid condition, and sometimes to drivelling imbecility. Dwelling upon one idea, until that idea becomes the master or key-thought of the life, is a condition opposed to true progress and intellectual culture. Unquestionably the reining of the mind, putting it under control and direction, is no light task; but every effort and endeavour will render the habit more easy, and the mind more pliant and willing to serve its master.

"Ordering of the mind," and commanding the mind, is assisted by the habit of writing the thoughts in a commonplace-book. The drivel of day-dreams and the wanderings of the imagination would not be inserted as the occupation of the thoughts of men with any pretension to intelligence. Writing at length the opinion entertained of any book that is read, whether in agreement or disagreement, and the reasons for such opinion, is a practice which will exercise a most beneficial influence in creating the habit of correct and careful thinking-fixing, printing, the most important statements and arguments of an author upon the mind and memory. A commonplace-book would also serve to mark the progressive steps of the student, and would aid in acquiring the art of clearly and lucidly stating an opinion or proposition, in terms and phrases prompted, if not created, by the authors of the books that are read.

A study of the style of an author is admirably supplemented by observing the method of thought adopted by public speakers, in the pulpit and on the platform :--to note the treatment of a subject, the correctness of the arguments used, and the appositeness of the illustrations. The student so observing would soon distinguish between the declaimer and the intellectual reasoner. In the one he would find pretence, but no solid foundation or building erected upon a carefully framed proposition; in the other he would find no desire to catch the ear by what might be described as clap-trap, but a carefully stated series of sequences -logical deductions, flowing from and illustrating the subject. Listening to a good public speaker, in addition to the improvement of the thought, marvellously improves the language of the hearer. Habitually listening to a well-informed and cultured speaker, careful of the logical formation of his arguments, and careful in the selection of the most expressive words, furnishes an important addition to the opportunities of obtaining a by no means contracted education.

The chief impediment to successful self-culture is impatience in the acquisition of the rudiments of any class of knowledge, the desire to arrive at ends before going through beginnings; but it must be evident that without a knowledge of the laws and rules of grammar, of arithmetic, of the physical condition of the globe and the places upon its surface, of the history of the people by which it has been inhabited, of man's physical system and the laws of thought, and cognate subjects,

little progress has been made in the direction or attainment of an education worthy of the name. Numberless are the instances of men rising from obscurity who have not only mastered the rudiments of these several classes of knowledge, but by their own unaided efforts have risen to deserved distinction and world-wide eminence. But it cannot be too frequently remembered that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians, men of the most brilliant and imposing talents, have laboured as hard, if not harder, than the day labourer; and that the reason why they have been superior to other men is that they have taken more pains, worked harder than other men.

But mere intellectual attainments, a knowledge of facts, however hardly acquired, is not all that is needful for the complete development of the man; as the acquirement of intellectual attainments is certainly not the sole or chief business for which man was sent into The head may be cultivated and the heart the world. neglected. When that is the case, we may see a human being exciting astonishment by the variety and extent of acquired knowledge, while at the same time there is an absence of that sympathy, love, and affection which endear men to their fellows. The dual nature of man requires a dual culture—harmony between the mind and the heart, if God's work is to be done, and man is to be perfected for the task. As knowledge is stored and wisdom grows in the mind, truth and goodness, love and allegiance to duty, must grow in the heart. Knowledge, without the grace and genial influence of humility, not unfrequently develops the cold, discordant, selfseeking cynic. Knowledge, without the power to subdue the temper and resist temptation, may be likened to a tinkling cymbal; but it is not the store-house of strength which will enable a man to fight the manful and Christian fight against evil. The most harsh and ungracious temper, so inimical to the happiness of its owner, will yield to constant and persistent endeavours to subdue The importance of such a conquest cannot be overrated. It not only involves a pure mind but a vigorous understanding, which rises above and controls the little irritations which fret and vex daily life. Seneca, when informed that Nero had resolved upon his death, received the news without "disorder" or "surprise." He had so schooled or cultured himself, that any incident, agreeable or disagreeable, was received with calmness and composure. Of one of his methods of selfculture he himself tells us: "So soon as the candle is taken away, on retiring to bed, my wife that knows my custom lies still, without a word speaking, and then do I recollect all that I have said or done that day, and take myself to shrift. And why should I conceal or reserve anything, or make any scruple of inquiring into my errors, when I can say to myself, Do so no more, and for this once I will forgive thee?" He wisely observes that every man can control his temper, for "the same thing that galls us at home gives us no offence at all abroad; and what is the reason of it, but that we are patient in one place and froward in another?"

We are commanded by the inspired Scriptures to add to faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherlykindness, charity. That command is given because we have power to obey the command; and he who will set a watch upon himself, just as he sets a watch upon his worldly possessions, will grow into virtue and obedience - into the thoughtful and the truthful. We are not to be mere machines; we are to be men, doing every needful work with the manliness which is every man's birthright. Culture indeed. or that culture which is worthy of the name, has to do with the man, the development of the man, and has little to do with the spirit of getting and hoarding for its own sake. A field or a stone of a house may never be possessed, and yet a developed intelligence, a cultured and subdued heart, which will outweigh in real worth the gold mines of Peru, may be That which a man really possesses is that owned. which is within him; that which is without him is subject to accidents, and if possessed to-day may not be in existence to-morrow. The spirit, however—the mind and the affections of the heart—cultured, improved, and perfected, may go on progressing throughout eternity to a still higher culture and perfection. When the end has come, and for us in this world there is no more thought or culture, that which will be allimportant will be, not what we have owned and enjoyed in this life, but what we are and what we have become, —what the lessons of life have taught us, and how those lessons have impressed, improved, and influenced our being.

"Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined:
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review;
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due."

Of instances of successful self-culture amid untoward circumstances our own country furnishes many brilliant and notable examples. They are only examples, however, to the courageous and the resolute. The idle and the vacillating cannot hope to attain any measure of success. The history of any self-educated man, who has achieved distinction and who has made the world his debtor, is a record of continuous labour. THOMAS COOPER, the author of a remarkable volume, "The Purgatory of Suicides," "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time," "The Baron's Yule Feast," and other works, remarkably corroborates the possibilities of labour in the attainment of self-culture. Charles Kingsley. speaking of Cooper, said, "He is a man of vast reading and indomitable courage." At the outset of life he was subjected to great privation. His mother, who was a widow, procured food for her boy by the labour of her own hands, often giving him the last bit of food while she fasted. When a child, Cooper knew what it was to go about the streets shoeless and in ragged clothes.

His vouthful years were marked by continued illness. no doubt increased by a want of food and clothing. Despite his poverty, he very early imbibed a love for reading, drawing, and music. His mother deprived herself of many small comforts in order that her boy might obtain a book from the library, a sheet of paper. a black-lead pencil, or a bit of water-colour; and as he grew older she purchased for him, with much self-denial, a dulcimer, upon which he learned to play. When he attained his fifteenth year he was sent to a shoemaker, where he remained, "plying the awl and bending over the last," until he was twenty-three. But making and mending shoes, however needful for his sustenance, was not his only employment. He had read a memoir of Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. The example of that distinguished scholar, triumphing over the difficulties of lowly birth, animated Cooper to encounter the labour of acquiring languages and a knowledge of mathematics. He formed a resolution to acquire in a given time the elements of Latin, Greek, geometry, and algebra, and to commit the whole of "Paradise Lost" and seven plays of Shakespeare to memory. In some respects he exceeded his resolution, and in others he failed. During a subsequent period of his life he had added to his philological studies a knowledge of the Italian, German, and other tongues. this time he could only earn ten shillings a week. His mother, enfeebled by age, could do little to add to the scanty pittance, which was barely sufficient to furnish enough food to keep them in existence.

order to find time to read, he rose from bed in the summer mornings at three o'clock and walked miles over the hills, reading every inch of the way; and returned to his work at six o'clock, at which he remained until nine at night, when he was frequently so exhausted as to swoon off his seat.

In the winter, because his mother was too poor to afford him a fire, he was accustomed to place a stool upon a stand to rest his book, and a lamp upon it; a bit of old rug was put under his feet, and his mother's old red cloak was thrown over his shoulders. In this way he studied from nine or ten to twelve o'clock at night, and from three or four to seven o'clock in the morning. During those precious hours, in addition to his other studies, he read the great works of Hooker, Cudworth, Stillingfleet, and Warburton. When he left the shoemaker's stall, which he did in his twenty-third year, he became a schoolmaster in Gainsborough, and subsequently in Lincoln. He then became connected with the Stamford Mercury, and afterwards removed to London, where, like so many others, he had to suffer poverty to such a degree that he had to sell his books, one by one, in order to obtain bread. He obtained a little money by making extracts for Mr. Lumley of Chancery Lane, and by writing for the magazines. When he was reduced to the necessity of pawning his cloak to obtain food, he was offered the editorship of the Greenwich Gazette. When its career terminated, Cooper became the editor of the Leicester Mercury, during which time he frequently delivered lectures to

working-men. At that time, what are now known as the Chartist Riots, prevailed. Cooper was accused of being present at an incendiary fire and exciting the Staffordshire colliers to riot. And although he proved that he was not present at the fire, and that his lectures were delivered with the object of dissuading the men from violence, he was imprisoned for two years; the result of which was confirmed neuralgia, rheumatism, and other torments. He, however, while in prison, composed his great work, "The Purgatory of Suicides." When he left Stafford jail on the 4th of May 1845, he was then forty years of age. He proceeded to London and commenced to contribute to serials and newspapers, and deliver lectures upon literary and other subjects. For some years he has devoted himself to lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity, and has published important works upon the same subject, which have deservedly obtained the commendation of eminent scholars.

Another shoemaker, Samuel Drew, started life under great difficulties. He owed much to the kindly influence of his mother, and never forgot her gentle instruction in after years; unfortunately, she died when he was very young. When he was eight years old he was placed to work as a buddle-boy, for which he received three-halfpence per day. In his eleventh year he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, at St. Austell, in Cornwall. He suffered so much from ill-treatment in his new situation that he determined to run away and go to sea. From many causes he was deterred from putting his resolution into practice. The only opportunity he

had of reading was furnished in an occasional number of the Weekly Entertainer, containing stories of Paul Jones and other notorieties, which induced a strong desire to join a pirate ship; but as he had no money and scarcely any clothes, the idea had to be abandoned. Subsequently, however, not being able to bear the cruelty to which he was subjected by his master and mistress, he did run away, and had to endure hunger and to sleep in the open air. brother having discovered him, he was taken home, and arrangements were made with his old master to cancel his indentures. His next situation was more pleasant and congenial; but being "a wretched tool at his trade," he could only earn about eight shillings per He was frequently compelled to "tie his apronweek. string tighter for a dinner!" He had to leave this situation, owing to a smuggling adventure, in which he had nearly lost his life. His next situation was with a saddler in St. Austell, who was commencing the shoemaking business. He was then in his twentieth year; at which time he said: "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense. master was by trade a saddler, had acquired some knowledge of bookbinding, and hired me to carry on the shoemaking for him. He was one of those men who will live anywhere, but will get rich nowhere. His shop was frequented by persons of a more respectable class than those with whom I had previously associated, and various topics became alternately the subjects of conversation. I listened with all that attention which my labours and good manners would permit, and obtained among them some little knowledge. Sometimes, when disputes ran high, I was appealed to: this acted as a stimulus. I examined dictionaries. picked up many words, and, from an attachment which I felt to books which were occasionally brought to the shop to be bound, I began to have some view of the various theories with which they abounded. more I read, the more I felt my ignorance—the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other. Having to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little; and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages. This custom has not forsaken me at the present moment."

One of the books brought to be bound was Locke's "Essay on the Understanding," which, as he said, he would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have called it his own. He did not see a copy of the book again for many years, but the glance at its pages laid the foundation of his future abstruse studies. It induced him to think, to reason, and to write his reflections, and to awake from the stupor and grovelling views which had possessed his mind. His thirst for information almost became a passion. The books

brought to be repaired he read with great avidity. But the greatest obstruction to his progress was his ignorance of words. This necessitated the constant reference to a dictionary, which he always kept by his side when he read. In a little time he could dispense with this help to important knowledge.

After going on in this way for some time, he determined to commence business on his own account: he had, however, only fourteen shillings with which to make the venture. A friend who had urged him to commence lent him five pounds, "upon the strength of his good character." Drew, in order to repay the borrowed money, worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-At the end of the year he had the satisfaction to know that he stood clear, the borrowed five pounds repaid, and a stock of materials on hand. Industry and economy prevented the necessity of going to bed supperless and rising in debt. His improved position enabled him to gratify his thirst for knowledge. was enabled to devote to reading and study the leisure owned by an ordinary workman, and he desired no more. His inclinations led him to the study of astronomy and modern history. His knowledge of arithmetic was too defective to make progress in astronomical science, and his poverty prevented his obtaining the needed books for the collation of historical events. The study of metaphysics presented none of these diffi-"It appeared," he said, "to be a thorny path; culties. but I determined nevertheless to enter, and accordingly began to tread it. Dangers and difficulties I did not fear, while I could bring the powers of my mind to bear upon them, and force myself a passage. To metaphysics I then applied myself, and became what the world and my good friends call a metaphysician."

His thoughts were not, however, altogether taken up by metaphysics. At that time the American War absorbed public attention. Drew entered into the merits and demerits of the war with as much interest as if his life depended upon the issue. His neighbours crowded into his shop, and he went into his neighbours'. with no other intention than to discuss the news. make up for the time spent in this way, he had frequently to work until midnight. One night, when so employed, a youngster shouted through the key-hole of the door, "Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night, and run about by day!" This gave Drew a terrible "Had a pistol," he said, "been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again!' I have never forgotten it, and while I recollect anything I never shall. To me it was the voice of God. and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me."

His reading at this time was mainly confined to Milton, Young, and Cowper. He committed to memory the whole of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." He also became a local or lay preacher. When he was married, he felt the greater necessity to devote unremitting attention to his business; but while he was at work he noted any passing thought, a pen being by his side for the purpose. When the shop was shut in the evening. he endeavoured, in the midst of his family, to analyze the thoughts of the day. He had no study no place to which to retire; he usually sat on a low nursingchair by the fire, with the bellows on his knees for a desk! His first literary venture was a reply to Paine's "Age of Reason," then newly published. He wrote several small pieces before he commenced his great work-"An Essay on the Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." Subsequently he wrote his largest work-"An Essay on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body." After the publication of this work Drew retired from shoemaking, with the intention of entirely devoting himself to literature. His first work was in connection with Dr. Clarke. whom he assisted in completing his "Commentary on the Bible," and his "History of the West Indians." He also became a contributor to the Eclectic Review, and in 1812 competed for the Burnett prize on the "Being and Attributes of the Deity." He was not successful in wresting the first prize from Dr. Brown, Principal of Marischal College, or the second prize from Dr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Drew's essay, however, was published in two octavo volumes, and an edition of a thousand copies sold.

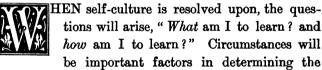
Drew's next labours were a "History of Cornwall," and a "Life of Dr. Clarke." He then became the editor of the *Imperial Magazine*. In 1821 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1831 the Council of the London University solicited him to allow himself to be nominated as Professor of Moral Philosophy in that institution; which honour he declined. His many close and thoughtful labours weakened his constitution and hastened his death, which occurred on March 29, 1833.

Drew, by his literary achievements, earned a distinguished place among England's greatest worthies. He left an example to the most desponding, surrounded by untoward circumstances; conclusively showing that if there is the will there is always the way to mental improvement and self-culture. What is wanted is the disposition and determination to labour; that attained, and there is no limit to achievement.

"Labour is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark night assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune."

## Mays and Means of Self-Improvement.

"By diligence I mean among other things—and very chiefly—honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence."—CARLYLE.



answers. It is evident that a mechanic will not be helped in his business by the study of the Greek and Latin languages. An architect would waste his time, so far as his profession is concerned, by devoting his attention to the laws of navigation. A sea captain, intelligently to understand his profession, must study the laws which regulate and control the wind, the tides, and the temperature of various parts of the globe; it is quite certain he would not be a more efficient sailing-master because he could plan a house and

calculate the cost of the materials used in its construction. It is evident, then, that that which we have need to use we have need to learn. All knowledge is needful and useful at some time and to some persons; but it does not follow that every description of knowledge should be pursued and sought. Such a course can only end in disappointment. In seeking to obtain that knowledge which will be useful in the position in which we have been placed by Providence, we act according to the dictates of wisdom; and there is no business or profession which does not present opportunities for the employment of all the faculties and mental powers, demanding unlimited and absorbing attention if success is to be attained.

Thinkers have always been masters. They learn what to do, and then they teach how to do it. The world is indebted to thinkers for railways taking the place of stage waggons and coaches; for steam-ships superseding the slow trader that started at certain times, "wind and weather permitting;" for the electric telegraph displacing signal-posts; and for the wonderful printing-machine which casts into the shade the first invented hand-press. The progress of the world is the result of thought. He who thinks the most, and uses his thought in the development of his business or profession, will find that he is the recipient of substantial rewards.

The wise employment and direction of thought is the surest method to secure the exercise and development of all the faculties. It will be admitted that the man

with his senses uncontaminated has greater enjoyment than he who, by accident or some course of folly, has dimmed or deadened them. The sensations of an habitual snuff-taker, when surrounded by a throng of perfume-exhaling flowers, cannot be compared to the exquisite enjoyment of the man who has not destroyed his organs of smell, when inhaling the odour of the rose. In a similar sense, the man who has cultivated his faculties has enjoyments of which the man with uncultivated faculties has no conception. It is the difference between power that is dormant and power that is in action, or, existing and living. The more the faculties are cultivated, the higher is the ascent; the less they are cultivated, the nearer is the approach to the animals, which are controlled and directed by instinct and not by reason. To the man whose understanding has been cultivated, and whose God-given faculties have been developed, every object of nature ministers to his enjoyment. For him trees have tongues, stones preach eloquent sermons, and the running brooks furnish books full of wise thoughts. Nature in her thousand moods teems with lessons: joyous if the spirit is cheerful and elastic; sad if the heart is heavy and desponding.

It is not true, therefore, that books are the only medium for the attainment of knowledge. They are a medium, and a most important medium, through which knowledge may be obtained; but they are not knowledge. They may and ought to teach the reader how to think; but thinking, to be of any value, must be

outside, independent of books. Reading without the process of thinking is simply passing words before the visual organs without passing knowledge into the mind. It is true that we must read in order to learn; but it is equally true, if our reading is to be of any value, that we must *learn* while we read. Learning is an act of the mind. It is a new creation, the result of suggestive and inspiring thoughts. As thoughts are created, as thinking becomes a habit, moral and intellectual manhood becomes developed, and that state is approached

"Where every god did seem to set his seal To give the world assurance of a man."

The value and worth of thinking is exemplified in a remark of Sir Isaac Newton, who said that "the power of patient thinking was the only faculty in which he was conscious of being superior to other men." But what a power! The man who has this power, who cultivates his thoughts, turns every incident and instant to account; "picks," as Pliny says, "something out of everything." The mind is the crucible into which the most diverse things enter, and from which are deduced, or ought to be deduced, forms not less useful than beautiful. It should ever be remembered that in the days when books were the exception and not the rule, there were giants of thought, whose thinking has not been overtaken by the wisest of our own more favoured conditions and times. Those ancient philosophers, ages before Lord Bacon was born, anticipated his wise words, "Weigh and consider." Burns's opportunities for mental improvement were very much on the outside of books; but the books he had he "weighed" and "considered," so as not only to make their contents his own, but to create thoughts "which the world will not willingly let die." A collection of songs which he possessed, he tells us, he pored over "while driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, and sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

In the pursuit and desire for development, the mind must be a primary subject of consideration. A knowledge of its faculties, its powers, its operations, the distinguishing characteristics of mind and matter, the phenomena of sensation, perception, memory, and comparison, is indispensable to a true appreciation of the might and power of the human intellect. This study would lead to the consideration of motives. terms right and wrong," writes an author, "seem at first sight to express the simplest of all possible ideas; yet, when analyzed, they are found to involve questions of the most intricate kind,—to enter into the innermost recesses of our nature, and to have a bearing on all our hopes and anticipations." Fortunately, a good and a wise Providence, in the common affairs of life, has planted an instinct—a monitor in every breast, which directs to the true course and proper action, independent of any outside guide or authority; so that every man, if he will but submit to the free and

uncontrolled action of his conscience, becomes a law unto himself. It is possible, however, as seen in daily life, that the conscience may become seared and blunted, refusing to act with the acute sensitiveness which unerringly directs in the choice of right and The habit of doing wrong is much more easy of attainment than the habit of doing right. To some natures,—and there are natures predisposed to evil, to resist the temptation and impulse of doing wrong is to battle and fight against an apparently overwhelming force. But faith in the right and the true, however weak at the outset that faith may be, will gather strength by every renewed effort, until habit will have gained the mastery over wrong and the temptings of evil. Temptation does not come to all alike. There may be. a predisposition to evil and destructive habits in the constitution; circumstances and surroundings have also much to do with yielding to or resisting evil. Under some conditions it would seem almost impossible to fall into evil habits: in other conditions it would seem an impossible task to avoid making life a wreck and a disappointment. There is this encouragement, however, that the most depressing surroundings have not prevented brave and noble spirits from rising above circumstances and attaining to characters which have earned respect and esteem. Let there be but the smallest perseveringly-made effort to do right, to follow the true and avoid the evil, and power and strength will be given to the weakest. That law is as true and certain as any law ruling and controlling

human life. If it were not so, whence comes the pleasure which results from the doing of a good, though it may be an unseen action? The law is, "That which a man sows that shall he also reap." The truth of this law is realized in the daily life and actions of all men. If evil is sown, evil is certainly reaped; if life, however humble and obscure it may be, is wisely used, pleasurable and happy results must ensue. There is no knowledge equal in importance to this knowledge; and he who wisely uses it, profiting by the inexorable fact, will make the best use of life and achieve its highest success.

While it is seen that to ordinary minds extensive and varied attainments are not permitted, and that only to a few is it given, apparently, to know everything, the knowledge of the laws of life-of the laws of moral and physical life—is indispensable to all who are desirous of making the most of life. Sydney Smith, when speaking on the subject of possible attainments, said: "There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against—the foppery of universality, of knowing all sciences and excelling in all artschemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, 'Take the Admirable Crichton for your model. I would have you ignorant of nothing.' Now," said he, "my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."

This excellent advice, which ought to commend itself to the good sense of all who read, was once quoted by Charles Dickens in a speech made at Birmingham, when he gave birth to no less wise words: "To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The one serviceable. safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality, in every study and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas,—such mental qualities, like the qualities of the apparition of the externally armed head in 'Macbeth,' will not be commanded; but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flowers and fruit."

In addition to the knowledge needed wisely and profitably to prosecute business or a profession in order to live, to make provision for the maintenance of a family, for unseen contingencies, and for advanced life, there are other classes of knowledge which are important to all thoughtful, intelligent members of a community. In this class may be named the history of a country, the laws by which all are governed, by which the members are related to each other, and the mutual

relationship and obligations of countries. It must be profitable to study the history of lands which were once famous for flourishing cities, but which have scarcely left a mark behind them to show when and where they existed. They have lessons to impart which can be incorporated in the lives of the humblest as in the greatest. The laws which successfully regulate and guide states are equally applicable to the conduct and guidance of the most obscure lives. The causes which operated in the destruction of ancient and extinct cities will be found to be evils which exist in modern society, and which are productive of moral and material wrecks.

A study of the physical laws, of man and of matter, is not only absorbingly interesting, it is also highly important in making the most of this world. value and importance of a knowledge of chemistry can scarcely be over-valued—that knowledge which teaches the laws of combination and the results of combination. The science of chemistry, however, is not a science to be understood only by those who can command expensive apparatus and the convenience and privacy of a laboratory. Every good cook is a chemist, and every bad cook an indifferent chemist. Every old woman who has made a cup of tea has completed a chemical process. She may not understand the law by which the tea admits and courts the absorbing action of hot water, permitting its strength, its colouring properties, and the aroma wrapped in its curled leaves to blend with the warm fluid; but she has not less

been successful in an important chemical process. Chemistry, when the tea is made, will answer the question. What is its use? It may then be understood that tea is a stimulus-stimulating the nerves-but that it possesses no properties by which strength can be imparted to the muscles or to any organ of the body. Chemistry, then, will enable us wisely to select the most nutritious food-food best adapted to fulfil the purpose of food, imparting tone, vigour, bulk, and the capability of assimilation. Chemistry will also wisely direct in the selection of the best and most appropriate materials for clothes suitable for the varying seasons, the best site and method of constructing dwellings, the most suitable and least injurious colour of the paper to be hung upon the walls, and the furniture most conducive to health. Chemistry will wisely direct and induce personal habits which will prolong life and prevent disease. Chemistry, then, is not merely an amusement to be indulged in by the wealthy as a pleasant and interesting pastime; it is a necessity of daily life. It is practised in daily life, therefore its laws should be studied and understood.

A kindred science, not less important than chemistry, is the science of physiology, which teaches the laws of health—how it may be conserved and improved. It directs to habits which lengthen life, which add to the happiness and comforts of life, as well as to those customs and practices which destroy health and shorten life. The Divine command, "Do thyself no harm," should induce a study of those laws which direct to

harmful customs in order that they may be shunned and good customs substituted. It is the province of physiology to direct what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid.

In a wise arrangement of life, a study of the laws of logic and political economy cannot be omitted. Logic. or the right use of reason, may be exercised in everywakeful moment, just as constantly and habitually as we think, see, hear, and speak. Logic guides in the pursuit of truth, and warns from the shoals and quicksands of error. Political economy is not specially the province of the statesman. It concerns the humblest labourer who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. He is a member of a community banded together for a common good-bound together by laws which regulate capital and industry, exchange, distribution, and consumption—conditions of existence which mark the diverging lines of the civilized and savage states. Political economy induces the farmer to study the nature of soils in order to reap richer and larger crops; the mechanic to understand the strength and capability of the materials upon which he works; the tanner to understand the chemical principles of his business; the manufacturer the machinery with which he works; the merchant to know the nature and history of the articles in which he deals, their mode of production, the best sources from whence they can be procured, and the most desirable articles to be returned in exchange. Political economy affects every relation of life in which man is associated with his fellow-man for mutual benefit.

There are various branches of knowledge which, while not immediately affecting daily duties, are all important in the development of thought and the higher life. Among these may be cited astronomy, languages, the arts, and music. Without profoundly studying any of these subjects, a superficial knowledge even will afford pleasure and delight. A knowledge of the laws which regulate and control the stars, the influence of the sun and the attraction of the moon, the moon's changes and its influence upon the tides, is knowledge worth the small amount of attention needed for its attainment. A knowledge also of the laws relating to art will afford exquisite pleasure every time a good picture or a fine piece of sculpture is seen. Music has become almost an essential of existence. adding especially to the development and enjoyment of social family life. A portion of time devoted to its acquirement will be repaid in pleasures, and in the happiness of the family circle, which may wisely withdraw from outside temptation.

It is almost incredible, but it is not less a fact, that the art of reading aloud is so imperfectly practised that probably not more than one person in every hundred can read a newspaper-reported speech with proper tone and feeling. A little attention and a little daily practice is all that is needed to make any one who can read at all read intelligibly and pleasantly. An art so easily acquired, and which affords so much pleasure as well as profit, is worth learning well.

The kindred art of writing is also much too frequently

neglected—a practice which is not confined to the lower or working classes. The habit of bad writing is not uncommon in the upper classes of society and among literary men of considerable eminence and celebrity. Byron said that he could never read his own manuscripts, and that he had to send them to the printer before he could understand them. The mere formation of the characters in writing is not the chief matter of importance; that which is of more, of most importance, is the sense, the composition. Not fine writing, by any means. The disrepute in which fine writing is held may be inferred from the fact that the best writers of the past and of the present are not fine writers. will be observed of Macaulay, although he was the most eloquent writer of his century, that he states his facts in the most simple and natural manner. The languageemployed should be that which will best convey the desired information. Practice in this excellent art, as in all other arts, if it does not make perfect, as perfection is seldom attained, will at least impart facility and ease of expression, which will be found of the utmost value in all the relations of life.

Public speaking presupposes something to be communicated by the speaker to the hearer, and that the speaker is the teacher and not the learner. This is quite true, but it is not less true that a speaker informs himself upon the subject on which he speaks as much or more than the audience to whom he speaks. Take, for instance, a young man in a debating society who "gets up a subject," as it is called. It will be admitted,

if he has exercised proper diligence, that the study of the subject, whatever it may be, will have made him its master, and to that extent will have improved and developed his faculties. The value of the art of public speaking can scarcely be over-estimated. few conditions in life in which it cannot be used. Like all other arts, however, it must be acquired by patient The best speakers have only acquired their facility of expression by study and practice. Cooper, the author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," says, "There is but one effectual preparation for all young men who yearn to be real instructors by public speaking-that of writing out their thoughts, and committing the main body of the writing to memory." Referring to the advantage of being connected with a "mutual improvement society," and giving his experience of one with which he was connected in early life. he said, "Either the reading of a written essay on a question or a speech was permitted to every member. I almost invariably wrote and read my essay; and the consequence was the gradual formation of a style and a consciousness of a facility and copiousness of expression compared with the members who always spoke extemporaneously. I recommend the same to you, and am certain you will prove the benefit of it."

But that which is of equal importance for the successful delivery of a speech, lecture, or an address, is practice. The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," is specially applicable to public speaking. It was said by Emerson that "all the great speakers were bad speakers

at the first. Stumping it through England for seven years made Cobden a consummate debater. Stumping it through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips." The great American orator Henry Clay attributed his success to the fact that at the age of twenty-seven he began and continued for years the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These exercises were practised sometimes in a corn-field, or in a forest or barn, with cattle for auditors. "It is," he said, "to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated, shaped, and moulded my subsequent entire destiny." Henry Ward Beecher, when a student, was accustomed to spend many hours together in a wood shouting his exercises and lessons at the top of his voice; and the late Dr. Punshon, when he commenced preaching, rehearsed his sermons in his bed-room so loudly as to attract a crowd of listeners on the outside of his residence.

"Thought and practice," said Thomas Cooper, "at length enable a public speaker to appear at his post without trepidation, when all written preparation has been abandoned. He may now and then resort to it, especially when grappling with some new difficulty in thought, and feeling the necessity of simplifying his propositions so that all who hear him may understand him. But with the mind trained through years, stored through laborious hours or nights of reading, and the tongue practised in forms of expression, all becomes

easy; and a man whose heart is in his work deserts his arm-chair in a moment to address 'winged words' to thousands, feeling the highest ecstasy in the fervid outpouring of his heart and intellect."

Public speaking, then, like all other arts and attainments, cannot be obtained without labour. Excellence and success are the result, and can only be the result, of work. There may be considerable talents and natural aptitude for public speaking, as for any other art or mental possession, but this disposition or bias in any given direction only points the way to excellence, and in no way stands in the place of laborious acquirement.

"Child of a nobler chivalry
Than e'er was known by devotee
Who bore the cross to Palestine,
Wouldst thou make the victory thine?
The battle must with skill be fought;
The close-knit panoply of thought
Thou must calmly, bravely don;
Youthful soldier, gird it on!"

Instances of brave effort and achievement are not wanting as inducements and incentives to encourage the desponding. England and America, and almost all other countries, furnish numerous instances of men rising from low-down positions to wealth and eminence—eminence of character and mental attainments. All that is needed is unswerving trust and self-reliance. The aids and helps to progress are strewn broadcast on the pathway of every young man desirous of improvement, and desirous of attainment in mental and material wealth. The determination to advance, despite

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difficulties, will certainly secure the desired goal. Elihu Burritt, among many instances, furnishes an illustration of the possibility of rising. If there is the will, the American blacksmith shows the way. His father was a shoemaker, and as he was one of ten children, his parents could do little towards his education. could, however, with their limited means make their home not only bright and cheerful for their children, but for poor people who lived near. One of Burritt's earliest recollections is arranging chairs round the fire for the poor people who were welcomed to his home. His father was a true Christian, whose Christianity evidenced itself in acts of benevolence and unostentatious charity. Many times when returning from market, ten miles distant, he would walk two or three miles out of his way to give a few oysters, oranges, or some such acceptable present, to a sick sufferer. tells us that his mother was a fitting companion for his father. "She exhibited," in the words of her youngest son, "all the father's benevolence, with an unruffled placidity of manner truly beautiful." When Elihu was very young his father died. During his last illness his son frequently sat by his bedside for half the night, after a hard day's work in the fields. When Elihu was sixteen years of age he commenced his determined struggle for knowledge. His first difficulty was to obtain books, of which there were very few in the neighbourhood. The chapel library contained a few historical works, which Burritt read with avidity. Soon after he had attained his sixteenth year he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. At the expiration of the term of his indenture, when he was twenty-one, he became a student with his brother, who was a schoolmaster, for a few months, in order that he might acquire a knowledge of a surveyor's chain, and perhaps of reading Virgil in Latin. As he could at this time earn six shillings per day, he considered that every day spent in school cost him that sum, the remembrance of which caused him to be doubly industrious. At the end of the six months he found himself well versed in mathematics; he had also gone through Virgil in Latin, and had read several works in French. He then returned to the forge, and in order to make up for lost time he engaged to do the work of two men, and thus received double wages. Notwithstanding that he had to work fourteen hours a day, he found time to read a little of Virgil and a few pages of French every night and morning.

He found time also to look into Spanish, and found to his delight that after a little study he could read that language without much difficulty. He then conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with Greek. To this end he procured a Greek grammar which would just lie in the crown of his hat, and which he carried with him to his work. At any odd moment he would peep at his grammar, and commit part of a Greek verb to memory. When he had accumulated a little money, he left the forge for a time, determined to appropriate it to his attainment of knowledge. He went to New Haven and took lodgings at an inn,

and commenced a course of self-instruction. Everv morning at half-past four he was at his books, studying German till the morning meal, which was served at half-past seven. After breakfast he devoted himself to the study of Homer's "Iliad," without a note or comment to assist him. Just before the inn boarders came in, he put away his Greek and Latin books, and commenced to read Italian, as being less likely to attract the noisy men who thronged the room. After dinner he took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's "Iliad." with the fixed determination to master it without a master. "The proudest moment of my life," said Burritt, "was when I first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bed-time. I followed this course for two or three months; at the end of which time I read about the whole of the 'Iliad' in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

When his money was done, he went cheerfully back to the forge, put on his leather apron, determined to make up for the time he had lost. The mastership of a grammar school being offered him in a neighbouring town, he accepted the position for a year, attending to his own studies in the meantime not less assiduously than to his pupils. At the end of the year he had to give the school up owing to his health failing, and again betake himself to the forge; active exercise was needed to counteract the effects of his intense and protracted

study. He had now a great desire to become acquainted with the Oriental languages. His great difficulty in this pursuit was the want of books. thought occurred to him of visiting England, and working his passage over, in order to obtain the books, which, it seemed, were not obtainable in the United Before doing this, however, he walked to Boston, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, when he heard of an Antiquarian Library at Worcester, where he at once resolved to go and obtain work as a blacksmith, in order that he might be able to read in the library. His long walk had considerably fatigued him; he was exhausted in body, lame, and his resources reduced to one dollar and a watch. He was much depressed as he walked along the streets of Boston, feeling himself, as he said, "poor, and weak, and mean." As he was leaving the city, on his way to Worcester, he was overtaken by a boy driving a waggon going to Worcester, who agreed to let him ride to that town. At the end of the journey, as Burritt could not part with his dollar, his only available money, he gave the boy his old watch; telling him if, after repairing it, he found it to go well, he might give him the difference of the ride and its value. A few weeks after, when Burritt was working at the anvil, the boy entered the place and handed him a few dollars, which he considered to be due to him, as the watch, after being mended, was "going bravely." Years after, when Burritt was travelling on the railway from Worcester to New Britain, he was accosted by a well-dressed

young man. "You have forgotten me, Mr. Burritt," he said; "but I have not forgotten you. I am the youth you gave the watch to, and am now a student in Harvard College."—"And about that watch," said Burritt; "what has become of it? for, to tell you the truth, I was much attached to it, and should like to have it back again."—"You shall have it back," said the young man. "I sold it; but I can obtain it again, and it shall be yours." It was soon obtained, and remained one of Burritt's most treasured possessions.

At Worcester the library was of little use to Burritt, as it was only open at the hours when he was employed at the forge. He had, therefore, to continue his studies unassisted. Every moment he could steal out of the twenty-four hours was devoted to study. He rose early in the winter, and while breakfast was preparing by lamplight, he stood by the mantle-piece with his Hebrew Bible on the shelf and his lexicon in his hand, thus studying as he partook of his breakfast. All his meals were taken in this way; but as this was an outrage of nature, and nature will not be outraged with impunity, Burritt suffered seriously in his health. His only remedy was two or three more hours' forging, and a little less study!

It is only needful to quote one week's work from Burritt's diary, a specimen of his usual mode of apportioning his time, to know something of his industrious spirit, both in physical and mental labour: "Monday, June 18.—Headache; forty pages of Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth,' sixty-four pages of French, eleven hours'

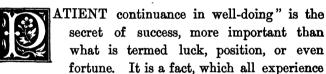
forging. Tuesday.—Sixty-nine lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's 'Theory,' eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours' forging. Wednesday.—Twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours' forging. Thursday.—Fiftyfive lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours' Friday.—Unwell; twelve hours' forging. forging. Saturday.—Unwell; fifty pages natural history. Sunday.—Lesson for Bible class." Labours of this nature entitled him to the designation, which was assigned to him through life, of the "Learned Blacksmith." He acquired, chiefly while working at the forge, a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Portuguese, Flemish, Gaelic, Russian, and Welsh, besides all the dialects of Scandinavia, ancient and modern. It was generally understood that he had an acquaintance with fifty languages. But truly wonderful as Burritt's acquirements were, they did not constitute the only purpose of his life. It is quite true that the books which he subsequently wrote, although considerable in number, are not remarkable as specimens of literary composition; they were, however, uniformly written with a humane and philanthropic object. Burritt, before visiting Europe, was frequently invited to lecture in the chief towns and cities of America, and attained considerable reputation by the translation of many of the Icelandic Sagas for the American reviews. At this time generous offers were made by wealthy friends to place him above the neces-

sity of labour; but, with the independence of all true men, he would continue to support himself by the labour of his hands. He contended that the condition of a journeyman or an apprentice is specially advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge; that when the day's work is done they are free from the cares of their labours to minister to their mental necessities. When Burritt received the appointment of American Consul in Birmingham, the duties of which he faithfully performed, he devoted himself to the great work of securing peace among the nations. Seeing the vast number of work-people in England, many of whom had difficulty to secure a bare existence for themselves and families, he devoted much attention to the attainment of facilities for emigration. Thousands of families, through means devised by him, are now happy and prosperous in the great Western country, who would otherwise, had they remained in England, have been a burden to themselves and their friends. He had also a firm conviction that the two great English-speaking nations-England and America-would be drawn closer to each other by postal facilities. An ocean pennypostage, he conceived, would do much towards the attainment of this object. He was also a warm friend and advocate of the temperance cause, for which humane interest he devoted many lectures, delivered in various parts of the United Kingdom. He originated a "League of Universal Brotherhood," in the hope that its general adoption would reduce the possibilities of war, which he held to be one of the greatest curses which afflict humanity.

On concluding a lecture, the first he delivered in England, on the Philosophy of Labour, Burritt said: "The man who created the Apollo Belvedere looked into the mountain-side, and saw the silver-bowed deity, invested with all his god-like attributes, in the unquarried marble. But he could not bear to see him hampered there in his lapideous shroud before his mind's eye; he seized his chisel, and with indignant strokes he tore away the ceremental marble, and let out the god before his body's eye, to be worshipped by millions, who, if they dared, might even touch his marble flesh. All the beautiful orders of architecture, all the creations of the pencil, all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature and in art and in humanity, are inventions extorted, as it were, from the mind, to extend and increase the pleasures of sense. All the institutions of human government, the principles of political economy, the aspirations of patriotism, and the efforts of philanthropy, have been called forth by the necessities of our physical nature, which Divine wisdom ordained should never be supplied without the busy occupation of the mind. Our moral faculties and nature are developed by the same medium and impulse. revelation has studded the whole vista of eternity with prospects, objects, rewards, and motives which appeal to our physical nature, and incite even in our senses an aspiration towards the more refined pleasures of another existence."

## Success in Persevering Endustry.

"The strong momentum of an earnest man
Will leap a thousand barriers, overpower
The obstacles that trip up weaker men,
And, by God's blessing and his own strong arm,
Make the calm evening of his busy life,
Like yonder west, a glory and a grace."



proves, that the man who has patience, who is industrious and prudent, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, never complains of bad luck. "A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck fools ever dreamed of." How often are old men met with who, at the end of wasted lives, complain that it has been ill-luck that has wrecked their hopes and destroyed their prospects; they will not admit that the ill-luck of which they complain has been of their own creating. They have had, as all have, opportunities (chances some call them), which have either been neglected or disregarded.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burned up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; -he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an earlyrising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. When I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

Instead of the admission that ill-luck is self-created, that the bankrupt and disappointed man owes his failure and his disappointment to himself, to wild speculation, extravagant living, and lack of perseverance and energy, he whines and complains that he has had no luck, and "all has been against him." Another man, starting in the race at the same time, who possibly has been despised owing to dulness and a want of capability, has won an honourable and a lucrative position, not by luck or any special circumstances, but as the result of hard work, effort, and "keeping at it."

One of the most successful men of modern times was Walter Powell, Melbourne and London merchant. success will no doubt be attributed to the discovery of the gold fields, and his being in business in Melbourne at the time of the "rush;" and being able to supply the articles needed by the thousands who flocked to Australia to "make their fortunes." It would be idle not to admit that Powell had a rare opportunity in the gold discovery; but others, who became bankrupts, had a similar opportunity. They had the same luck; but they were not alike in prudence and conduct. While one, heartless, spiritless, and disappointed, sank out of sight, the other, by the blessing of God upon resolute adherence to well-formed habits and well-laid principles, rose from a lowly station to abundance and position, consideration and influence.

Powell's father had left England in the hope of finding in Tasmania a home and the means of rearing his family. On his arriving in the new colony he soon lost the little money he brought with him, and was reduced to great straits. To help his father, young Powell engaged himself to a master, who, like his father, was subjected to great reverses. Walter, in order if possible to redeem his master's position, worked like a slave, toiling far into the night, and at the same time insisting upon the reduction of his salary, as he saw the business could not afford the amount he had been receiving. "I know," he wrote, "that my employer is my friend, and that his intentions toward me were liberal: he took me when I was at a loss for employment, and I shall not leave him till I see him re-established." A very early and commendable custom, which Powell continued through life, was to keep a diary. In its first pages he wrote: "During the month I have been reading the life of Dr. Adam Clarke, and have been particularly struck with his great industry and perseverance. His labours were so gigantic that a person of average energy might well be appalled at their vastness. He redeemed the time. He secured thousands of hours which are generally wasted. that his example may be followed by me." The discomforts of the colony were fully experienced when Powell married his master's daughter; but regularity, perseverance, punctuality, self-denial, and economy, combined with continuous industry, crushed into smoothness all difficulties. During this period he was subject to much illness and weakness. After a voyage to England for the restoration of his health, he resolved upon venturing into business upon his own account. Before commencing, he took a situation for a year in order to pay off some encumbrances and to enable him

to start free from debt. When he did commence he resolved to give the business a fair trial, and if it did not succeed, he would retire into a subordinate position and be content. He felt his way with great humility, wariness, and self-control. His first experience was much toil and little profit. He observed the most rigid economy, never spending a shilling on luxury or self-indulgence.

In 1851 the "yellow fever" in Melbourne, the discovery of gold, caused the greater part of the male inhabitants to leave home and business for the goldfields. All the loose adventurous population of the world seemed to be on its way to the colony. Common food attained the price of luxuries, property became doubled in value, and the race for riches became reck-Powell, however, kept firmly to his business, unseduced by the reports of wonderful gold-finds. His store furnished spades and picks for the miners; and before they had touched the gold at the mines, gold had flowed into Powell's till. But prosperity was not unaccompanied with many grievous trials, sickness, and death. One after another his children died; and many were the troubles and sorrows which succeeded each other. But Powell still kept on his way, bating no jot of heart or hope. As his business increased his profits increased, so that in a short time he found himself in a most prosperous condition. The first of his accumulated sums of money he devoted to charitable purposes, and for the erection of institutions for the education of the young men of the colony. All

philanthropic movements had his personal aid and support. He contributed a large sum towards the establishment of a daily newspaper in Melbourne, not with any hope of a pecuniary return, but in order that many important public questions might not be overlooked. As a proof of his noble, unselfish character, the fact only needs to be cited, that on learning that Mr. Hargreave had received very little advantage from his discovery of the gold-fields, he sent him anonymously £250. When the reaction came, when the gold-fields were exhausted, failure and disappointment fell like a blight upon Melbourne. There was a glut of goods but no buyers. Articles which had commanded fabulous prices could not now be sold at any price. Partly erected buildings stood as mocking monuments of overspeculation. Great snowballs of quickly-gotten wealth had melted in a summer. Hundreds had adapted their modes of living to their immediate gains, and consumed large sums of money as it accumulated. Many illustrated the prophetic picture: "Greedy dogs that can never have enough...they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter. Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine...and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

Powell, however, was not swept away with the stream. He was content with his little cottage, and in the midst of his prosperity he remained true to his principles, to his industry, and constant habits of economy. He was importuned to enter the colonial parliament, and to become a magistrate. These offices

he steadily refused—for one reason, that he had not had the opportunity in early life of obtaining a systematic education; a defect which all through life by his own self-help he very successfully endeavoured to repair. In one of his diary entries he wrote: "I must not be inert or indefinite in action. By the providence of God I am placed in a most responsible position. must work! work for the Church, and-should the way be made plain—for the State also. No more shrinking, no more self-indulgence, but earnest, sincere, decided effort for the glory of God and the good of man. The ambition is noble to do good and be abundantly useful. May God, the source of all strength, give me grace and wisdom, and plainly indicate my path, and pardon my offences." He was as careful in noting the disposal of his time as of his money; but of the latter he ever looked upon himself as a steward, and when prosperity dawned upon him as the result of his industry and perseverance, the story of his life was composed of charitable and humane efforts, sacrifices and schemes for the public good.

Knowing and feeling the loss of education, when the means were at his disposal he surrounded himself with an excellent library, and commenced a successful course of self-culture. Monday was devoted to mathematics, English history, and music; Tuesday—grammar, music, and M'Culloch's Dictionary; Wednesday—mathematics, English history, and music; Thursday—grammar, English history, and music; Friday—mathematics, English history, and music; Saturday—preparation of

the address for Sunday-school children. But his illness, which had now become chronic, interfered with these studies, and induced him to visit England for the restoration of his health. When there, he was induced to enter into partnership with a London merchant; and ultimately, on the retirement of his partner owing to advanced age, he became the head of a large mercantile business, at the same time having the direction of several businesses in Australia.

But successful as Powell became, he never allowed business to become his ruling passion. He had no delight in overreaching a tradesman or driving a hard Business was for him duty, and success in business meant increased opportunities for usefulness. He had not two sides—a business side and a religious His business was as religious as his prayers; the one required no more earnest truthfulness than the other. Writing to a young friend he said: "I think the right way is, to give business our attention, to work at it with manly energy, to do all honestly and in the fear of God, but resolutely to avoid corroding care and the perpetual scheming how to make a shilling out of ninepence; to cheerfully ask God's blessing on one's business, shunning everything on which his blessing cannot be confidently asked." But Powell was not unmindful of any advantage which might result from what would be termed shrewdness, observation, and foresight, which are not incompatible with the highest Christian character. In his business he was careful that his competitors should not distance him by virtue of higher mental and moral qualities. He strove to meet and anticipate the public taste as well as public necessities. In dealing with manufacturers and merchants, his maxims were: "Quick payment and large orders entitle to favourable terms. The nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling." He carefully noted the fact, derived from his own experience, that many a good man's prospects, family influence, and religious reputation, have been ruined by want of firm-He was accustomed to observe, that "friendship in business should not go beyond preference when your friend supplies as cheaply as another. If he will not, you must leave in self-defence, or your customers would soon leave you. To purchase well is a necessity." One secret of Powell's success was concentration. adopted Lord Brougham's maxim, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time."

The one thing that a business man had to do was to "stick" to his business. Writing to a friend he said, "I am glad you retain your disgust of politics. Let others 'frustrate their knavish tricks,' but stick you to the warehouse, and tell the 'patriots' that you will live and learn, and perhaps take a seat at the council-board at the mature age of fifty; hoping by that time to have your children settled, and to be yourself retired from business with a rent of three thousand pounds. Then you can afford to talk; now you must work." To another friend he wrote: "I am sorry that —— is in a bad way. If he will affect the learned man and the philosopher rather than the shopkeeper, it must needs

go hard with him in such pinching times." "It is only by close watching and comparison that a business can be consolidated and improved. Now your attention is not distracted by other affairs, you will be continually discovering modes of developing the business, and of working it in the most economical manner." He had great faith in the virtues of advertising: "With our facilities," he said, "and valuable stock, our name ought to be before the public every day." "If we are to look for development in our trade, we must increase the means of showing our goods, and have premises worthy the stock we display."

Powell's maxim and life-principle was, Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Valpy's comment upon this passage is worth remembering: "Not in the least slow; that is, not faltering or fumbling, but prompt, lest the chance should slip away through our own unreadiness. With energy at boiling-point; that is, with the highest ardour of soul towards the thorough completion of all the details of your duty. Serving the Lord: this certainly embraces the whole of business; yet here Paul is not teaching what is to be done, but how,—namely, from the very soul, frankly, openly, handsomely, even as befits those who are in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, who sees all things and scrutinizes the reins and the heart."

Powell's biographer, the Rev. B. Gregory, wisely said: "A want of moderate success is ordinarily the result of a listless neglect, or a wilful contempt of the conditions of moderate success, ordained by Providence

and indicated by revelation. It is not enough to have good purposes; we must seize the right time for their accomplishment, and go about them in the right way, or else we must not calculate on anything but failure and loss. Affairs are so constituted and so controlled by God that procrastination or precipitancy, slothfulness, negligence, looseness, irregularity, stupid miscalculation, or misplacement, will inevitably end 'in shallows and in miseries.' In business, the alternative is regularity or retribution, regularity or ruin."

The method of business adopted by Mr. Powell, which led to his eminent success, had nothing marvellous or magical to commend it. It is as applicable to the smallest dealer as to the merchant with the largest resources. A few extracts from his letters will illustrate his rules and method of business:- "All the manufacturers are aware that we pay on demand, and have a strong motive for executing our orders speedily." "Find out what prices other shops sell at. You must not be higher. Rapid sales at light profits bring the best return in the end. The larger your business the cheaper you can sell, hence the folly of keeping too small a stock. The results of turning stock quickly are quite startling." "Returns and stock should be turned over three times a year." "A good book-keeper is of vital importance,—of the first necessity to a business." "It is by ordering largely and regularly from one house that we gain influence and get better terms." "An attractive appearance in business premises and in arrangement of goods gives a fair vantageground in competition." "Strike off all retail customers who will not steadily pay up monthly." "You lose people and custom when they get into your debt." "Keep the bank credit down." "Those who play the fine gentleman in good times will have to change their costumes in bad ones." "Heavy stocks do not increase sales as clearly as they increase expenses. Light stocks, combined with light expenses, will win the day. Take stock twice a year." "Better be under-stocked and weak-handed than have too much of either." "When an important matter is pressed upon you, say that you will think it over and give an answer the next day. But never let your courage give way; always thank God and take courage." "Live near your business until you have firmly established it." "You had better buy small supplies on the spot, as wanted, rather than incur the danger of getting too heavy a stock," "Keep a moderate stock by ordering lightly, and buying a little in the market when you run short." "You must take off your jacket, and go to the retail. You ask, 'What will the public think of it?' The public thinks of nothing but its own interest." "In order to make business pay, there is nothing for it but to have moderate stock and small expenses." "What is the use of doing a large business that will not pay?" "Resolutely refuse business unless it is safe." "The longer I live the more I am convinced that a compact, economically managed business, is the most profitable." "Make your employés comfortable from the first. It is that which gains their affections and devotes them to your service."

Powell, knowing how much depended upon employés. was specially careful when engaging servants. requisite qualifications in a good and ready salesman are, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the business, insight into character, cool temper, activity, obligingness, and plenty of tact and push; and, above all, high honour, and sound religious principles, and consequently sobriety." "£500 a year with peace is better than £10,000 with care." "The money that is best earned will do you most good." "There is but one security against frightful miseries-individual moderation in the pursuit of wealth, the being perfectly content with steady, safe, and honourable rates of profit upon invested capital." "What a mischievous untruth it is to call men unfortunate who, having abandoned the safe and serviceable pathway of regularly remunerative trade for schemes which have all the charm and all the criminality of gambling, have received in themselves the reward of their error, which was great—a gambler's desperation and a gambler's doom." "No man can conduct a business well without succeeding in the long run."

These maxims of wise conduct led Powell to success: but the success was not aimed at and achieved with a personal or selfish motive. Independence and a competency were objects of Powell's ambition, not that he might attain to personal ease and sensuous indulgence. His object in life was to be of use and service: money, he knew, would be an important factor in aiding his purpose; and therefore what his hand found to do he

did with all his might. When he had acquired the means of indulging in the "luxury of doing good," and this was as soon as his business prospered, he dispensed his gains with no niggardly hand. His giving, however, was regulated by his maxim: "Some of our good deeds should be performed publicly, for example's sake, but the greater part quietly. The right hand should not be always shouting to the left, 'Ho! don't you see I'm putting up chapels here, there, and everywhere." His private benefactions amounted to more than £3,000 per annum! He was accustomed to say: "I reckon the widow and the fatherless are as good an investment as a man can make." "Be sure to keep in view the fact that the only thing that has substance in it is to get good and do good."

A friend who knew Powell well, noted that the characteristics which were most predominant in his character, and which tended largely to his success, were: first, quick decision; second, persistence, perseverance, and tenacity of purpose; third, a talent for organization; fourth, a regard for trifles; fifth, order and punctuality; sixth, high character and principle; seventh, delicacy of feeling and kindness; eighth, a cheerful and genial temper.

The man who will imitate him in these respects, be his position in life what it may, will not want success; and the life of Powell, with all its truthfulness, piety, and activity, adopted as a model and example, will point out the path and show the way to a useful life and that which follows—a happy life, and therefore a successful life.

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Alderman Thomas Kelly, who rose from the humble position of a farmer's lad to become Lord Mayor of London, discovered labour to be the secret of success. His father was a common shepherd, who sent his son to a girls' school when he was six years old: when he was twelve he was taken from school to assist his father in the labour and hard work of the farm. Thomas had a vivid recollection to the last day of his life of a journey with his father to Weyhill Fair, a distance there and back of one hundred and fifty miles, and of having assisted him to bring home some thousands of lambs which had been purchased for the farmers and gentry. Young Kelly, however, had no taste for agricultural pursuits, and prayed his parents to obtain for him some more congenial employment. His parents observing his strong inclination to obtain a situation in London, made a compromise with him by obtaining him one with a chandler at Oxteada village about five miles from the residence of his parents. On the appointed day his father went with him; but they had not proceeded half a mile when Thomas burst into tears. His father, observing his distress, said affectionately, "Why, Tom, you're crying; I see you don't want to go, and you shan't go." The

engagement was therefore abandoned. Afterwards, through the medium of a friend, a situation in London was obtained for Thomas. His mother from her scanty means made the best preparation she could for his comfort. She made him half a dozen shirts and as many pairs of stockings. A few articles of wearing-apparel constituted the whole of his wardrobe. On the morning of his departure his mother put a few shillings into his hand and bade him farewell. He had no enviable feelings when he started out alone to walk to London; to add to his discomfort, a thick fog covered the ground, which soon wet him through. He was then, in the year 1786, only fourteen years old when he entered London, over which in subsequent years he was to become chief magistrate.

The situation upon which he entered as soon as he arrived in London he continued in for two or three years, at the end of which time the concern became bankrupt. His employer, who had been favourably interested in his welfare, procured him a situation with a bookseller in Paternoster Row. His wages were to be ten pounds a year, and he was to board and lodge on the premises. At the end of the first day Thomas intimated his intention of returning to Lambeth for his clothes, where he would sleep for the night. His new master thought this a mere excuse to get away altogether, and said ironically, "Depend on it, you'll see no more of him; he's had enough of it already." Next morning, however, true to his promise, Kelly was at the shop door before it was opened. When the impedi-

ments to his admission were withdrawn, he placed his foot within the threshold of the premises, "where," adverting to the event sixty years afterwards, he remarked, "I have been ever since." His duties were to make up parcels for the retail booksellers, to write out invoices, to assist in keeping the books, and to attend upon casual customers. In the evening, when the shop was shut, he applied himself to his own improvement—his studies being confined to grammar, history, and geography. He also acquired a knowledge of French without the aid of a master or any instructor. A knowledge of the pronunciation of the language he acquired by attending the French Protestant Church.

Kelly's position was not surrounded by many comforts: He had, among other inconveniences, to sleep under the counter of his master's shop; nothing but the utmost resolution would have induced him to endure so much discomfort. The old house-keeper of his master became a kind and faithful friend. was his only associate, with whom he took his meals and spent his leisure hours. Kelly's attention to his duties excited the ire and jealousy of one of the outdoor shopmen. When the master inquired: "How is the new lad getting on?"-"Oh," was the reply, "I don't think he'll do for us at all, he's so slow."-"I like him," said Mr. Hogg, the master; "he's a bidable Subsequently Kelly discovered a system of stealing sheets of the publications of his master by a woman, who disposed of them for waste paper. He had to appear as a witness at the Old Bailey. Reverting to this occasion in a letter written in the evening of his days, he remarked: "This being my first appearance as a witness in a court of justice, I felt, more than words can express, an extreme fear lest I should state a single word incorrectly, being fully impressed with the sacred obligation of an oath, ever remembering the third commandment of God's law, and always desirous to possess a conscience void of offence towards God and towards all men. Little did I then think, when humbly trembling in the witness-box, that at a future day I was destined to be raised to the dignity of Her Majesty's First Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court of England; and with the sword of justice suspended over my head, and the mace of authority placed at my feet, should myself occupy the very judgmentseat at which I then glanced with such awful emotion. Oh! how often, during my experience as a magistrate, has the verification of the sacred aphorism, 'The humble shall be exalted,' and the contrary, 'The proud shall be abased, occurred to my mind,—sorry to have seen many men of high station in the world fallen, subjecting themselves to be placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, tried and condemned for having madly violated the laws of God and man, and become the victims of their own folly and inordinate desires. True it is, honesty is the best policy."

Kelly continued in his situation with Mr. Hogg for twenty years, and for the first fifteen years he never had a day's holiday. When his wages were ten pounds a year, he gave the half to his parents; and when he obtained an increase of salary, he aided them in proportion. He was specially anxious to aid his father to stock his farm and to improve his crops, and still more anxious to lighten the toils of his poor mother.

When Kelly commenced business for himself, which was in his thirty-ninth year, he had only a very small capital, and no connections who could help him. For two years he only dealt in miscellaneous books and publications; at the end of that time he ventured into a new and an important branch of business—printing standard works and circulating them through the country in numbers. From this period his course was one of uninterrupted success; his trade transactions were subsequently estimated by hundreds of thousands of pounds. He was elected a Common Councillor in 1823, he was Sheriff in 1825, Alderman in 1830, and Lord Mayor of London in 1836. He died in 1855, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

The great wealth and honour to which he attained did not dim or destroy the affection which he entertained for his parents. He made an annual visit to their graves, generally accompanied by his sister. Kelly illustrated in his life the power of industry; and although any amount of perseverance may not obtain a tithe of the results which he realized, it is certain that a similar amount of industry—continuous industry—will secure a certainty of reward.

"Industry—
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done."

## VI.

## Success in the Attainment of Health.

"Health and strength
Are both in thine own keeping, life and death.
Morally right is physically best:
Thou mayest poison all the springs of health,
Abridge life's lease, and die before thy time;
Or lengthen out thy threescore years and ten
By péaceful joy and temperate exercise."



. MAINWARING said very quaintly:—
"Health is that which makes your food and drink both savoury and pleasant, else Nature's injunction of eating and drinking were a hard

task and slavish custom. Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day. "Tis that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcass, and makes your body plump and comely. 'Tis that which dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours. 'Tis that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty. 'Tis that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind, and preserves them long from decay, makes your wit acute and your

memory retentive. "Tis that which supports the fragility of a corruptible body, and preserves the verdure, vigour, and beauty of youth. Tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion, sporting herself at the casement of your eyes. Tis that which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and delights delightful, without which you can solace yourself in nothing of terrene felicities or enjoyments.

"But now take a view of yourself when Health has turned its back upon you, and deserts your company; see then how the scene is changed, how you are robbed and spoiled of all your comforts and enjoyments. Sleep, that was stretched out from evening to the fair bright day, is now broken into pieces and subdivided, not worth the accounting; the night that before seemed short is now too long, and the downy bed presseth hard against the bones. Exercise is now toiling, and walking abroad the carrying of a burden. The eye that flashed as lightning is now like the opacous body of a thick cloud; that which rolled from east to west swifter than a celestial orb, is now tired and weary with standing still."

Such is health, and to lose health is to lose success in life. Health, energetic health, is more to be desired than talent, or what is called genius; and many a man, credited with little or no ability, but owning vigorous health, has passed the "eminent man," and attained the goal before him. A record of successful statesmen would be a list of strong, healthy men. Peel, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Bright, and Gladstone, the men

who have made history, have not been puling, weak dyspeptics. They have been strong men, as careful in the training of their bodies as the culture of their minds. Gladstone attained a widespread reputation for cutting down trees when he was over seventy; and at the same period he visited the Isle of Man, and much astonished the inhabitants by walks of five or six miles before breakfast! There is much truth in the saying, "A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy." "In any of the learned professions, a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent. more brain." Napoleon was accustomed to say, "The first requisite of good generalship is good health." It will be seen, on reference to the lives of eminent authors, that they have been, with rare exceptions, strong, healthy men. Knox was a strong, muscular man; Latimer and Luther were stalwart men; Isaac Barrow was a vigorous pugilist in his youth; Andrew Fuller, when a farmer's lad, was a capital boxer; Adam Clarke, when a lad, could roll large stones about; "Christopher North" could have held his ground against the professional pedestrian or athlete; and Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to energetic out-door sports throughout life.

There have, however, been exceptions, when men of weak bodies have achieved mental wonders. Pascal was a confirmed invalid at eighteen; Dr. Johnson carried through life a body ever full of pain; the immortal Nelson was diminutive and lame; Dr. Channing was "a

frail vessel;" Cæsar was a victim to epilepsy, and never planned a great battle without going into fits; Pope was a hunchback and an invalid; and Aristotle was a pigmy. But the rule is, nevertheless, that the work of the world is done by strong, healthy men.

But the knowledge and the practice of the laws of health, instead of being a first and foremost consideration, are generally neglected for the study of some comparatively unimportant branch of knowledge. Mann, the distinguished friend of popular education, said: "I am certain I could have performed twice the labour, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life as I do In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more pre-I ought to have begun at home, and then posterous. taken the stars when it should become their turn. The consequence was I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day Whatever labour I have since been able to do I since. have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as regards health, I have been put from day to day on my good behaviour; and during the whole of this period, as a Hibernian

would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."

Dr. Johnson said that every sick man is "a kind of rascal." It may be said with less ambiguity that the man that does not care for his health commits a fraud upon himself. Mr. Walter Powell, the Australian and London merchant, who furnished an admirable example of success in business, miserably failed in the preservation of his health. He wrote just before he died: "My crime is that I have tried to do too much. wrought in my business and in the church like a strong man, when I ought rather to have nursed myself. I could not believe my doctors that I was killing myself, till one day head and hand refused to work for me any more. That convinced me that I must relinquish all my offices in the church, and set about repairing myself." The repairing came too late—when the injury was done. Powell died in his forty-second year. Much better had he attained to only half his immense gains in business, honourably and honestly as they were attained, and lived twenty or thirty years longer to bless his family and the world. Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., in her work on the Laws of Life, observes: "In practical life, in the education of children, in the construction of cities, and the arrangement of society, we neglect the body; we treat it as an inferior dependant, subject to our caprices and depraved appetites, and quite ignore the fact that it is a complex living being, full of our humanity, and capable of doing us immense service if we would reverence it as our friend and equal."

There is nothing so dreadful in contemplation, to the honourable and honest man, as failure in business. He will rise early, work far into the night, humble himself and become subservient to those about him, in order to ward off failure. Why should failure in business be more dreaded than failure in health? The object of business is to obtain the means to live; the general practice, reversing the law, is to live in order to do business. The means are converted into ends. lives of many successful business men are records of watchfulness, of care, and caution. Stock is taken regularly and wisely; opportunities for economizing and strengthening the business are carefully watched. But little or no thought is bestowed upon health, without which business is a weariness if not worthless. certain well-known principles of trade are neglected, ruin is the result. But there is no thought or care in guarding against habits which not less certainly lead to the wrecking of health and the shortening of life. The same care bestowed upon business, bestowed upon health, and the securing and practising the conditions of health, will obtain desired results. But health is the result, not of any magical process, or of a course of lauded patent medicines, but of compliance with law. understand physical laws, the laws of our being, is a first consideration in the attainment of success in life. When these laws are understood, and life is made subservient to them, happiness and well-being result. Then it will be seen that what are termed "indulgences" are prejudicial; that what the body requires to keep it in

health is simple, even coarse fare, much active exercise, and exposure to what we might consider hardships; and that what are called "luxuries" are detrimental to health. With the former the body will grow strong and handsome; with the latter it will lose much of its life and vitality; and if continued, the loss of health and the shortening of life will be the result.

The ancients deemed the education of the body as needful as the education of the mind. Physical training was devised and superintended by the state. wisest men of Greece were employed in developing and training the young to become strong and healthy men Sparta attained its proverbial prowess and women. through its care and the physical culture of its soldiers. The Athenians, who were celebrated for intellectual attainments, were not less anxious for the education of the body. The feats of the ancient Teutonic nationsthe erection of enormous monuments of architecture, and the rocks which they rolled to the tops of the hills in honour of their gods—were due to their early physical training. The secret of the rude strength they possessed is found in the fact that their infants, from their earliest age, were hardened and accustomed to cold, fatigue, and hunger. All their sports were directed Dangers were intermingled with to a warlike end. their play. Frightful leaps were taken across chasms on the snow-covered mountains; feats of daring were achieved in climbing the steepest rocks, fighting naked with offensive weapons, and in furious wres-Their diet, when indulging in these hardy tling.

exercises, was extremely simple, chiefly consisting of milk.

The accounts of the physical prowess of early nations excite wonder and astonishment. They knew neither weakness nor fatigue, and had a force of endurance and of action which seems like the echo of a remote age with which we have nothing to do. It is reported of the beautiful Cymburga, wife of the stalwart Duke Ernest of Austria, that she could crack nuts with her fingers, and drive a nail into the wall with her hand as far as others with a hammer. It is also said that Brinhilda, who had a reputation for great beauty, bound her offending lover with a girdle and slung him to a beam of the ceiling. This may or may not be a myth; it is clear, however, that the ancients possessed powers which are unknown to the moderns, and that the effeminacy of the present presents a poor contrast to the days when good Queen Bess and her maids breakfasted on rounds of beef, and when ladies and gentlemen of that period could spring out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, full of vigorous life and energetic activity, digest and enjoy plain substantial food, and pursue every occupation of the day with the power and action of robust health.

The one book of Mr. Thomas Walker—"The Original"—among much interesting matter, gives the reader an account of his early physical weakness;—frequently and seriously ill; often thought to be dying, and once pronounced to be dead. "At last, one day when I had shut myself up in the country," he writes, "and was read-

ing with great attention Cicero's treatise "De Oratore," some passage, I quite forget what, suggested to me the expediency of making the improvement of my health my study. I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and determined to be well." And if Walker is to be believed that which he desired he obtained. His first discovery was of the too general error of thinking how much food he could take in order to make himself strong, rather than how much he could digest to make himself well. "I began to take less sleep," he says, "and more exercise, particularly before breakfast; at which meal I confined myself to half a cup of tea and a very moderate quantity of eatables. I dined at one o'clock from one dish of meat and one of vegetables, abstaining from everything else; and I drank no wine. At seven I had tea, observing the same moderation as at breakfast; and at half-past nine a very light supper. If I was ever hungry during any other part of the day. I took a crust of bread or some fruit. My care was neither to anticipate my appetite, nor to overload it, nor to disappoint it; in fact to keep it in the best possible humour." The result of this simple and moderate method of living was-"an absolutely glowing existence—light and vigorous, with all the senses sharpened." Walker, who was one of the London stipendiary magistrates, was then in the country, and no doubt owed much of his pleasurable, healthful condition, to fresh air and exercise, as well as to the moderation and simplicity of his diet.

Walker, in his wise observations on habit, says: "'I

am always obliged to breakfast before I rise-my constitution requires it, drawls out some fair votary of fashion. 'Unless I take a bottle of port after dinner,' cries the pampered merchant, 'I am never well.' 'Without my brandy and water before I go to bed, I cannot sleep a wink, says the comfortable shopkeeper. And all suppose they are following Nature; but sooner or later the offended goddess sends her avenging ministers, in the shape of vapours, gout, or "Having long gone wrong, you must get right by degrees; there is no summary process. Medicine may assist or give temporary relief, but you have a habit to alter, a tendency to change—from the tendency of being ill to a tendency of being well. First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end govern your temper; endeavour to look at the bright side of things; keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter be not perplexed, but think only what it is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the When your meals are solitary, let your result. thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious arguments, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, make ill digestion;' and the contrary is produced by

easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. After meals, stooping, leaning against the chest, going quickly upstairs, opening or shutting a tight drawer, pulling off boots, packing up, or even any single contortion or forced position of the body, has each a tendency to cause fermentation, and thereby produce bile, heart-burn, difficulty of breathing, and other derangements."

The "Original" strongly recommends very little liquid to be taken with food; and if thirsty to drink a little one or two hours after taking a meal. With moderation in drinking there is very little danger of taking too much solid food. Moderation in liquids is most important in the preservation of health.

Dr. Darwin was so strongly impressed with the necessity of fresh air, that he mounted a chair in the market-place at Derby, and addressed those congregated for business purposes: "Ye men of Derby, fellowcitizens, attend to me! I know you to be ingenious By your exertions you and industrious mechanics. procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life; but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour. This, then, depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air. The purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together; the effluvium from the body corrupts it. Keep open, then, the windows of your work-shops; and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bedrooms. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring disease on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever—which is another name for putrid fever—which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice—Open your windows to let in the fresh air at least once in the day. Remember what I say; I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest but your good in this my advice."

Exercise is not less needful than fresh and pure air. Dr. Andrew Combe says: "The lungs may be exercised indirectly, by such kinds of bodily or muscular exercise as requires quicker and deeper breathing; and directly, by the employment of the voice in speaking, reading aloud, crying or singing;—in general, both ought to be conjoined: but when the chief object is to improve the lungs, those kinds which have a tendency to expand the chest, and call the organs of respiration into play, ought to be especially preferred. Rowing a boat. fencing, shuttlecock, and the proper use of the skippingrope, dumb-bells, and gymnastics, are of this description. All of them employ actively the muscles of the chest and trunk, and excite the lungs themselves to freer and fuller expansion. Climbing uphill is, for the same reason, an exercise of high utility, in giving tone and freedom to the pulmonary functions.

"Habitual exercise in a hilly country, and the frequent ascent of acclivities, especially in pursuit of an object, are well known to have a powerful effect in improving the wind and strengthening the lungs; which is just another way of saying they increase the

capacity of the chest, promote free circulation through the pulmonary vessels, and lead to the more complete oxygenation of the blood. Hence the vigorous appetite, the increased muscular power, and cheerfulness of mind, so commonly felt by the invalid on his removal to the mountains, are not to be wondered at.

"Direct exercise of the lungs, in practising deep inspirations, speaking, reciting, singing, and playing on wind instruments, is very influential for good or for evil, according as it is indulged in with or without due reference to the constitution of the individual. properly managed and persevered in, particularly before the frame has become consolidated, nothing tends more to expand the chest, and give tone and health to the important organs contained in it; but if either illtimed or carried to excess, nothing can be more detrimental. Dr. Clarke recommended persons when exercising the chest to throw the arms and shoulders back, and while standing in this position to inhale as much air as possible, and then to repeat the exercise at short intervals. Reading aloud, public speaking, and lecturing are excellent exercises for developing the lungs and the chest. Singing has a like beneficial effect. persons owning a tendency to consumption have been entirely cured by the exercise of the lungs in singing."

Diet, simple food, and regularity in taking meals, exercise an important influence upon health. Temperance in eating, which is so beneficial to the mind and body, is generally neglected—food being taken, not for the purpose of supporting and strengthening

the body, but for the pleasure of indulgence in eating. Experience proves that it is better to dine on one plain dish than on half a dozen; and yet many people are distressed if they cannot eat most plentifully. Great eaters, it is said, give little trouble to the recorder of longevity. It is an old maxim, that we should always rise from the table with an appetite—that we should not eat quite as much as we could. Very little of anything should be drunk at dinner. Temperance, it is well known to the medical world, tends materially to preserve the sight. Chardin, in his "Voyage en Perse," speaking of the Persians, says: "The mildness of the climate, joined to their temperance in living, has a great influence in improving their beauty." Barrow, in his "Southern Africa," says: "There is, perhaps, no nation on earth, taken collectively, that can produce so fine a race of men as the Kaffirs: they are tall, stout, muscular, well-made figures. Their diet is simple, their Their frame is neither exercise of a salutary nature. shaken nor enervated by the use of intoxicating liquors, which they are not acquainted with."

Abernethy was accustomed to say that the two great killing powers in the world are stuff and fret. It is difficult to say which is the more hurtful—stuffing the stomach unduly, or disturbing the stomach by irritability and fretfulness. Cornaro, who is praised very highly by Addison in the Spectator, is a remarkable instance of the advantage of avoiding overloading the stomach, and cultivating a quiet and even tenor of mind. When in his thirty-first year, he not only had

to improve the future, but to mend the past. His constitution was originally weak, and his stomach cold and moist; but irregular living produced the cholic, the gout, an almost continual slow fever, a perpetual thirst, and a constantly disordered stomach. He looked only to death for relief from his miseries, when, between thirty-five and forty, he determined to follow the advice of his physicians, to lead "a sober and regular They told him that unless he followed their advice he could only live a few months longer. advice was very simple—to use no food, whether solid or liquid, but such as, being generally prescribed to sick persons, is, for that reason, usually called diet, and both very sparingly. In a few days he found that it agreed very well with him, and in less than a year he was entirely free from all his complaints.

When Cornaro had arrived at this happy result he was not desirous to relapse into his former state. His first business was to ascertain the kinds of food which suited his constitution the best. He immediately arrived at one conclusion—that it is a fallacy that that which pleases the palate must be proper. fond of melons, fruits, salad, fish, pork, tarts, gardenstuff, and pastry; but they disagreed with his stomach, and therefore he discontinued them. He only took the food and drink which he found by experience he could digest, and only in such quantities as would not overload his stomach. This was the secret of his future health. But while he was thus careful of the kind and quantity of his food, he was not less anxious to avoid the extremes of heat and cold, extraordinary fatigue, interruption of his usual hours of rest, making any stay in bad air, and exposing himself to the wind and sun. He also made the discovery that melancholy, hatred, and other violent passions have a great influence on the body; he therefore endeavoured to subdue them. When Cornaro was seventy he had a terrible accident by the overturning of a coach: his head and body were fearfully injured, and a leg and arm were dislocated. The physicians thought he could only survive three It was thought desirable to bleed and purge him, in order to prevent a high fever. After having his leg and arm set, Cornaro refused any other means which were prescribed for his restoration. Contrary to anticipation, he recovered without experiencing any change. From this experience he inferred that whoever leads a regular life, committing no excess in diet, cannot suffer much from disorders or from external accidents.

When Cornaro was seventy-eight his friends and the doctors became alarmed at the small quantity of food he prescribed for himself. Against his own convictions he added four ounces of food and drink to the amount he daily consumed. This trifling augmentation of his food worked a surprising change. In eight days he lost his vivacity and good humour, and became melancholy and peevish. On the twelfth day he was attacked by a violent pain in his side of twenty-two hours' duration. This was succeeded by a "terrible fever" of thirty-five days, during which he never slept for

more than ten minutes together. He was considered to be a dead man, but his previous regular living enabled him perfectly to recover.

Cornaro contended that orderly and regular living is a certain cause and means of obtaining good health and long life, and that it is the only and true medicine; that it removes all liability to sickness, and precludes the necessity of doctors and physic. He further contended that every man must be his own physician. But he did not contend that every one should be bound by his rules, or eat only what agreed with him. said fruits, fish, and several kinds of food, disagreed with him, who had a weak, puny stomach; but these things might be taken by others who were differently "Those with whom nothing disagrees constituted. may take what they please, and observe no rule but what relates to the quantity, which requires particular attention." The result of Cornaro's orderly and abstemious life enabled him, when he had arrived at the age of eighty-one, to mount his horse in all situations unassisted and with great agility; ascend a flight of stairs in an instant; climb and descend hills with perfect ease, and even enjoy the chase; read and sing with "a better voice and a louder pipe" than at any former period. And he further asserted that when arrived at his advanced age he found himself well fitted to enjoy this "beautiful world;" and that he then would not exchange his gray hair or manner of living with any of the young men who give way to their appetites.

The laws of health, Cornaro's experience, and the results of the study of the wisest physicians, may be summed up in the following maxims:—

1. Never forget that it is by constant obedience to all God's laws that the greatest amount of happiness in the world is to be obtained. It is not by obeying all of them it may be for a few days or weeks, but by a constant and unvarying attention to a few of them, that the reward is obtained. 2. Beware, if you would be healthy, of confounding appetite and taste: the first, which is the warning given that a supply of food is necessary to rebuild the body, is very often associated with the last, which is the mere gratification of the 3. Beware of eating too freely. Truly Sir Francis Head said, "There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs." "Intemperate eating is the universal fault we commit; we are all guilty of it, almost uniformly, from the cradle to the grave." 4. Nothing tends so much to the preservation of health as habitual cheerfulness and composure of mind. 5. Strict control over the appetites and passions, with a fixed abhorrence of all excesses and all unlawful gratifications whatsoever. He that would enjoy good health must be "temperate in all things," and habitually exercise the most rigid self-government; for every sort of vicious indulgence is highly injurious to health: first directly, in its immediate effects upon the body; and next indirectly, in the perpetual dissatisfaction and anxiety of mind which it occasions. 6. By rising early; and in order to do this take no supper, or if

any, a very light one, and go early to bed. The hour before bed-time should be spent in agreeable relaxation, or in such amusements as tend to compose the mind and promote peace and cheerfulness. 7. A rigid abstinence from all stimulants, from tobacco and snuff, and from all substances and liquors that irritate and contaminate the blood. 8. Exercise of every faculty. The exercise of all parts of the body will be the health of all. 9. Use water externally and internally. Water facilitates the exercise of the organs, and imparts new life and vigour. 10. Cultivate and court fresh air-in the house and out of the house. 11. It is important to remember that health is more frequently undermined by the gradual operation of constant though disregarded causes, than by any great or marked exposures of an accidental kind. 12. Health is self-controlled; it is dependent upon obedience to the voice of God in his natural laws.

"Tis not for mortals always to be blest,
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread."

Laws of life, however, are much more generally neglected than nostrums and quack medicines. It has been said that popular medical books are the prolific source of imagined disease. The many advertisements which appear in countless numbers in the daily newspapers and serials, describing all the ills that flesh is heir to, are productive of immense evil, by suggesting the existence of disease, and offering pills and liquids

as certain cures. Instead of a study of and perseverance in the laws of health, the habit of taking patent medicines is formed, and, like the habit of smoking and imbibing alcoholic drinks, "it grows by what it feeds on." It would undoubtedly be rendering a great benefit to society if some eminent medical practitioner, in whom the public would have confidence, and who would be above suspicion, were to convince the ignorant of the evils of the habitual use of advertised nostrums. It is to be feared that this would be an impossible task, as the admonition would be attributed to base and interested motives.

"Prithee, doctor," said an old acquaintance to a celebrated empiric who was standing at his door, "how is it that you, whose origin I so well know, should have been able to obtain more patients than almost all the regular-bred physicians?"

"Pray," said the quack, "how many persons may have passed the door whilst you put your question?"

"About twenty."

"And, pray, how many of those do you suppose possess a competent share of common sense?"

"Perhaps one out of twenty."

"Just so," said the doctor; "and that one applies to the regular physician, whilst I and my brethren pick up the other nineteen."

It will be found, by reference to the lives of men who have attained a healthy old age, that the secret has not been any nostrum or medicine, but rather an attention to the laws of health and long life. LORD MON-

BODDO, the author of "Ancient Metaphysics," and who died in 1799, in his ninetieth year, was accustomed to take violent exercise, when undressed, in the open air. In the severest weather he would never enter a carriage. which he deemed an unjustifiable effeminacy. His constant custom was to make his journeys between Edinburgh and London on horseback. This venerable judge found himself, long after the age of seventy, as hale and in many respects as vigorous as he had been at thirty or forty. Plutarch, whose literary labours will be valued as long as books are read, enjoyed a long life of health and pleasure by the practice of his own maxims for preserving and prolonging human life. He advised the head to be kept cool and the feet warm; not immediately to take medicines on every slight indisposition, but rather to let nature relieve herself by fasting a day; and in attending to the mind never to forget the body. Cobbett, who was a perfect wonder in achievement, attributed his power to work, and his uniform health, to his abstinence, moderation in eating and drinking, early rising, and industry. He wrote: "Health, the most valuable of all earthly possessions, and without which all the rest are worth nothing, bids us not only to refrain from excess in eating and drinking, but bids us stop short of what might be indulged in without any apparent impropriety." Cobbett, in commending his course of life to his readers, wrote: "How completely are the words of Ecclesiasticus verified by my experience and in my person! How little of eating and drinking is sufficient for me! How (744)

wholesome is my sleep! How early do I rise, and how 'well at ease' am I 'with myself'! Who, what man, ever performed a greater quantity of labour than I have performed? What man ever did so much? Now, in a great measure, I owe my capability to perform this labour to my disregard of dainties. Being shut up two years in Newgate, with a fine on my head of a thousand pounds to the king for having expressed my indignation at the flogging of Englishmen under a guard of German bayonets, I ate, during one whole year, one muttonchop every day. Being once in town, with one son, then a little boy, and a clerk, while my family was in the country, I had during some weeks nothing but legs of mutton. First day, leg of mutton boiled or roasted; second, cold; third, hashed; then leg of mutton boiled, and so on. I have always proceeded thus, having every day the same thing, or alternately, and always at the same hour, to prevent the necessity of any talk about the matter. I like to have good and clean victuals; but if wholesome and clean, that is enough. But the great security of all is to eat little, and to drink nothing that intoxicates. He that eats till he is full is little better than a beast; and he that drinks till he is drunk is quite a beast."

But that course of life which is congenial to one constitution may not be found to be so to another. It is a common expression that a man is a fool or a physician at forty. By that time he ought to know what rule and course of life is best suited to his constitution—what to eat, drink, and avoid. The celebrated Greek physician

Galen, who died in his ninetieth year, and whose medical thoughts, written by his own hand, extended to three hundred volumes, concentrated the result of his thinking and experience in the following wise words: "I beseech all persons not to degrade themselves to the level of the brutes or the rabble by gratifying their sloth, or by eating and drinking promiscuously whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees and what does not agree with them; that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear everything which by their own experience they find to do them hurt: and let them be assured that, by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians." Dr. Hodgkin wisely adds: "If mankind in the present day were strictly to adhere to those practices which promote the health and wellbeing of their minds and bodies, and as strictly to abstain from those which tend to injure them, there would be little or no cause of complaint that the race is degenerating, and that the men of modern days scarcely possess the sixth part of the strength of their forefathers."

Sir William Temple, the eminent diplomatist and statesman, writing upon the subject of health and the approach of old age, said: "Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with health and a good

friend. And he might have reason: a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad who used to say a man must be a mean wretch who desired to live after threescore years. But so much I doubt is certain, that in life as in wine he that will drink it good must not drain it to the dregs. Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure when they are out of pain; and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by craving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore, men in the health and vigour of their age should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances."

The celebrated Montaigne had peculiar ideas upon the subject of doctors. Physic he would not take. When he was ill he allowed nature to effect the cure. "My form of life," said he, "is the same in sickness that it is in health: the same bed, the same hours, the same meat, and the same drink serve me in both conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the moderation of more or less, according to my strength and appetite. My health consists in maintaining my wonted state without disturbance. For my part, I think of physic as much good or ill as any one would have me; for, thanks be to God, we have no traffic together. I tell those who importune me to take physic, that they must at least give me time to recover my strength and health, that I may be the better able to support and encounter the violence and danger of the potion. I let Nature work, supposing her to be sufficiently armed with teeth and claws to defend herself when attacked, and to uphold that contexture the dissolution of which she flies and abhors. For I am afraid lest, instead of assisting her when grappled and struggling with disease, I should assist her adversary and give her more work to do."

Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, wisely observing upon the same subject, wrote: "Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance. Medicines are absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but were men to live in a habitual course of exercise and temperance. there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly, we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, and bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications are, for the most part, noth-

ing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger had he not prevented him! What would that philosopher have said had he been present at the gluttony of many a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fish, fowl, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar. wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of a hundred different flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body! For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes." Addison quotes an eminent physician, and commends his rules as the best suitable to our climate and way of living: "Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking anything strong till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple."

This may be taken as the wise conclusion of a careful study of the rules of health, that a vigorous and

persevering method of inuring ourselves to the unavoidable difficulties and diversified accidents of life is of greater importance to the preservation of health than any dietetical rules whatever. Man is capable of undergoing all the vicissitudes and inconveniences of air, weather, and climate; he can digest any articles of food if his stomach has not been wantonly indulged; he can sustain the severest bodily exercise and labour, without paying too much attention to time or regularity, when employment or duty renders exertion necessary. But he who from his infancy has been treated with extreme tenderness, or who, having previously been accustomed to a hardy mode of life, is seized with the whim of bestowing too much care on his health, will suffer from the most trivial hardships, and catch cold at every change of the air, any heavy or high-seasoned dish will be oppressive, and the smallest deviation of rules will indispose him. Yet experience proves—and this is the experience of all healthy persons—that the great secret of health is the art of moderating desires and en-Rules of health suitable to all constitutions iovments. and conditions have not yet been discovered; this general precept, however, may be accepted—that every one should study his own constitution, and regulate his conduct and life accordingly, making experience his guide in whatever he finds most suitable for the conservation of his health and the prolongation of his life.

## VII.

## Success in Business.

"Be earnest, energetic, resolute;
There's no enigma in the word Success.
Honour thy hand—that strange omnipotent:
Try is the true magician; thou wilt find
Endeavour no bad word to conjure with,
And there is no abracadabra, after all,
Potent as effort. Summon all the man
Within thee; hoist desire's full sail,
But ne'er neglect the oar of industry."

UCCESS in business is generally thought to be all that is implied in success in life. To be a successful man is to be a successful business man; and without business, life

cannot be a success. A modern writer asks: "What is the end and purpose of business?—Happiness. The acquisition of property is subordinate to this end. Money is valueless except as it will satisfy wants. Business is a source of happiness in several ways. Its pursuit engages, invigorates, and enlarges the mind; its usefulness promotes self-respect; its results, if successful, increase the power of doing what the head conceives and the heart desires." Life cannot be a success in securing happiness unless work of some nature is undertaken, and there is some end in view. Dr. James

Hamilton, in addressing a number of young men, said: "Those of you who are familiar with the shore may have seen attached to the inundated reef a creature whether a plant or an animal you could scarcely tellrooted to the rock as a plant might be, and twirling its long tentacula as an animal would do. This plantanimal's life is somewhat monotonous; for it has nothing to do but grow and twirl its feelers, float in the tide, or fold itself up on its foot-stalk when that tide has receded, for months and years together. would it not be very dismal to be transformed into a zoophyte? Would it not be an awful punishment to be anchored to a rock, able to do nothing but spin about your arms and fold them up again? But what better life is the life you are spontaneously leading? What greater variety marks your existence than chequers the life of the sea-anemone? Does not one day float over you after another, just as the tide floats over it, and find you much the same, and leave you vegetating still?"

But all are not so circumstanced that they can either work or play. The majority have no choice—they must either work, engage in business, or not eat. Fortunately for the industrious, the determined, and persevering, there are opportunities in trade and commerce of securing the desired success—a pleasant and pleasurable life, and of making an ample provision for old age. But this can only be achieved by a faithful attention to rules, to laws, and conditions. Success in business is not the result of "luck," so much as the result

of conduct. Shakespeare, however, declares no half truth when he says,—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

But the tide must not only be "taken at the flood," but used and made subservient to success. P. T. Barnum. the American exhibitor, would no doubt be credited with "luck" in the purchase of the American Museum in New York, when he was not worth five shillings. But he had character, which enabled him to obtain security for the purchase-money. He worked hard and economized to the utmost. "My treasure of a wife (and such a wife is a treasure)," he said, "gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut the expenses down to thirty shillings per week, if necessary." Six months after the purchase of the Museum, a friend found him in his ticket-office eating his dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that he had brought from home in the morning. "Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he inquired. Barnum replied, "I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the Sabbath; and I intend never to eat another on week-days until I get out of debt." His friend slapped him on the back and said, "Ah, you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out." The prophecy was true-before the expiration of the year from that day the Museum was Barnum's exclusive property!

"Had I been less economical," he said, "and less determined, my expenses would have kept pace with my income, I should have lost much valuable time in going home every day to my dinner, and my present situation would have been very different from what it is."

Barnum's business success entitles him to give advice upon the principles and rules which lead to success in He says: 1. "Select the kind of business business. that suits your natural inclinations and temperament. I never could succeed as a merchant. I have tried it unsuccessfully several times. All should be careful to select those occupations that suit them best." 2. "Let your pledged word ever be sacred. Never promise to do a thing without performing it with the most rigid promptness." 3. "Whatever you do, do with all your might. Work at it, if necessary, early and late, in season and out of season, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can just as well be done now." 4. "Sobriety. Use no description of intoxicating drink." 5. "Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary." 6. "Do not scatter your powers. Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until you conclude to abandon it." 7. "Engage proper employés. Never employ a man of bad habits." 8. "Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly." 9. "Avoid extravagance, and always live considerably within your income, if you can do so

without absolute starvation. It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in life, can never attain a pecuniary independence." 10. "Do not depend upon others. Your success must depend upon your own individual exertions. Trust not to the assistance of friends, but learn that every man must be the architect of his own fortune."

Another successful man, John Grigg of Philadelphia, who amassed a large fortune as a publisher, gives the following advice to young men about to commence business:-1. "Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to begin to save the moment they enter on the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessaries and comforts of life." 2. "To industry and economy add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The business man must keep at the helm, and steer his own ship." 3. "Avoid excessive credits. There are three elements equally beneficial in their use, equally destructive in their abuse—fire, water, and banks." 4. "Attend to the minutia of the business, small things as well as great." 5. "Marry early. In choosing a wife a man should look at, 1st, the heart; 2nd, the mind; 3rd, the person." 6. "Follow Duty, and never let Truth strike her topsail." 7. "Everything, however remote, that has any bearing upon success must be taken advantage of." 8. "Never forget a favour, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart."

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in advising a young tradesman, said: 1. "Remember that time is money." 2. "Remember that credit is money." 3. "Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on." 4. "Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day." 5. "Remember this saying, 'The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.'" 6. "The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded." 7. "Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly." 8. "The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the road to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything."

An Eastern merchant, who had amassed a large fortune, was asked to what he attributed his success. Was it mere chance? No; for other men had had even better luck, yet did not get rich. Was it industry? Not wholly, for many persons as indefatigable as himself have remained poor. Was it not energy? Only in part, for he had observed that even the most energetic men sometimes failed. But if there was any one thing to which, more than to others, he could attribute his wealth, it was that he had made it a point never to neglect the details of business. Many business men, he added, content themselves with planning, regarding comprehensive views as incompatible with scrupulous

attention to small matters; they leave the execution of their schemes to subordinates, and the result is, that in the majority of cases their plans fall through in consequence of the neglect of some clerk or other employé, and they remain for ever at the foot of the ladder.

The founder of the famous house of Rothschild, Mayer Anselm, had four rules, to which he ascribed his early success:—1. Three profits. Selling raw material to the manufacturer, upon which there was a profit, and taking the manufactured goods in exchange, upon which a further profit was made. 2. Make a bargain at once. Be an off-handed man. 3. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. 4. Be cautious and bold. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

It is an interesting fact that the most successful business men have not attributed their success to luck or chance, but to some wise rule to which they have closely adhered. Nicholas Longworth, known as the Cincinnati millionaire, said: "I have always had these two things before me—Do what you undertake thoroughly—Be faithful in all accepted trusts." Stephen Girard, who made an immense fortune in New York, had a fundamental maxim—"Take care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves." Amos Laurence, also a most successful man, when asked for advice said: "Young man, base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character;

and, in doing this, never reckon the cost." A. T. Stewart, who is described as the merchant-prince of New York, said: "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labour and persevering application." Samuel Budgett, "the successful merchant" of Bristol, in addressing some young men, said there was no reason why they might not, though the reason was manifest why they would not, every one of them be worth ten thousand pounds! His maxim was. "Enduring powers and extraordinary application." John Jacob Astor, who died a millionaire, was accustomed to say: "It's what thee'll spend, my son, not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." He said: "A man who wishes to be rich, and has saved ten thousand dollars, has won half the battle—is on the highway to fortune." In making and saving such a sum, habits of economy would be contracted which would lead to the attainment of wealth. Lord Beaconsfield's maxim, which embodies the source of his eminence, is, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose." The Honourable John Bright was accustomed to say: "I agree with one of the greatest men that England or the world ever produced when he said, 'To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom." The distinguished American, James Halford, who rose from a very humble position in a store, to fame, wealth, and honour, had his position attributed to luck. In making his start in life, and revolving the cry by the thoughtless of "Luck's all!" he said: "What does it amount to in reality, but that

some people are surrounded by better circumstances than others. They must still, however, take advantage of these circumstances permanently to succeed; and I, having very indifferent circumstances around me, have the more need to use great exertion in order to better them. And when reverses come, I will not despair, as some do, but persevere on to fortune. I want no friend to take me by the hand, and do that for me which every healthy man can do better for himself. No; I will rise alone." The Rev. John Newton, when visiting a member of his congregation, found him busily engaged in his occupation of tanning. "Just so," said his pastor, "may your Lord find you when he comes; it is the work he has given you to do, and he expects you to do it diligently."

A modern writer says very truthfully: "The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather-cock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best stationary, and, more probably, retrograde in all. It is only the man who carries into his pursuits that great quality which Lucan ascribes to Cæsar, nescia virtus stare loco—who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undis-

mayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that can advance to eminence in any line."

The celebrated William Penn left excellent advice on the subject of business: "He that judges not well of the importance of his affairs, though he may be always busy, must make but a small progress. But make not more business than is so; and rather lessen than augment work for thyself. Be not over-eager in the pursuit of anything; for the mercurial too often happen to leave judgment behind them, and sometimes make work for repentance. He that over-runs his business leaves it for him that follows more leisurely to take it up; which has often proved a profitable harvest to them that never sowed. It is the advantage that slower tempers have upon the men of lively parts, that though they do not lead they will follow well and glean clean. Upon the whole matter, employ thy thoughts as thy business requires, and let that have place according to merit and urgency, giving everything a review and due digestion; and thou wilt prevent many errors and vexations, as well as save much time to thyself in the course of thy life."

To the young man who has not yet become a master, and is in the employ of a master, William Dawbarn, Esq., in a lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association, Cambridge, gave admirable advice: 1. Try to acquire unostentatious manners. 2. Be faithful; your first duty is fidelity to your employer. 3. Cultivate amicable arrangements with all. 4. Be punctual in attendance to your business. 5. Be worthy of con-

fidence being placed in you, by disclosing on no account any secret. 6. Guard correspondence with the strictest privacy. 7. Be prompt and quick, and have no backward work. 8. Give respect and subordination to your superiors. 9. Have method with your papers, to find what you want quickly. 10. On no account overdraw your salary, sooner leave a portion in your employer's hands. 11. Pay as you go. 12. Dress as a gentleman, not as a fop. 13. Write distinctly—a master may afford to write badly, but a servant never. 14. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. I would also suggest to the younger men who aspire by economy to become masters, never to use a piece of mahogany when a piece of deal will do.

A celebrated writer and a keen observer said: "Let a man be sure to drive his business rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves and others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning."

If the opinions and experience of those who have been successful in attaining wealth are of any account, then it is evident that success is dependent upon the strict adherence to rules and principles, and is not the result of luck or chance. The sooner, then, every young man is made acquainted with the fact that progress, making headway, achieving success, is dependent upon circumstances created by himself, the sooner will he attain to the goal to which he laudably aspires. Thousands of young men have dawdled life away with the excuse that "they have had no chance." What chance did they want? Was not the world open before them, presenting alike to all opportunities of "getting on," if there was only the disposition, the needed energy and perseverance? How often is it said of some men that if they were to be turned penniless into the marketplace, before the day was over they would have money in their pockets honestly acquired? Any boy or young man entering the service of a master, however poor and humble the position may be, has his chance, and is endowed with luck. The starting-point has been attained, the first round on the ladder has been reached, and success, if the youth or man so wills and determines, is certain.

One thing in order to secure success in business is earnestness—taking a pleasure in business. It is needful to be exact in calculations, to cultivate prudent forethought, and to be unswerving in integrity. The intimate friend and the stranger are to be treated alike in business—honourably and honestly. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest is a necessity which competition and trade necessities compel. There cannot very long be a monopoly in any trade, or undue forcing of prices or wages. Freedom of labour, freedom of commerce, and free competition, are now recognized as principles at the basis of national and individual prosperity. Common sense must, however, guide wise

and remunerative competition. A town may support two tradesmen of one trade; but if six tradesmen enter the same business, much money and time will be lost by all. The pride is profitless which would continue a business under such circumstances. Better to look out for a new field of exertion, even should it be needful to remove from home and friends. When entering upon a new business or speculation, it is needful to look all round the conditions and circumstances attending It is not sufficient to hope and trust that "some way or another" desired results will be obtained. That "rule of thumb" and hap-hazard system have led many tradesmen into the bankruptcy court. A man, in order to be successful as a tradesman, must know what he is doing, and why he is doing it; and in his dealings he must be unswervingly honourable, not mixing up family or private affairs in business communications.

An indispensable factor in success is accuracy in book-keeping: without care and method in keeping accounts a tradesman cannot know his true position, whether he is on the road to ruin or fortune. He will certainly be mindful of one thing—that business must be before pleasure; and although anxiously interested in his own mental culture, yet even in so laudable a pursuit business must have the first attention. A tradesman cannot have a better maxim than—"What is proper to be done should be done quickly. At any expense of comfort, what is proper to be done to-day should not be put off until to-morrow." It is a common saying—"He that does a thing himself is well served."

In order to secure success in business, it is needful not to be too much confined to old methods and systems. There must be enterprise and inventive ingenuity infused into business. It is needful to study and constantly to make improvements, and to keep actively alive to the progress of the times. An important consideration, in considering the conditions of success. relates to haste and impatience. The desire of the sanguine young man is to leap to success at a bound. Fortunes have been made by a single speculation and by a stroke of the pen; but more fortunes have been lost, and not gained, by this method of commercial gambling. Fortunes are much more frequently the result of small but repeated efforts. In thousands of instances where colossal fortunes have been made, the commencement has been small. "It is the hardest part of success to gain a little; this little once gained, more will easily follow."

The same principles employed in gaining wealth should be exercised in the acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge is attained, like money, little by little; and like money, when properly used in trade and commerce, it will increase by a wise circulation and bring back a large profit. Fortunes have been made by judicious liberality and avoiding a selfish, miserly parsimony; and it is equally true that the man who dispenses and distributes his acquired knowledge is on the highroad to higher and permanent attainments. How truthfully, however, both in regard to the attainment of wealth and knowledge, has the poet said:—

"How few, alas! how very few, there are Of calm and plodding, patient energy! They tug with fitful force, they sweat awhile, They seize the plough with an unmeaning grip, And promise great achievements. But anon They weary, are impatient, turn aside To a new vein i' the mine,—and night comes on, And months and years glide by, with little done; Nought polished and complete, though much rough-hewn. Let therefore Patience marry Energy. For marvellous achievers are their sons. He that doth hammer always on one nail Will drive it home at last. Who steers right on, Will gain at length, however far, the port. Then persevere, work not impulsively, But plod, nor faint nor weary. Ah, how oft The spider-oldest spinner-mends his web, Still hoping against hope."

A remarkable instance of successful perseverance is furnished in the life of Samuel Budgett, the Bristol merchant. He rose from the smallest beginnings to immense business achievements. He did this by no meanness or trick, but by fair, open, industrious dealing. Those who had business with him knew they could implicitly trust him - that his word was his bond. He was born on the 27th day of July 1794, in the little town of Wrington. In 1801 his parents opened a shop in Kingswood, near Bristol; after carrying on a little business for two years, they relinquished it to their eldest son, and opened a small shop in Coleford. Samuel at this time was ten years old, and at that early age manifested business talents which were afterwards developed in an extraordinary degree. In relating his first business experiences he said:-

"The first money I ever recollect possessing was gained in the following way: I went to Mr. Milks of

Kilmersdon to school, a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, and carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. That was the first penny I ever recollect possessing; and I kept it for some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door; and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was a bigger boy than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon it, and promised if I would bring it to him that day fortnight he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of threepence; since which I have never been without, except when I gave it all away." Samuel must have been differently constituted to other boys if in the interim he was not strongly tempted to spend his penny upon sweetmeats. He was resolved, however, to earn the promised penny, and nothing was allowed to break his resolution.

"The next addition to my stock of money," he said, "was when one of my sisters, in drawing treacle, had let it run over, and a considerable quantity was wasted. After taking up what she thought was worth saving, and being about to wash away the remainder, I ran to my mother and said, 'Mother, may I scrape up that treacle, and sell it for myself?' Having gained her consent, I set to work, scraped it up as clean as possible, and sold it for three-halfpence. Thus, by little and little, my fund became augmented, until I had enough to purchase 'Wesley's Hymns,' and I considered myself

a rich and happy boy." Upon another occasion—and this was the first business incident of his life—he was walking with his brother, when he met a woman selling cucumbers. He asked what she would take for the His brother remonstrated with him upon the ridiculous purchase; but Samuel thought he saw a profit to be made out of the transaction, and having bought the cucumbers, made ninepence from their This successful venture encouraged him to deal in eggs, chickens, young pigs, and donkeys. One donkey, which he had bought for half a crown, he resold to a Mrs. Ellis for five shillings; as, however, she had not the money at the time, and as Samuel was anxious to make the transaction quite safe, he took a pair of stays as security! Sad to say, in a few days the donkey died, before the five shillings were paid. Mrs. Ellis wanted to cry quits, and have the stays returned. Samuel was quite equal to the occasion: he properly argued that the donkey was hale and sound when he sold it, and that she had caused its death by ill-treatment. He would not give up the stays until he received the five shillings.

When Samuel was fourteen he had by his small trading accumulated a sum of thirty pounds, which, on being apprenticed to his eldest brother at Kingswood, he left as a loan with his parents, but which he never received back, and which he never regretted. Young as he was, he had acquired principles which protected him from the love of money for its own sake. It was his duty to be industrious, and it was his duty to make

the most of his industry. His first impression of duties outside of barter and gain were conceived in his ninth year. One day, on passing his mother's room door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and for her son Samuel, whom she mentioned by name. "My mother," he thought, "is more anxious that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." From that hour he resolved to serve God, to become a child of God; and that impression and resolution were never His serious thoughts and purpose were strengthened by an incident that made a deep impression upon his mind. His mother had visited a poor woman in her last illness and was present when she died. Her description of the happy death of the old woman induced an ardent desire in Samuel to lie down and die by her side. "I shall never," he said, "forget the solemn delight I felt on the calm summer evenings, walking in a field repeating the hymn, 'Ah! lovely appearance of death,' until my mind became so enraptured, that death, of all things, appeared the most desirable."

During the time Samuel was apprenticed to his brother he had to work hard; but owing to not being strong, and very little for his age, his brother became dissatisfied with him, and in the middle of the term of his apprenticeship gave him a month's notice to leave. This was a sad and disappointing blow to Samuel. During the month, however, he looked about for another situation. He was not long before he heard of one that he thought would suit him. He quickly made his way to the shop where a boy was wanted.

"I fear you are not strong enough," said the master in reply to Samuel's earnest application for the situation.

"Oh, do try me, sir! I am sure I can do."

"Will you write your address?" said the master in reply.

As Samuel was not quite clear as to the meaning of "address," he said, "I can write an invoice, sir."

"Very well; write 86 lbs. of bacon at 9½d. per lb."

The poor fellow was too flurried either to write or calculate correctly. He tried once, and failed; and tried again, and again failed. The shopkeeper was about to tell Samuel that he would not do, when his wife, touched by the anxiety of the little fellow, pleaded with her husband to give him a trial.

"But," said he, "he is not strong enough; he could never carry those heavy cheeses."

"Do let me try!" said Samuel. "I am sure I can do it."

In an instant he had one of the biggest cheeses on his shoulder, which he supported with ease. The shopkeeper, moved probably more by the lad's willingness than by his physical fitness for the situation, engaged him.

Before going to his new master, as he had still a portion of the month to serve with his brother, he was seriously disturbed by the recollection of his imperfect knowledge of arithmetic. On leaving his brother, he had two or three days to spare before going to his new situation. His younger brother, who was then in a

situation at Bristol, obtained permission to accompany He had got a much better education than Samuel. All the way going and returning the brothers amused themselves practising mental arithmetic. Samuel, before the end of his return journey, bought a jay for threepence, and when he got to Bristol, he stood on the bridge exposing it for sale, when he sold it for a shilling. His new master soon found that he had obtained a willing and industrious servant, and became much attached to him. brother also found that he had made a mistake in parting with him. Samuel needed not to have returned to his brother, as he had dismissed him; but he deemed it his duty to return to serve out his time, notwithstanding his new master offered him an increase of salary.

When Samuel's apprenticeship expired he was twenty-two years of age, when he re-engaged with his brother for three years at £40 the first year, rising £10 the second and third years. At the end of that term he had saved £100. His brother having got into difficulties, Samuel gave him all his savings; which kept him from ruin. His brother by this time had ascertained his worth, and did a wise thing by making Samuel a partner; and Samuel was equally wise, as he could now afford it, to furnish a house and take a sensible woman for his wife. The brothers, by civility and careful attention, gradually increased their business, so that they were not long before they contemplated adding the wholesale to their retail trade. As a pre-

liminary, Samuel took short journeys into the country and opened accounts with small shops. Confidence being established with the Budgetts, the rise and prosperity of the firm became very rapid. Instead of Samuel taking his accustomed journeys, traveller after traveller had to be added; and, owing to the consumption of goods, that which had previously been purchased in parcels had to be supplied in cargoes, and sales which had been made in ounces swelled to tons! The trade connections of the firm extended from Penzance to Birmingham, and from Haverfordwest to Wiltshire. Goods were constantly being discharged at the Bristol port and conveyed in waggons to the Budgetts at Kingswood. Houses had to be built for the accommodation of the clerks and employés of the firm. The system of business, which was rigidly adhered to, was cash payments. Country orders had to be paid on the next journey of the traveller: when this was not done, the account was at once closed. ing was allowed to interfere with this rule. Upon one occasion a customer had ordered flour at the end of twenty-eight days (the period of credit), but did not send the amount of the former order. The flour was in the waggon on its way to the customer before the fact was discovered. A messenger was immediately despatched with an order to bring the flour back with the exception of one sack of flour, which was to be left: and from that time the firm ceased to do business with him.

In trade transactions Mr. Budgett would not continue

any business customs, however common, that were not strictly honest. It was usual, when pepper was heavily taxed, to mix it with a spurious article called P.D., or pepper-dust; it was so customary, that dealers with unblemished character deemed themselves honest while lending themselves to the practice. Samuel had doubts upon the subject, and by-and-by he became fully convinced that the thing was wrong. When he arrived at this conclusion, he at once resolved that P.D. should be banished. It was night when he formed his resolution, but he determined that the imposition stuff should not remain another hour in the shop. Back he went, and carried the cask containing the P.D. to a neighbouring quarry, where it was stove in and the stuff scattered to the winds.

Twenty years after the brothers had been partners, the elder retired, leaving Samuel the sole owner of that which had become a gigantic concern. The subsequent history of Samuel Budgett was simply continuous commercial success. He attributed much of the prosperity which he achieved to settled rules and principles of business, not more with his trade connections than his numerous employés. Samuel had no hard and fast line which was not to be changed. He improved upon rules as experience suggested; but a rule in force was sacred—it must not be broken. Excuses were of no use; they could not be accepted. A breach of law—of an established rule—was a fault, almost a crime. He who repeatedly disobeyed any established rule was inexorably dismissed. While Budgett was thus reso-

lute in his dealings with his servants, he was not less kind and considerate when he found any one persevering and industrious. He would train a young buyer by taking him with him to the market, and go with a young traveller on his journey, or personally give a lesson to a warehouseman or clerk in the system he desired him to pursue. By this means, as one of the old servants said, "I do believe he would get, ay, just twice as much work out o' a man in a week as another master."

Budgett died on the 26th of April 1850. His family stood around him during his last illness, and ministered to his wants. The whole population of Kingswood followed him to his grave. All were true mourners: they knew that their best friend had gone: he had been to them a real benefactor, to whom they were indebted for the many comforts they enjoyed. He now remains as an example of industrious perseverance to all who are desirous of making progress. And it may truly be said that no young man who will follow in Budgett's footsteps can miss advancing in life. What was said of Lord Kenyon may with equal truth be said of Budgett: "One line, a line fraught with instruction, includes the secret of Lord Kenyon's final success:-He was prudent, he was patient, and he persevered."

## VIII.

## The Habit and Profit of Early Rising.

"In the morning when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to his service; and at night also let him close thine eyes: and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chamber of the east."—JEREMY TAYLOR.



R. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in one of his amusing but not less thoughtful essays, tells us of a meeting at which he was present in Paris, "where the new lamp of

Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced and much admired for its splendour; but a general inquiry was made whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded, — in which case there would be no saving in the use of it." Franklin went home thinking over the subject, which considerably interested him, as it related to economy, a subject which had been his study during the whole of his long and useful life. "I went home," he writes, "and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental noise awakened me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find

my room filled with light, and I imagined at first that a number of those lamps had been brought into it; but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived that the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted the preceding evening to close the shutters." Dr. Franklin then made the astounding discovery that the sun rises early, and that when it does rise "it gives light as soon as it rises." He said, "I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes." He then makes a number of ingenious calculations to show the immense sum which would be saved by using in the morning six hours of the sun's rays instead of six hours of candle-light in the evening; and he would have every morning, as soon as the sun rises, all the bells in every church set a-ringing; and, if that were not sufficient to awaken the sluggards, he would have cannon fired in every street!

Franklin then amusingly adds: "For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other regard whatever; I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients; and perhaps they may bring passages out of old books to prove it. I will not dis-

pute with these people that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours—they possibly had, as we have, almanacs that predicted it; but it does not follow from thence that they knew he gave light as soon as he rose. This is what I claim as my discovery." If, as Franklin argues, the secret was known to the ancients, it was evidently not known to the moderns; for the Parisians, a sensible, economical people, "would not have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing."

Turning night into day, sleeping in the day instead of in the night, is a custom as common in England as in France. The habit is not only prejudicial to health, but is the cause of years of life being wasted, and opportunities for the improvement of the mind and the increase of business being lost. Franklin, in his quaint essay, omits to tell his readers that not only is the expense of candles saved by using the morning sunlight, but wonderful invigoration and clearness of conception are also obtained and saved, which otherwise would be lost in disturbed late morning slumbers. Only those who have habituated themselves to study in the morning instead of the night know the advantage of the one over the other. A modern writer says: "Do we read of nervous affections a few centuries ago? I believe that the pernicious habit of continuing an unnecessary length of time in bed has been the chief cause of many complaints which were unknown to our

hardy ancestors, who never complained of such disorders as we now lament. Our forefathers rose at four, but many of their degenerated progeny lie till eight or nine. The consequence of this is a general relaxation of the nervous system, the muscles becoming unstrung, the spirits depressed, the mental faculties weakened, attended by all the melancholy accompaniments of hypochondriac affections."

"This tyrannical habit," says Robinson in his "Morning Exercises," "attacks life in its essential powers: it makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins; it relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, saddens the soul, dulls the fancy; subdues and stupifies man to such a degree that he, the lord of the creation, hath no appetite for anything in it—loathes labour, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, and, in the absence of that, at the creatures of his own gloomy imagination." The Rev. John Wesley, in his celebrated sermon on the "Duty and Advantages of Early Rising," remarkably corroborates the healthfulness of the habit by his own experience. "One common effect," he said, "of either sleeping too long or lying too long in bed is weakness of sight, particularly that weakness which is of the nervous kind. When I was young, my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us for whatever he calls us to; but undoubtedly the outward mean which he has been pleased to bless was the rising early every morning."

The celebrated Dr. Cheyne, in his "Essay on Health and Long Life," says: "Nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed-lolling and soaking in sheets after any one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time. It necessarily thickens the juices, enervates the solids, and weakens the con-A free open air is a kind of cold bath, stitution. especially after rising out of a warm bed, and consequently makes the circulation brisker and more complete, and braces up the solids, when lying in bed dissolves and soaks them in moisture. This is evident from the appetite and hunger those who rise early feel, beyond that which they get by lying long in bed." Another eminent medical authority, Dr. Wilson Philip, in his treatise on indigestion, says: "Although it is of no consequence to the debilitated to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up an hour or two earlier often gives a degree of vigour which nothing else can procure. For those who are not much debilitated, and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after awaking in the morning. This at first may appear too early, for the debilitated require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night, till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to the demand for it. Lying late is not only hurtful by the relaxations it occasions, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial."

Too much sleep not only enervates the body, but weakens and emasculates the mind. Law, the writer of the "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," says: "Sleep indulged in gives a softness to all our tempers, and makes us unable to relish anything but what suits an idle state of mind as sleep does; so that a person who is a slave to this idleness is in the same temper when he is up. Everything that is idle or sensual pleases him, and everything that requires trouble or selfdenial is hateful to him, for the same reason that he hates to rise. He that turns sleep into an idle in-. dulgence does as much to corrupt his soul, to make it a slave to bodily appetites, as an epicure does. It does not disorder his health as notorious acts of intemperance do, but, like any more moderate course of indulgence, it silently, and by smaller degrees, wears away the spirit of religion, and sinks the soul into dulness and sensuality."

Only those who have habituated themselves to early rising know its value and the accruing advantages. It not only adds to the length of life by adding to the hours of each day—a most important consideration in itself—but it communicates a wonderful amount of energy and springiness, which the late sleeper is deprived of. The time redeemed from useless and injurious sleep, devoted to business, would save many a man from ruin and the bankruptcy court. Let creditors learn that their debtor is up betimes, devoting early hours to his affairs, and they will know that his misfortunes do not result from idleness, and they will not

only "give him time" to redeem his position, but help him, if needed, with more goods and credit. Franklin, in his interesting autobiography, when relating his progress as a printer, after he had commenced business in America, and describing his industry, says: "This unwearied industry, which was perceived by our neighbours, began to acquire us reputation and credit. I learned, among other things, that our new printing house being the subject of conversation at a club of merchants, it was the general opinion that it would fail, there being already two printing offices in the town. But Dr. Bard (a native of Scotland) was of a different opinion. 'The industry of this Franklin,' said he, 'is superior to anything of the kind I have ever witnessed. I see him still at work when I return from the club at night, and he is at it again in the morning before the neighbours are out of bed.' This account struck the rest of the assembly, and, shortly after, one of its members came to the office, and offered to supply us with articles of stationery." The "philosopher of common sense"—for so Franklin is properly styled had one maxim, which has been translated and circulated in every printed language: "He who rises late may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night." Zimmermann, in his famed work upon Solitude, says: "Sloth is the torpidity of the mental faculties; the sluggard is a living insensible." Solomon said: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had

covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Late rising is a modern custom, which certainly would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four o'clock in the morning; now, many of them not till nine. It was also customary in the fourteenth century for the King of France to dine out at eight o'clock in the morning, and retire to bed at the same hour in the evening. In the time of Henry VIII. it was customary to breakfast at seven in the morning, and to dine at ten o'clock. In the time of Elizabeth, the nobility, fashionables, and students dined at eleven o'clock, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.

Much as the "midnight oil" is credited with the products of genius, it is questionable whether the literature of England has not been more enriched by those who have devoted early hours to study than those who have used the midnight lamp. Dean Swift was accustomed to say that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed in a morning. Bishop Burnet, the author of the "History of his Own Times," was an habitual early riser. While he was at college, his father used to arouse him to his studies every morning at four o'clock, and he continued the

practice during the remainder of his life. It is to this habit that we are indebted for nearly the whole of the valuable works of Dr. Doddridge, who, notwithstanding his various labours both as a minister and a tutor, left many proofs of his talents as an author, which would not have existed had it not been for his habit of early rising. Bishop Jewell regularly rose at four o'clock in the morning, and immediately commenced his studies. The famous Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More also rose at four o'clock; and yet he says, in his preface to his "Utopia," that he has composed that work by stealing time from his sleep and his meals. And he appeared so well satisfied of the excellence of the habit that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before daybreak. Dr. Parkhurst the philologist rose regularly at five in summer and winter, and in the latter season made his own fire. It is recorded of John, Lord Hervey, that "in those early hours when all around were hushed in sleep, he seized the opportunity of the quiet as the most favourable time for study, and frequently spent a useful day before others began to enjoy it." Dr. Beard tells us of a friend "whose industry is unquestionable, and whose writings are numerous," but who never protracted his studies beyond nine in the evening; the reason being that he was always an early riser. In literature, as in business, it is "the early bird that picks up most worms." Dr. Kitto invariably rose at five o'clock in the morning: the result of the habit is seen in the many valuable books he has left behind, which are monuments of industry, demonstrating the possibility of rising from the lowest position to eminent usefulness if sloth and indulgence are avoided. The Scotch poet Robert Nicoll says: "I read a good deal in the morning while sluggards are snoring." He was accustomed during the long days to rise before five o'clock, and to repair to the North Inch of Perth, where he wrote in the open air until seven o'clock, when it was time to attend to his business.

A study of the lives of great men of ancient and modern times will confirm Dean Swift's opinion, that greatness and lying in bed, instead of rising early, are incompatible. Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, was constantly employed in study: he ate little and slept less. To prevent his sleeping too long, he extended one hand, in which he held a brass ball, that by the noise it made in falling into a brass bowl he might be The Emperor Vespasian always rose early awakened. and before daylight: after reading the letters and looking over the memorials directed to him, he received his friends, and dressed himself while conversing with them; he then attended to any other business, walked out a little, bathed before going to the table; during the meal he would converse in the kindest manner with those about him. Henry IV. of France, who is celebrated for his virtues, scarcely allowed himself to sleep or eat, and multiplied his life by the use he made of his time. His friend and minister, the virtuous Sully, was equally eager to improve his time. He invariably retired early to rest, and rose at four o'clock in the

morning to commence the important duties of the day. Boerhaave, whose fame as a physician filled all Europe, owed his success to a wise distribution of his time. His early mornings were devoted to reading and study. Haller, the celebrated physiologist, was accustomed to say that his careful economy of time had quadrupled his existence. He was incessantly employed, and communicated his activity to those about him.

The great Frederick, an author and philosopher upon the throne, as well as a warrior, legislator, and politician, was specially sensible of the value of time, and knew how to employ it. Wishing to break himself of a habit which he had contracted of lying too long in bed, he gave orders that a napkin steeped in cold water should be thrown over his face to waken him. He fixed beforehand the distribution and employment of his time, which he so regulated as never to defer the business of one day to another. Till the latest period of his life he rose at four o'clock every morning, and dressed himself at once, so that he might not lose any valuable time during the day. Fontenelle retired to bed regularly at nine o'clock, and as regularly left his bed at five o'clock. Locke was accustomed to say, "Sleep little; great sleepers become brutalized."

Buffon, whose "Natural History" has delighted the youths of all civilized nations, in narrating the history of his writings, said: "In my youth I was very fond of sleep—it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph [his servant] was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph

a crown every time he would make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to wake me and to torment me, but he only received abuse. The next day after he did the same with no better success, and I was obliged to confess at noon that I had lost my time. I told him he did not know how to manage his business; he ought to think of my promise and never mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence—I bid him begone—I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply; and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes; I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works."

A not less interesting incident is narrated in the life of Dr. Paley. "I spent," said he, "the first two years of my undergraduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle, and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside, and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing probably, if I were to try, and can afford the life I lead; you could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that if you persist in your indolence I

must renounce your society.' I was so struck," Dr. Paley continued. "with the visit and the visitor that I lay in bed the greater part of the day and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to lay my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of the gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton-chop; and then, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler."

Milton, in his famous "Apology for Smectymnuus," gives a glimpse of his early habits: "My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring: in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the first bird that rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till attention be weary or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness."

Dr. William Chambers, joint-editor of *Chambers' Journal*, tells us that when fifteen or sixteen years of age he made it a practice of going to bed regularly at ten, and of rising at five o'clock,—by which means he was able to devote two hours every morning to a useful branch of study; and to his acquisitions during those early hours he is inclined to trace not a little of his

success in life. Remarking upon the subject of early rising, Dr. Chambers said: "People are apt to complain that life is short, and yet, perhaps, those who say so are in the habit of spending several hours needlessly and indolently in bed. It may be shown that the difference between rising every morning at six and at eight o'clock, supposing we go to bed at ten o'clock in each case, amounts in forty years to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, sixteen hours. This quantity of time will afford eight hours a day for ten years; so that it is about equal to what a gift of ten years of additional life would be. is at least matter of observation and certainty that the hours spent lazily in bed could be devoted to a variety of useful purposes, which in effect is to make life more valuable and agreeable."

The calculation made by Dr. Chambers, so startling and yet so evidently true, was also made by Dr. Doddridge, who says: "I will here record the observation which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say that the production of this work [Commentary on the New Testament] and most of my other writings is owing—namely, that the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life." Peter the Great, in the same spirit of calculation, said: "I am for making my life as long as I can, and therefore sleep as little as possible." When he was working in the docks

of London as a ship-carpenter, or at the anvil as a blacksmith, or on the throne of Russia, he always rose before daylight.

The celebrated William Cobbett attributed the immense amount of labour that he was enabled successfully to undertake and complete to his life-long habit of early rising. Not only did he attribute his own acquirements to this cause, but the love and affection of a most faithful wife. Cobbett in his own way tells the story: "When I first saw my wife she was thirteen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. now dead of winter, and of course the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lav. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a wash-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards, and during the election came from Yorkshire to Preston to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak."

The many instances and illustrations of the advantages of early rising will convince the most sceptical of its excellence, of the good which will result, and the evil which will be avoided. There are many who will now regret that they had not in early life formed the habit, and that they have lost and wasted so many hours in bed which might have been usefully and pleasantly employed. But "it is never too late to mend;" at any period of life the habit of early rising may be formed. For the young, however, for the youth just merging into manhood, the custom of early rising perseveringly continued will have a more enduring and valuable influence upon life, success in life, than an important legacy or gift of money. No doubt the habit will demand a struggle, not such a struggle as Buffon was subjected to, but still a struggle that may demand a considerable amount of courage and resolute determination. The Rev. John Todd said: "If you ever hope to do anything in this world, the habit

must be formed. If any money could purchase the habit, no price would be too great." Mr. Todd, practising what he preached, awoke himself in the early morning by an ingenious alarm attached to an old wooden clock; there is now, however, no necessity for the expenditure of ingenuity upon such a matteralarm-clocks are sufficiently cheap to enable all to obtain one for the purpose of being awakened in the morning. But one thing is an absolute necessity—the moment the eyes are unclosed, and the time for rising has come, there must be no parleying, but out of bed at once. Stay in bed for a few minutes to consider how cold it is outside of the blankets and how warm within, and sleep and sluggishness have conquered. winning the first battle all the rest should be easy. Dr. Barrow said appositely and truthfully: "By taking pains to-day, we shall need less pains to-morrow; and by continuing the exercise, within a while we shall need no pains at all, but perform the most difficult tasks of duty or of benefit to us with perfect ease, yea, commonly with great pleasure. What sluggish people account hard and irksome (as to rise early) will be natural and sweet, as proceeding from another nature raised in us by use." The poet Thomson, in his charming "Seasons," asks:-

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life—
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,

Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams. Who would in such a gloomy state remain Longer than nature craves, when every muse And every blooming pleasure wait without, To bless the wildly devious morning walk?"

Mrs. Tighe, whose sweet words were ever inspiriting and improving, who left the world better for having lived in it, wrote:—

"Oh, you who murmur at the call of duty,
And quit your pillows with reluctant sloth,
For whom the Morn in vain displays her beauty,
While tasteless you can greet her smiles so loath,—

"You cannot know the charm that, o'er me stealing, Revives my senses as I taste her breath, Which half repays the agony of feeling A night of horrors, only less than death."

And Bishop Heber, whose grand missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has been sung by millions of rapt singers, and will be treasured so long as pure sentiment and inspired song find a dwelling-place in human hearts, feelingly wrote:—

"The God of mercy walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
'No longer stand ye idle here.'

"Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of youth the morning light:
Oh, fools, why stand ye idle here?

"And ye whose scanty locks of gray Foretell your latest travail near, How fast declines your useless day, And stand ye yet so idle here?

"One hour remains—there is but one;
But many a grief and many a tear
Through endless ages must atone
For moments lost and wasted here."

## IX.

## Successful Decision and Resolution.

"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Now from head to foot I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon No planet is of mine."—Ibid.

"He is not worthy the honeycomb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings:
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany."—Ibid.

UCCESS in life cannot be attained without the exercise of decision and resolution. The power rightly to resolve and decide is not obtained by a momentary and spasmodic

act of the will. It is a power which is germinated and conserved by habit, which derives much of its capability of endurance from the physical constitution and the healthy state of the body. A diseased, shaky, powerless body, will communicate its weakness to the mind; just as a well-knit frame, with a pulse "beating like a cannon-ball," indicating strength and energy, will tone and tune the mind to purpose and resolution. Wellington was called the "Iron Duke," and Napoleon "the

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man of iron will." Both generals had splendid physical constitutions, that seemed to be impervious to fatigue or deprivation. Had these world-famed men possessed weakly, unstrung frames, they would never have survived to meet and contend on the field of Waterloo. Great statesmen, great orators, and authors, have been alike celebrated for physical health and constitutional energy; and had they not been so constituted and trained they could not have attained their eminence, and the world would not have been blessed with their He, therefore, who desires to attain to the possession of decision and resolution must make strenuous efforts to secure a robust and healthy constitution. Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say that "a sick man was a rascal," - a quaint way of saying that a sick or diseased man was unable, owing to his infirmity, to discharge the duties of life, and that he would shirk them altogether or imperfectly perform them. have experienced the difference of meeting difficulties and completing difficult tasks under different states of the body. Under one state, when the body is full of life and energy, heavy tasks are undertaken with ease and eagerness; but when the body is suffering and depressed, the spirits lose their vivacity, and the smallest difficulty or trouble becomes "a lion in the way."

Good health being an important factor in the attainment of decision and resolution, no efforts should be omitted to secure a healthy condition of the body, so that it may become a perfect instrument, performing through a long life the will and behests of the mind.

However weak the body may be, and however irresolute and purposeless the will and moral force may have become, training and proper health conditions will. under ordinary circumstances, obtain the desiderated physical state. The means by which the body is made unhealthy, and disease germinated and preserved, point to the method of cure, of preserving health, and the attainment of a long, enjoyable life. History is full of records of men of parts who were cut down when just commencing brilliant careers. They had been mindful of the care and culture of their mental powers, but utterly mindless and careless of the culture of the body. Hence, when the one broke down the other was helpless and hopeless. The ardent student too commonly supposes that the time spent in the physical development of the body is time wasted. A greater fallacy cannot be entertained, "To possess every faculty and function of the body," says Dr. Blackie, "in harmonious working order, is to be healthy; to be healthy with a high degree of vital force, is to be strong. A man may be healthy without being strong; but health tends, more or less, towards strength, and all disease is weakness."

Health and its concomitant mental strength can only be attained by a careful and persevering attention to the laws of life, which will as surely produce a healthy crop of spirits and power as the culture of the ground will reward the toil of the husbandman in due season. Exercise is a first and foremost necessity. "Every student," says the Edinburgh professor of Greek, "ought to make

a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheels of the internal parts of the fleshly frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort, will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against Nature: and, if he does not amend his courses, as a bad boy he will certainly be flogged; for Nature is never, like some soft-hearted human mothers, over-merciful in her treatment." Not less care must be exercised in the process of eating and drinking; the neglect of care and wise regulation in these essentials of existence has not unfrequently cut short promising, useful lives. Ventilation—pure air—cannot be dispensed with if the blood is to be pure; and without pure blood health cannot be obtained and retained. Sleep, its conditions and proper amount, must be determined by experience; and when energy and activity result from a certain duration of sleep—and much less will be required than is generally supposed—that amount, and only that amount, must Then, on rising, that which will tend to be taken. splendid invigoration, and the capability of decision and resolution, is the cold bath, a sitz bath, a sponge bath, or being enveloped in a wet sheet, as may be most convenient, and a brisk, energetic rub down with a coarse towel, and a few minutes' exercise with the dumb-bells, or a little brisk walk. These simple conditions are all that is needed to convert the morbid hypochondriac into the healthful, hopeful, and resolute man.

That was a wise saying of Dr. Johnson, that "resolution and success reciprocally produce each other." A resolved, resolute man, is sure to be a successful man. There is scarcely an exception to this rule. It will be found that all successful men-successful as students or business men-have been eminent for decision and resolution; they have resolved upon a certain course of action, and nothing has been permitted to divert their attention or change their purpose. Many are the instances upon record of men who have suffered the loss of fortune,—who have become almost penniless, and have then resolved to retrieve their positions and attain to their former states; who have accomplished what they purposed and obtained what they aimed at. It is said that Marshal Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honour, who taught him "not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it."

Foster relates an instance of "a young man who wasted, in two or three years, a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates calling themselves his friends, till his last means were exhausted, when they cruelly treated him with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with the intention to put an end to his life; but wandering a while, almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which

overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was that all these estates should be his again; he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved resolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a door. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour. and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments, in different places, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of the occupation or appear-By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken great pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously

turned his first gains into second advantages, retained, without a single deviation, his extreme parsimony, and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser worth £60,000."

This is a signal instance of the power of decision and resolution, and of the need of care that the purpose which is formed should not degenerate into evil. It does not follow, however, that because money is earnestly and industriously sought, it should be pursued for its own sake. Great fortunes afford great opportunities; and all are entitled to use every commendable effort to obtain trade and the profits arising from employment or trade. There may come the time when decision may be as much needed to relinquish trade and to employ usefully and unselfishly an accumulated fortune. It may be said thoughtlessly, that the disposition of a fortune will present the least difficulty. A commonly entertained error. merous instances constantly occurring of men dying worth immense sums of money, left in trust for various charities, is proof that the owners did not know how to use their wealth, or they would have employed it for philanthropic purposes during their lifetime, and have witnessed the advantages and blessings which it would afford to the needy and necessitous.

But if history furnishes examples of the exercise of decision and resolution in the pursuit of unworthy

objects, instances are not wanting of decision in the devotion of lives, heedless of pains and dangers, to the amelioration of wrongs and the spreading of peace and happiness, through changed social conditions, all over the world. The life and career of John Howard is an illustrious instance. He set before him a philanthropic purpose, and the moment he had resolved upon it, that moment he commenced it. Then nothing was permitted to turn him aside or divert his attention from In visiting foreign countries with the the object. intention of ameliorating the condition of prisoners, he would not allow himself the opportunity of visiting notable and world-famed objects. To spend time in viewing pictures, sculpture, and the remains of ancient cities, would have been so much detraction from the duty he had adopted and an interference with his pur-He did not visit Rome to view the Coliseum or the art-treasures stored in the Vatican. The object he had set before him he steadily followed with every step and every thought; and he had his reward in seeing much that he desired completed and accom-"I am not," he said, "insensible of the dangers of my journeys. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of my design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to the sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could have been expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

John Howard was not alone in his life-devotion to the amelioration of suffering humanity. A whole army of missionaries have gone with their lives in their hands to the most distant and darkest corners of the earth to spread a knowledge of the gospel. To accomplish a resolved purpose, which had become the object of life, home, relatives, and friends were forsaken; and at the call of duty, fatigue, dangers, and death were faced with unflinching resolution and courage. nerd, Eliot, Schwartz, and Livingstone were noble examples of self-dedication and high-purposed resolu-Whitefield and Wesley were types, not solitary instances, of decision and unalterable determination in the prosecution of work to which they had devoted their lives. History does not record an instance of more heroic resolution than the incident in the life of Luther when cited to appear at the Diet of Worms. When his friends would have persuaded him not to go, and reminded him that John Huss, in a similar position, had been burned at the stake, he replied, "I am called in the name of God to go, and I would go though I were certain to meet as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses."

The absence of this determination and resolution, and the adoption of a vacillating, irresolute habit, leads to the waste and loss of all that is valuable in life. There is an utter absence of force of character, and that energy which in any pursuit gives earnest of success. They purpose to-day what shall be done to-morrow; and to-morrow put off what should be done to-day. They

ever talk of beginning, but never begin. They resemble La Harpe, who, Voltaire said, "was an oven that was always heating up, but which never cooked anything." Daily experience proves the truth that weak, luxurious intentions, come to nothing, while resolute purpose and determination work wonders. Many thoughtful writers have commended that to be done first which is most repugnant to the feelings; that work accomplished, the sooner will peace and quiet be restored to the mind. Not only hours, days, and months, but lives are wasted in purposing and intending; and if the object is philanthropic, great occasions are waited for, instead of the first opportunity, however small, being seized and Better at once to set about trying to enlighten one man than to dream for a life-time of enlightening the world. There is surer earnest of good in the forth-putting of the hand to realize the thought than there is in all the vaticinations and indolent good wishes of a dreaming, do-nothing philanthropy. The least good act is better than the greatest good intention. Dallying and never doing is the talent tied up in a napkin; bestirring and working is the talent put out to usury.

A modern writer wisely observes, "that it is worse than useless to entertain the thought of what shall be done some day—a day that, ever coming, never comes. The man who is in earnest steps forth into the thick of life there to bestir himself, helping forward as he best can what best merits and most wants the helping hand; the man of intentions stays at home toying with

purposes, rolling this or that purpose like a sweet morsel under his tongue—the epicure—slippered feet on fender, palms outspread to the fire, given up to the dreamy mood, and daintily entertaining himself with fantastical creations. He is, and that on a munificent scale, a benefactor of mankind at the cost of nothing. He is a man of magnificent intentions, a tithe of which carried out would make him a blessing to the world."

Napoleon, among modern men, was the most notable He knew the value of for decision and resolution. moments, and that great events depended upon instant The chief requisite for a general, he said, was a capability accurately to calculate time. He furnished an instance at Montebello of this truth. He saw in the engagement with the Austrians that it would require fifteen minutes for the enemy to bring cavalry into the field: in those fifteen minutes he executed a manœuvre that saved the day. At the close of the battle he assigned as a reason why he beat the Austrians, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the battle of Rivoli, Napoleon saw that affairs were critical. He sent a flag of truce to the enemy; while the parley was proceeding he seized the few moments of rest to rearrange his plans, and the result of those few moments enabled him to achieve a splendid victory. Napoleon at the end of his wonderful career forgot his own lesson, and the value of promptness and decision. At the battle of Waterloo, instead of availing himself of his position on the day before the engagement, when he should have fallen upon his foe like an avalanche, he wasted time then, and valuable moments on the morning of the great engagement.

Wellington, however, who also knew the value of moments and of opportunities, was decisive and resolute to the last moment of his eventful life. An amusing anecdote is related in connection with the battle of Waterloo. Sir Sidney Smith, on being told that the Duke had resolved to keep his position at all hazards, exclaimed, "Oh, if the Duke has said that, of course the other fellows must give way."

The absence of energy, determination, and decision at the needful moment, has not only caused the loss of battles, but their absence in the daily affairs of life has led to commercial disasters and life-long disappointments. Failures and the want of success are frequently seen in instances where there are the best education, excellent dispositions, an unsullied moral character, and rare opportunities. Among the most prominent of the causes which may be enumerated is a morbid sensibility—a weak, sickly, retiring, irresolute disposition. There is a want of moral courage, which is quite as necessary to the man of business as physical courage is to the soldier. Cowper furnishes a relevant illustration. He was endowed with a noble intellect, his moral sense was most tender and susceptible, his affections warm and genial, his education careful and complete. His connections were enabled to open for him opportunities for ambition and enterprise. But when the time came to embrace the opportunities presented to him, he found himself without heart or soul or strength—he was compelled to decline all active business, and sank into a despondency which lasted as long as life.

Sir James Mackintosh is also cited as an instance of the failure of promise. It was anticipated, owing to his success at the Aberdeen University, that he would achieve great eminence in professional life. The rock upon which he split and wasted unquestionably great powers was irresolution, and a wavering, unsettled disposition. He illustrated the saying, "Everything by turns, and nothing long;" and, "To one thing constant never." At Aberdeen he vacillated between politics and metaphysics; at Edinburgh, where he had gone to study medicine, he spent his mornings in poetical lucubrations, and his evenings in making speeches at a discussion club. When he tried to establish himself as a medical practitioner, finding that patients did not immediately come to him, and lacking the virtue of patience, he retired from the profession with disgust. He then dabbled in politics, wrote a pamphlet against Burke, delivered lectures on law, went to the bar, obtained a recordership in Bombay, soon returned to England, and obtained a seat in the House of Commons and a professorship in Haileybury College, and projected a great historical work, which, like another work on Morals, was "always to be projected." so life was wasted and nothing was accomplished worthy of his great natural talents. His chief want and defect was a lack of decision and concentrationthe power to select and determine an object, and to

sacrifice to its attainment all interfering inclinations. "No man," said Bulwer, "doing so little, ever went through a long life continually creating the belief that he would ultimately do so much." He passed weeks in determining whether he should employ in one of his compositions the word "usefulness" or "utility." He died in his sixty-seventh year, without having attained any one thing for which his talents and natural ability gave promise.

Sir James Mackintosh, however, was not the only man who had need to remember the words of Goethe: "I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labour on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut."

The Rev. James Hamilton, in his admirable little book, "Life in Earnest," describes another form of dissipating opportunities and destroying the capability of earnestly following an object and making life worthy of high aims: "Let us imagine that you were transformed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy; up in the early morning, for ever on the wing; as graceful and sprightly in his flight as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him zigzagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gaily in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted

through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirundine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation off and away to call upon his friend at the castle. And now he has gone upon his travels, gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more recherché pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad; -charming climate-highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy and the bees on Hymettuslocusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but upon the whole much pleased with the trip, and returned in high health and spirits.

"Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime and beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one on the miseries of his hotel or château; you describing the places of amuse-

ment, or enlarging on the vastness of the country and the abundance of the game, and your rival eloquent on the self-same things!"

There are many men who pass through life in this frivolous and purposeless manner. Before any reform can be effected it is needful to understand the object of being—where we are, what we are, and whither we are When the purpose of life is seriously understood, and when it is known that all is at stake, that the good of life, the enjoyment of life, may be forfeited and relinquished by waste of time, loss of opportunities, and irresolution—then, if there is but a grain of manliness existing or remaining, it will prompt to the decision and resolution which save a man to himself, and make life a blessing and not a disappointment and a wail of sorrow. The aphorism, "All things are possible to a willing mind," has been experienced by the greatest men; who, aiming at the attainment of the possible, have achieved what was conceived to be the impossible. By the exercise of resolute will. Columbus, undeterred by the scowls and dark mutterings of his sailors, sailed across unnavigated seas until he reached their farthest shore, and gave to the world another hemisphere. Old and often repeated, but not the less valued, is the incident in the life of Bruce. When in a barn hiding himself from his pursuers, he saw a spider make effort after effort to draw itself up, but it only succeeded in reaching the beam in its twelfth effort. The lesson which Bruce derived from the spider was, never to give up, never to submit or yield; he would fight to the death, and only

death should conquer him. This immovable determination enabled him at Bannockburn utterly to rout his enemies and to become king and conqueror.

An incident is related in the life of Thomas Carlyle which illustrates the power of resolution and the miracles effected by perseverance. When the first volume of "The History of the French Revolution" was completed in manuscript, the author lent it to Mr. Mill to read before it was printed. Mrs. Mill, who was reading it also, chanced to leave it lying on the table one night when she went to bed. In the early morning one of the servants came into the room and foolishly lit the fire with what she fancied was a heap of waste paper! The consternation with which Mr. Mill drove to Carlyle's house and told his friend of the calamity that had befallen his work may be imagined. The luckless author, however, bravely passed the matter off with some soothing pleasantry, and sat down at once and re-wrote the entire volume, chapter after chapter, from memory. It was a terrible effort; but the calamity and the resolution were not without a beneficial effect: the first of the three volumes is the most remarkable for intensity of feeling, concentration of thought, directness of statement, and compressed wealth of picturesque description.

In few lives will there be the necessity for the exercise of the resolution and perseverance exhibited by Carlyle; but in no life, be the position what it may, will the decision and resolution not be needed. The favourites of Fortune, who are surrounded with luxuries

and all outward desired conditions, have need of resolution, to prevent them becoming useless and worthless. and wasting energies and talents; while the poor, those entering life with contracted opportunities, have need of resolution and decision, to enable them honourably to rise and make progress in the world. The innumerable lessons which are furnished in the lives of great men, scattered up and down both ancient and modern history, teach the duty and the wisdom of doing what ought to be done with decision and resolution; and that he who so resolves and so acts will achieve success in any lawful and laudable object to which he may set his hand. Without purpose, without resolution, without decision, life will be a disappointment and a weary waste; and when the end has come, when opportunities are ended, it will have to be admitted that it has been a blank in the achievement of purpose, and that the world is the worse for having had in it a useless, objectless, and undecided life. Well would it be, while the day is not ended, before the door is closed, and the night has not come in which there is to be "no work and no device," that the words of the poet should thrill through the heart and mind of every purposeless and indolent human being:-

"Lose this day loitering,—'twill be the same story To-morrow, and the next more dilatory; The indecision brings its own delays, And days are lost lamenting over days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute; What you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated,—Begin, and then the work will be completed."

The brothers William and John Hunter, who both achieved fame in the medical profession, owed their success to a determined, resistless will. William had been intended for the Church, but when quite a youth he decided to follow the bent of his mind, to adopt medical in the place of theological studies. decision which he thus early manifested in the choice of a profession became a strongly-marked characteristic of his life. He knew his own power, and he determined that that power should be used. As an instance of his strong faith in his own efforts, when upon one occasion he was passing his birth-place (Long Calderwood), the friend who accompanied him, who afterwards became the celebrated Dr. Cullen observed how conspicuous Long Calderwood looked. "Well." said William with determined energy, "if I live I shall make it more conspicuous." This prophecy he completely fulfilled. In the first instance he joined Cullen, who was practising as an apothecary at Hamilton. They mutually and wisely entered into an agreement that in turn they should spend the winters at some large medical school, while the other remained in charge of the business. That William Hunter made good use of his opportunities is evidenced from his progress and reputation. He first visited London in 1741, and entered himself as a student at St. George's Hospital. He then entered the service of Dr. Douglas, who engaged him as an assistant in the completion of an anatomical work, and also to take charge of the education of his son. In 1744 he obtained a lectureship on surgery to a society of naval surgeons—a position which he filled with marked success. In 1746 ha commenced lecturing on anatomy, and in 1747 became a member of a corporation of surgeons. In 1750 he took a doctor's degree at Glasgow. In 1764 he was appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen; and in 1767 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society. death occurred in 1783. The result of his frugality and unremitting labours was a fortune of £70,000, which he left to the University of Glasgow, where he had received the elements of his education, for the purpose of completing a museum for the benefit of posterity. Throughout life he was not less careful of his time than his money. He rose early, in order that he might have time to pursue his studies before his professional duties commenced. Every available leisure moment he spent in his museum or library. He was accustomed to say, that notwithstanding his original. discoveries and his remarkable eloquence, he considered the source of his success was his life-habit of never wasting time, and availing himself of every opportunity of advancing in his profession and personal improvement.

William's brother, John Hunter, who was born in 1728, was the youngest of ten children; and having by death lost the care of his father while he was very young, and being allowed to do very much as he liked, his education was almost entirely neglected. Up to his seventeenth year he preferred field sports to the exercises of the grammar school. When he arrived at that

age he went to his brother-in-law, who was a cabinetmaker, and worked at that trade for three years. had probably at this period arrived at the conclusion that he had been wasting valuable time which could never be redeemed. At the end of the three years, hearing of the great success of his brother, he wrote to offer him his services as assistant in the dissecting-rooms, which were accepted. He entered upon his novel duties in 1748, and at once commenced a course of anatomical studies, in which he distinguished himself for his ardour not less than for his skill. He saw no reason why he should not attain to the success in his adopted profession which had been achieved by his brother William. His industry was so great that in his second year he was able to take the place of his brother in superintending the department of practical He availed himself of every opportunity of increasing his surgical knowledge. In 1749 he became the pupil of Cheselden, then surgeon of Chelsea Hospital, where he attended for nearly two years; and subsequently, in 1751, he went to St. Bartholomew's In 1753 he entered as a gentleman-commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. Afterwards he had himself enrolled as a surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital. In the same year his brother was so satisfied with his attainments that he made him a partner in his anatomical school, and delegated to him the duty of delivering half the course of lectures in each term. His studies, however, had been so arduous and continuous that his health became seriously affected, so that it

was deemed advisable for a time to seek a milder climate. As he had no idea of relinquishing his studies during his absence from England, he obtained an appointment as staff-surgeon in 1761, and proceeded with the military force to Belleisle, ordered to lay siege to that town. He afterwards went to Spain, and remained on active duty till the end of 1763, when peace was concluded, and he returned to London, his health being completely restored.

He was thirty-six years of age when he commenced to practise in London. He had few friends and very limited means. The general public knew nothing of Hunter's ability, and cared less. They were satisfied with the then known practitioners, and did not care to intrust themselves to an unknown and untried man. No wonder, therefore, that at the outset he met with little encouragement. That which probably adversely affected his practice was a rough manner, from which he did not quite free himself through life. As he did not succeed as he desired in obtaining business, he had to fall back upon lecturing. He then commenced an anatomical and surgical class; but notwithstanding the talent and extensive knowledge which his lectures evinced, they were little appreciated—he never had a class of more than twenty pupils. But he did not despair. He had faith in himself, and was as resolved as he was decided to allow no want of success to interfere with The wisdom of this resolution was seen his purpose. in a very short time—his reputation gradually increased, so that in 1767 he was elected a Fellow of the

Royal Society, and in the following year Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. The latter appointment was of special value, as it enabled him to take pupils who paid him large fees, some of whom rose to great eminence in their profession. From this period no labourer worked harder than Hunter in his investigation of every branch of natural history and comparative anatomy, physiology and pathology; to which studies he devoted every hour he could snatch from his many and increasing surgical engagements. He is believed not to have spent more than four hours in bed, with an occasional rest after dinner. It was only in this way that it was possible for him to accomplish the gigantic amount of work which crowned his life.

When he died he had made a collection of upwards of ten thousand preparations illustrative of human and comparative anatomy, physiology, pathology, and natural history. An important portion of the collection consisted of the dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed according to their different vital functions. Another portion consisted of more than three thousand specimens of animals and plants illustrative of natural history, stuffed or preserved in spirits. also carefully collected twelve hundred fossils and monsters. The most valuable portion of his collection, however, and that which forms the most interesting feature of the "Hunterian Museum," are the pathological specimens, arranged in three departments: the first, illustrating common diseases and restoratives employed in their cure; the second, the effects of specific diseases; and the third, various diseases arranged according to their locality in the body. This immense collection, created by one man in occasional hours snatched from sleep or a busy, absorbing profession, would be an herculean work for a long life solely devoted to the pursuit. When Hunter died the Government purchased the museum for £15,000, and presented it to the London College of Surgeons.

The incident which terminated Hunter's life showed in a remarkable degree his resolution and decision of character. His studious life had induced a disease of the heart and brain, which caused any irritation or trouble to be the source of great pain and danger. On the day of his death he had reason to believe that there would be an excited discussion at the hospital relative to the admission of a student in whom he had taken considerable interest. He knew the danger which he incurred by attending, but, as duty called him to be present, he decided to brave the danger, let the result be what it might. On the day appointed, as it was anticipated, an excited discussion took place, in which Hunter warmly engaged. Having, as he thought, been personally insulted by one of the speakers, he retired into another room to suppress his irritation, but had scarcely entered the apartment before he fell dead! Hunter cannot be commended for his determination to attend the meeting which proved fatal; but it showed how resolved he was to fulfil what he considered to be his duty irrespective of consequences. It was this strong will and resolution which enabled him to accomplish his life-work—which, by the common consent of all his successors, obtained for him the position of the most eminent surgeon that has adorned the humane profession in any country. The moral of Hunter's life is not only a lesson of decision accompanied by resolute action, but the advantage which results from small beginnings. The Hunterian Museum, which is now the pride of the medical profession, was built up by slow degrees, little by little, until it attained its wonderful proportions. Well might the poet Mackay

say:--

"The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe."

## Good and Sad Habits.

"All habits gather, by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."—DRYDEN.

"It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge."—Colton.

"In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious character, it is a grand felicity."—FOSTER.

ACON, in his Essays, said: "Many examples may be put of the force of custom both upon mind and body; therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of man's

life, let men by all means endeavour to obtain good customs." The mistake which is general is the supposition that all that a man need do to change his life is to resolve to change it. He forgets the strong power of habit, which has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Habit controls the will, controls the moral power—controls the life. What a man's habits are, that is what a man is. The word "habit" is derived from a Latin word which signifies to have; that which we have as the result of a course of life's actions; something which is involuntarily done, with-

out design or intention. Continuing to go on doing that which we have habitually done, is the acquirement almost of an instinct for good or evil. But it is an instinct which is self-acquired; it is not a law of nature implanted by the Creator. Habits are self-created; they remain to bless or curse, as they are good or bad habits. And the practice of acquiring habits commences in the earliest years. The infant, when it first puts out its foot in its attempt to walk, takes its first lesson in habit; and then, as life progresses, the law binds and concentrates evil, making life a burden; or surrounds it with health and joy-giving customs. Habits, for the most part, are of slow growth; they are not put on at The law of habit is-little by little. It begins with cobwebs and ends with chains. "Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth," said Bentham, "the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character: but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation; so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

Of what vast importance then, to the attainment of success in life, is the consideration of the law of habit!
—a law which enables every exertion, either of mind or body, to become easier by repetition; acquiring an

aptitude and disposition for any action, whether bodily or mental, and which is formed by the frequent performance of the action itself. This law, by the wise provision of the Creator, enables disagreeable conditions of life to be borne with, and to become less offensive; to be used for the wise purposes of life—to attain the needed instruction in any calling-to store the mind with knowledge—and to acquire that gentle and genial disposition, and such a control of temper and passion, as become men and women aiming at attainable success in life. It is seldom observed when habits commence. Habits are generally formed unconsciously. A particular thing is done for the first time, and no observable result ensues. Let the action be repeated for the twentieth or fiftieth time, and then it will be seen that a custom has been commenced and a habit has been formed which may benefit or injure the whole course of life. A stream of water falling upon a rock does not seem to make the slightest impression; by-and-by it will have made for itself a groove, along which it will flow with ease. Many habits are thus imperceptibly formed. which are only known to exist by the experience of their strength and endurance. Constantly and silently the formative process goes on from day to day, from year to year. Dishonesty, avarice, extravagance, pride, indolence, sensuality, bad temper, or bad manners, with other vices which deform the character, become through habit a second nature. The mischief has been done before the thought of danger has occurred.

The sad fact must be admitted that bad habits are

more easily and readily formed than good habits; and that these habits become so strong that very speedily they establish a bondage and a power which a life's efforts may not destroy. This is frequently seen in the instance of the drunkard, who cannot resist the inebriating cup although destruction in time and in eternity may be the consequence. Tens of thousands have been carried, as in a maelstrom, to hopeless ruin by habits which had become riveted to the life. And yet, on the other hand, habits are not necessarily connected with evil: they may become the powerful aids and helps to a correct, a virtuous, and a successful life. temptation to evil be successfully resisted the fifth, the tenth time, the habit of resistance which is thus formed will repel the temptation, just as yielding in the first instance would have invited the temptation. This conformity to a good habit will influence and control all the affairs of life. In the instance of a young man who commences business, and who may find the restraint and confinement of his place of business irksome, he has only resolutely to continue to brave the temptation to forsake his shop or warehouse, and presently he will find that habit has made pleasant that which was previously disagreeable. It was this fact in relation to habit which induced Carlyle to write: "Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to

me a second time to go by the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal, fundamental law: habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning in the world."

There are many remarkable instances in proof that inconvenient conditions by habit may become pleasant. Lord Kames relates an anecdote of a man who relinquished the sea, and built in his garden a quarterdeck exactly the size of the one in which he had been accustomed to walk, on which, instead of in his garden, he took his exercise. When Franklin was superintending the erection of some forts on the Indian frontier, he was accustomed to sleep on the ground in a blanket; when he returned home he found it difficult to court sleep in a bed. Captain Ross and his crew having become accustomed, in their polar wanderings, to sleep on the snow, found it afterwards impossible to sleep in the bunk of a whaling-ship. With much truth, then, is it said by Horace: "A new cask will long preserve the tincture of the liquor with which it is first impregnated." Any desired habit, intellectual or bodily, may be cultivated with absolute certainty by all who are sufficiently resolute and persevering, and with less pain than is generally supposed. The same thing and the same duty recurring every day, instead of being more irksome, will become more pleasant. But it must be done without omission, and then it will become a pleasurable habit.

The Rev. John Todd, in addressing a number of students, specified some of the subjects which it is desirable should become habits, and which certainly would tend to intellectual development and desired success in life:-"1. Have a plan laid beforehand every day. 2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry. 3. Cultivate perseverance. 4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality. 5. Be an early riser. 6. Be in the habit of learning something from every man with whom you meet. 7. Form fixed principles on which you think and act. 8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits. 9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well. 10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper. 11. Cultivate soundness of judgment. 12. Be cautious and careful in the treatment of parents, friends, and companions."

John Locke, author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," in a paper which was found after his death, which he entitled, "Thus I Think," includes some admirable thoughts on things to be desired and habits to be contracted:—

"It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery. Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind; misery, in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it. I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet; to have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be. But here I must have a care that I mistake not; for if I prefer a short pleasure to a lasting one, it is plain I cross my own

happiness. Let me, then, see wherein consists the most lasting pleasure of this life; and that, as far as I can observe, is in these things:-1st, Health-without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish. 2nd, Reputation—for that I find everybody is pleased with. and the want of it is a constant torment. 3rd, Knowledge—for the little knowledge I have I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure. 4th, Doing good—for I find the well-cooked. meat I ate to-day does now no more delight me; nay, I am diseased after a full meal. The perfumes I smelt yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure, but the good turn I did yesterday, a year, seven years since, continues still to please and delight me as often as I reflect on it. 5th, The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it.

"If, then, I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love; but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest.

"Hunting, plays, and other innocent diversions, delight me, if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business,—they preserve my health, restore the vigour of my mind, and increase my pleasure; but if I spend all, or the greatest part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance, and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights, will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive efficacy endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments, and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation I shall certainly afterwards suffer.

"All innocent diversions and delights, so far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and in my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no further; and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater."

Sir Matthew Hale, the eminent English judge, who was a man of profound learning, unconquerable patience, and stainless integrity, also left behind him a paper of resolutions, or things to be perpetually held in remembrance. These may be transcribed as a code of morals obligatory on others besides the administrators of justice:—"1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the king, and country; and there-

fore—2. That it be done (1) uprightly, (2) deliberately, (3) resolutely. 3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God. 4. That in the execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and do not give way to them, however provoked. 5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable interruptions. 6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all till the whole business and both parties be heard. 7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard. 8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity due to the country. 9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious where all the harm is diversity of judgment. 10. That I be not biased with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice. 11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in anything I do, in point of distribution of justice. 12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice. 13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal. 14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice. 15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice. 16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending. 17. To charge my servants—not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; not to take more than their known fees; not to give any undue precedence to causes; not to recommend counsel. 18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business."

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who won his way from a low, obscure position, to distinction and eminence, was careful in the apportionment of his time, methodical in all his affairs, and anxious for the formation of habits which would tend to his advancement and happiness. He divided his time throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, so many hours to sleep, so many to work, and so many to self-improvement and self-examination. One of his unvarying rules was to rise at five o'clock in the morning—a habit to which he attributed much of his rise in life. In one of his papers he says: "I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my attention was taken up and care employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was too strong for reason. I concluded at length that the mere speculative conviction, that it was our interest to be completely

virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct."

In order to its attainment he drew up thirteen rules. which he made the unvarying habits of his life:-"1. Temperance: Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation. 2. Silence: Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation. Order: Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time. 4. Resolution: Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve. 5. Frugality: Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself,—that is, waste nothing. 6. Industry: Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions. 7. Sincerity: Use no deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly. 8. Justice: Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty. 9. Moderation: Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve. 10. Cleanliness: Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation. 11. Tranquillity: Be not disturbed at trifles or at accidents, common or unavoidable. 12. Chastity. And 13. Humility."

To make these thirteen rules the habit and guides of his life, Franklin says: "I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each with the first syllable of one of the virtues; on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day." To each rule Franklin devoted one of thirteen weeks, allowing the rest to be marked with the faults of the day; so that each virtue had one entire week devoted to its care and consideration in each quarter of the year. At the end of Franklin's debtor and creditor account of his habits, he appended a passage from Thomson's "Seasons:"—

"Father of light and life, thou God supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss."

One of the entries in Franklin's book of habits divided and apportioned the hours of the day:—Morning: hours —5, 6, 7. Rise, wash, devotional exercise; contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast. Question: What good shall I do this day? Hours—8, 9, 10, 11. Work.—Noon: hours—12, 1. Read and look over my accounts, and dine.—Afternoon: hours—2, 3, 4, 5. Work.—Evening: hours—6, 7, 8, 9. Put things in their places. Supper. Music, or diversion, or conversation. Examination of the day. Question: What good have I done to-day?—Night: hours—10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4. Sleep.

"I entered," says Franklin, "upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined: but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. On the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavour, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavour, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible. It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder are in the hand of Providence: but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To temperance he ascribes his long-continued health and what is left to him of a good constitution; to industry and frugality the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to sincerity and justice the confidence of his country and the honourable employments it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the

whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper and that cheerfulness in conversation which make his company still sought for and agreeable even to his young acquaintances. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit."

Well may they do so who are not his descendants; well would it be if all were to imitate Franklin's firmness and fidelity, his habits of endurance and perseverance, his patriotism and imperturbable kind feeling and good nature; and to be alike humble and happy whether in obscurity or on the loftiest pinnacle of fame. Well would it be if the maxims, truisms, and habits of "this wise old man" were remembered and practised, bringing forth fruits of goodness and fruits of usefulness. Then would it be said of such an one so remembering and practising, "He lived honoured and respected, because he did what he could to leave the world better than he found it."

But not only in morals, in business and domestic life, are correct and commendable habits of importance,—indispensable, in fact, to the attainment of true success in life,—but correct and carefully arranged habits of thought are not less needful. The majority of men do not think at all; thinking is hard work, and work is more generally shunned than courted. They suppose they think,—they suppose dreaming and maudling to be thinking; and never, possibly, during life commit themselves to an effort of careful study of a subject

without prejudice and a foregone conclusion or intention. It is seldom remembered that opinion is a thing of time and place. It was at one time a commonly accepted belief that certain old women possessed the power to create wind and allay storms; and this belief was not confined to ignorant people. Sir Matthew Hale and other eminent judges have not hesitated to condemn to death poor old women on the charge of being witches. Knowledge, thought, and experience have dissipated this folly of belief; and now to-day we know that our ancestors believed in an impossibility. Is it not possible, is it not known, that there are forms of belief which are cherished equally as foundationless and as erroneous as a belief in witches? They have been adopted in consequence of some bodily condition or surrounding circumstances, and their truth has been accepted without question or inquiry. A modern writer has wisely said: "They allow the chance notion of things that first present themselves to take possession of their minds without question; and when these ill-assorted ideas have once cohered into a habitual train, they fancy they have made up their minds, and will listen to no explanation of the opinions Their obstinacy, their self-conceit, their self-interest, their wish to please the party to which they have attached themselves, induce them to hold fast their original opinion, until time or experience in all likelihood wear it down and its absurdity is secretly pressed upon their notice."

Another habit which is almost universal is that of

accepting the opinions and statements of an author without examining the grounds of his reasoning. The result is that a man in opinion becomes what the last book which he has read has made him. Instead of an examining, thinking being, he becomes a creature merely receptive of other men's thoughts, without either thoughts of his own or possessing the power of their creation. "Blessings on books," said Paxton Hood, "and on the dear departed spirits that gave them to us! they are our companions, counsellors, guides, friends; but even on the best of them we will not lean to the surrendering up of our own proper mental and moral dignity; we will walk arm in arm with books, and chat with them friendly by the way, but we will not honour them as crutches."

The habit of acquiring a knowledge of one subject, rather than a smattering of many subjects, is more important, as it is most useful. This is secured by the attainment of the valuable habit of attention—being a whole man to one thing at a time. This habit generates and strengthens the memory; just as the attention is centred and fixed upon a subject, so will it be printed upon the memory. Joseph John Gurney relates an instance of one of his friends, an aged prelate, who was remarkable for a lively and unclouded mind, whose stores of literature appeared to be always at his command. With the utmost facility, as occasion required it, yet without any appearance of pedantry, did he quote his favourite passages from Sophocles or Pindar, from Horace or Tacitus, from the best English

poets, from Milton's prose works, or even from such authors as Erasmus and Grotius. He owed the treasures of his age mainly to the habits of his youth. When a boy at Winchester school, he undertook to commit to memory, within no very long period of time, twelve books of Homer's "Iliad," six books of Virgil's "Æneid," and several of Cicero's philosophical treatises. So completely did he succeed in the attempt, that at the expiration of the appointed time no dodging could puzzle him. On the repetition of any line or sentence in any of these writings, he could immediately repeat the next. He triumphed over his prodigious task by the resolute and habitual application of his undivided powers.

This habit of absorbing attention to one thing is the secret of much of the greatness of the most eminent men, whether they were devoted to the pursuits of literature, the development and unfolding of science, or to philanthropic labours. The habit of concentration is a noble faculty, without which no man ever occupied a deserved place in the rational and intellectual world. This faculty and habit was remarkably displayed in their several pursuits by Galileo, Newton, Milton, Porson, Howard, and Clarkson: had they dissipated or dispersed their powers, instead of concentrating them upon one subject, it is very doubtful whether their names would have been transmitted to posterity in connection with any important achievement.

The habit of reflection is all-important in deducing lessons and inferences, not only from the pages of books,

but from the daily experience of men and things. efforts of memory or mere cramming can compensate for the habit of reflection. To read without reflection, to fly over the pages of a book, is one of the idlest of amuse-"Quick proficiency in learning is of far less value than a stock of well-digested ideas and a sound and solid judgment." The end to be aimed at by the habit of reflection is a sound judgment, not merely upon books, but upon all the affairs of life; the great enemies of which are prejudice and passion, which can be subdued by habit, as impartiality, coolness, and sobriety can be attained by habit. There is no property or possession of the mind which tends more to true success in life, to peace, quietness, and independence, than the capability of taking just and enlightened views of the circumstances by which we are surrounded; so that we may wisely order our lives and the actions by which our material and spiritual interests are influenced.

There is one habit which is most pernicious and degenerating in its effects,—the habit of indulging in day-dreams, and allowing the imagination to run wild. This habit tends to the utmost effeminacy and mental dissipation. Its indulgence unfits for any real work, and creates disgust for the commonplace duties of daily life. Imaginary wants are associated with day-dreams and air-castle building. Cobbett says: "Endless are the instances of men of bright parts and high spirit having been by degrees rendered powerless and despicable by their imaginary wants. Seldom has there been

a man with a fairer prospect of accomplishing great things and of acquiring lasting renown than Charles Fox: he had great talents of the most popular sort; the times were singularly favourable to an exertion of them with success; a large portion of the nation admired him, and were his partisans; he had, as to the great question between him and his rival [Pitt], reason and justice clearly on his side; but he had against him his squandering and luxurious habits. These made him dependent on the rich part of his partisans; made his wisdom subservient to opulent folly or selfishness; deprived the country of all the benefit that it might have derived from his talents; and finally sent him to the grave without a single sigh from a people a great part of whom would in his earlier years have wept at his death as at a national calamity."

The supplying of imaginary wants is the great source of sorrow in social life, and the cause of many of the commercial wrecks which are so destructive of happiness. The contracting of simple habits in eating and drinking, and wearing such dress as becomes the station and means of the wearer, will conduce to much comfort and happiness; a contrary course, expensive living and extravagance in dress, where the means are limited, are the certain preludes to the breaking up of homes, and the entailing of misery which will imbitter and destroy life's happiness.

One important consideration in connection with the formation of habits is the fact that when they are once formed they act almost spontaneously; and that which

at the first was irksome becomes pleasant and pleasurable. But habits are not formed in a day, nor do they result from a few hastily-formed resolutions. Youth is the proper period for the formation of good habits, before bad habits have been formed; but there is no period of life, with the aid of resolute perseverance, when they may not be contracted and life improved. The poet, in describing the man of wise habits, says:—

But hath officered his affairs with calm thought and prompt action."

History scarcely furnishes a more lamentable instance of depraved habits than the life and career of George Morland, an artist whose pictures are now the prized possessions of the nation. He possessed undoubted genius, and a faculty of production which ought to have enabled him to secure all pleasurable enjoyments of life, and to have amassed a colossal fortune. He early contracted habits which made this impossible, which rendered his life a wretched existence and a sad disappointment to his friends. George early showed a taste for the art by making drawings of figures in the dust. One day finding a bit of broken crayon and a lead pencil, he made a drawing of a coach and four horses which had just passed the window, to the great delight of his father, who was an artist. He was then furnished with drawing materials, with which he amused himself by making drawings of any objects that struck his fancy. He was then set the task of

<sup>&</sup>quot;He is diligent with his hands, simple in his habits; therefore he is not needy.

He hath not wasted his to-days, either in regrets for yesterday or in dreams for to-morrow,

copying woodcuts in Gay's Fables, and drawings of some fine plaster casts; which task he executed so admirably as to cause crowds to visit his father's house to see the productions of the youthful prodigy. Subsequently he became a student in the Royal Academy, and made such rapid progress that his father employed him to copy pictures by the old masters, which were frequently sold as originals. This success did not compensate for the habit of gin-drinking, which he formed in going and returning from the academy, in common with many of his companions—a habit which continued with him through life, and was the great source of his subsequent miserable existence. In order to obtain money to spend upon gin, he stealthily painted pictures for himself, and lowered them into the hands He was thus emof his customers from his bedroom. ployed until his seventeenth year—making copies for his father and painting pictures for himself, spending the proceeds upon his favourite liquor. He copied pictures so admirably that upon one occasion one of his copies was the cause of a trial in Westminster Hall;-not only pronounced to be by Hobbema, but to be in the finest manner of the artist.

When he attained his twentieth year, George left his father's house and took lodgings with a Mr. William Ward, a mezzotinto engraver, where he produced some admirable pictures, which were subsequently engraved. His next step was to marry Mr. Ward's daughter, who was a very charming person, and who invariably sat for her husband when he

was desirous of introducing a beautiful female into any of his pictures. His industrious efforts consequent upon his marriage were soon relaxed, and he again sought his old companions and again renewed his early contracted habit of gin-drinking. Up to this time he had been wise enough to live within his means, to contract no debts that he could not meet; now, however, company and the flattery of his friends induced him to quit his comfortable little home, to take a large house in a fashionable neighbourhood, and to ape the style of those possessing large fortunes. New furniture was obtained, and a large stock of wine was stored in the cellar-all obtained upon credit. Morland then commenced a life of extravagance and folly which could have none but a disastrous ending. Very speedily tradesmen became importunate for settlements. method and habit of subduing the irritation consequent upon the application, instead of looking the difficulty in the face, was to rush away from the house, hire a horse, ride into the country, and only return when in a state of intoxication. The wine merchant consented to renew the bills when they became due upon one condition—that he was presented with a picture upon each occasion! Notwithstanding his imprudence and folly, if George had at this time reformed his habits, so highly had his pictures risen in public estimation, he must immediately have cleared away his liabilities; indeed his best friends offered to pay his debts if he would reform his life. It was no use; the habits of idleness and dissoluteness had become so inveterate that reform seemed hopeless. Riding on horseback or driving the Hampstead coach was more congenial to his taste than sitting at home working at his easel. His friends tried to help him by inducing him to raise the price of his pictures. He might by this means have got quit of existing difficulties; but the habit of contracting debts had become so confirmed that no means seemed capable of saving him from destruction. This wretched method of living had almost become a mania. New boots, buckskin breeches, horses, bridles and saddles, or anything, and at any price the vender pleased, were purchased on credit.

This mad method of living and rushing into debt soon compelled a meeting of creditors, when a compromise was effected by which Morland was kept out of prison and permitted to paint at home. paid a composition of nine and fivepence in the pound, and then commenced a new career of folly, purchasing a violin, a violoncello, and a pianoforte! ing a free table for his boon companions, buying horses without any knowledge of the animals, allowing his companions to borrow them and forget to return them, was an unsuccessful method of commencing an amended life. When sought upon business, he was either out, in bed, or not to be seen. His attention was absorbed with riding, music, drinking, and smoking, in all of which he had acquired equal facility. He had in the meantime to find time to paint, or his difficulties would have been greater than they were. He, however, painted with such facility that he has been known to commence

and finish a painting while one of his friends waited for him, and which within two hours was sold for ten guineas, and shortly afterwards for forty guineas, and which would now sell for four times forty.

He could not, however, paint as quickly as his debts accumulated: and the one fear of his life was threatened arrest by the sheriff's officer. To escape from this danger, if possible, induced him to run away to Leicester, where he lodged with a farmer, and where in a fit of industry he produced a number of excellent paintings, which were speedily sold for a considerable sum of money. On his return to London, he stole in and out of his own house like a thief-living and working in the hav-loft under the constant fear of discovery. He then took lodgings in various places to avoid arrest,-Lambeth, East Sheen, Minories, Kentish Town, China Row, Newington, and Hackney. In the last place he was suspected of being a forger and coiner. The bank authorities, on discovering who he was, presented him with twenty guineas, to compensate him for the annoyance to which he had been subjected. From Hackney he went to Leadenhall Street and City Road. purposed going to Cowes in the Isle of Wight, but learned that the sheriff's officer had discovered his His next retreat, at Yarmouth, was invaded by a company of soldiers—the Dorset Militia—who arrested him as a spy. The commanding officer, who was not much gifted with a knowledge of art, only saw in Morland's paintings plans of the coast to enable the French to effect a landing! The justice before whom

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Morland was taken was equally ignorant. He did not, however, send him to jail; but solemnly warned him against indulging in such dangerous practices as painting and drawing! When Morland returned to London he took lodgings at Vauxhall. He then removed to Lambeth Road, which was within "the rules of the King's Bench," where a debtor was free from danger of arrest. As Morland could not go out of the "rules" to see his old companions, he invited them to visit him, and formed a club called the "Knights of the Palette," for their entertainment.

It is wonderful that in this strange, fevered, life Morland could work at all; and yet it is certain that no artist ever produced an equal number of pictures in the same space of time. Within four years he painted four hundred pictures; and before his fortieth year he had sent from his easel four thousand! But when the July of 1804 arrived, Morland's power to produce pictures was nearly ended. His mad life had obtained for him the usual attendant conditions—he was besotted, squalid, cadaverous; he had hanging cheeks, pinched nose, contracted nostrils, bleared and bloodshot eyes, bloated frame, swelled legs, palsied hands, and tremulous voice - all bespeaking the dismal ruin of what was once one of the soundest frames and one of the brightest geniuses the true lover of art could admire. was in the very prime of life—a mere wreck and shattered ruin of a man, estranged from his wife, deserted by his old associates, depraved in mind, and debilitated in body." It was at this time that he was

again arrested, for a miserable debt of seventy shillings owing to a publican. The day after his arrest he fell from his chair in a fit, and remained in that state from the twentieth to the twenty-ninth day of October, when he expired without a groan. His body was interred at St. James's Chapel, where his wife was laid beside him two days after his interment!

## XI.

## Trying and Succeeding.

"If you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius."—Addison.

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame."—LONGFELLOW.

"Tis not in mortals to command success;

But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

Addison.

ANY who have desired to advance in life

have failed because they would not try. They have been deterred from making a needed sustained effort by some foolish thought which they express in some such words as, "It is no use my trying." And so all the affairs of life run to waste. Success is attributed to genius, to luck, to opportunity, but rarely to its real source—persevering industry. Genius is supposed to be that which it is not,—a perfect power, accomplishing by its own natural force all that it undertakes. Coleridge admirably defines genius to be "the faculty of growth;" but it must be admitted that the growth is induced by in-

clination and choice. Hence the common remark that

a person has a genius for a certain thing or study. man, for instance, may have a genius for poetry, but none for mathematics, for which another manifests an absorbing passion. There is no greater folly, however, than to suppose that because study and perseverance are needed for the development of genius, study and perseverance, against inclination, will attain eminence in any direction. There have been Admirable Crichtons, who have seemed to know everything and have a genius for everything; but it is much to be feared that this order of men, like the extinct animals, are no more to be seen. Mason, in his admirable little work on "Self-Knowledge," says: "It is no uncommon thing for some, who excel in one thing, to imagine that they may excel in everything; and, not content with that share of merit which every one allows them, they are still catching at that which does not belong to them. Why should a good orator affect to be a poet? Why must a celebrated divine set up for a politician? or a statesman affect the philosopher? or a mechanic the scholar? or a wise man labour to be thought a wit? This is a weakness that flows from self-ignorance, and is incident to the greatest men. Nature seldom forms an universal genius, but deals out her favours in the present state with a parsimonious hand. Many a man by this foible hath weakened a well-established reputation."

But while there is leaning or inclination in one direction, which is called genius, it does not stand in the place, and supply the place, of culture, perseverance, and learning. Genius does not provide a royal road to knowledge. The most eminent geniuses have had to go through the same process of culture as the dullest and most unobservant; and, in fact, their application to the study of any particular subject has been so continuous and intense, that genius has, in some instances, been considered to be another term for application, perseverance, and resolution. Southey said: "The three indispensables of genius are, understanding, feeling, and perseverance. The three things that enrich genius are, contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory."

"The lamp of genius, though by Nature lit, If not protected, pruned, and fed with care, Soon dies, or runs to waste, with fitful glare."

It is evident, then, that while some men possess a greater development of genius or inclination than others, all, whether reputed geniuses or otherwise, must adopt the same process of acquirement; and that without study and labour, let the natural parts and abilities be what they may, there will be little if any attainment or progress. But when there is continuous perseverance in any study, or resolution to attain to some desired object or position, moral and intellectual miracles are the result. The biographies of the most eminent men are unvarying testimonies to this truth. They have laboured, and as they have laboured so have they progressed and achieved. It is quite true that the sculptor must first see in his mind's eye the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvidere in the midst of the marble

block, before he touches it with his chisel; but it is labour, unstinted and continued, that must realize the conception, and enable the most beautiful man-created objects to become developed in all their charms.

Bernard Palissy furnishes a notable instance of the power of persevering labour. He devoted fifteen years of his life to discovering white enamel by which earthenware might be incrusted. To this object he sacrificed every moment of his life and every faculty of his brain. At the end of twelve years' incessant labour, Palissy found himself ruined in fortune, health, and spirits. No matter—he would not give up; and when partial success crowned his efforts, he had with his own hands to construct his furnace. "I had not," he said, "so much as the help of a single man in fetching the bricks; my own back bore all!" And then, when fuel failed he had to heat his oven with the trellises torn from his garden; which proving insufficient, he tore up the boarding of his floor, and consigned to the furnace his dresser, stools, and tables! All thought him mad; but he persevered. He bribed a potter to assist him to make the articles to be covered with the enamel by giving him the clothes he wore! And so, through trials and sufferings that were worse than a thousand deaths, Palissy won his way to success, his porcelain speedily attaining a prodigious reputation, specimens of which are now to be found in museums as specially prized objects of beauty.

M. Jacquard, the inventor of the ingenious loom that bears his name, and to which we are indebted for the many beautiful figured fabrics, which are not less ornamental than useful, was originally a manufacturer of straw hats. Seeing a paragraph in an English newspaper offering a reward to any one who would weave a net by machinery, he turned his attention to the subject, and succeeded in producing the required contrivance. He had not been prompted to the work by the offered reward; for as soon as the machine was completed he threw it aside, and subsequently presented it to a friend as a matter in which he took no further interest. The net was afterwards exhibited to some persons in authority, and by them sent to Paris. Jacquard, who had forgotten all about the invention, was sent for by the Prefect of Lyons, who commanded him to produce the machine which would make nets. At the end of three weeks he had again completed a machine, which on being touched with the foot added a knot to the net. The machine was sent to Paris, and Jacquard was ordered to be arrested! He was taken before Napoleon and Carnot, the latter of whom said, with an incredulous look and tone, "Are you the man who pretends to this impossibility—who professes to tie a knot in a stretched string?" The answer was given by the production of the machine and doing before the eyes of the doubters that which they said could not be done. A pension of a thousand crowns was awarded to him for his discovery. But the workmen of Lyons, where he resided, viewed him as an enemy bent upon the destruction of their trade. Three times he barely escaped with his life, and had his

machine broken and destroyed in the public place. "The iron," he said, "was sold for iron, the wood for wood, and the inventor was delivered over to universal ignominy." But all this opposition ultimately came to an end, and now the Jacquard loom is used wherever silk is manufactured, whether in France or in England.

Samuel Crompton, to whom the world is indebted for the spinning-mule, to which England owes much of its greatness, was when a lad employed as a hand-loom weaver. His mother, who was in poor circumstances, exacted a certain amount of work from Samuel daily. His hours of relaxation he devoted to reading and making a violin, and then learning to play upon it. In his twenty-first year he commenced the construction of his "mule," which took him five years to perfect. In relating the experience of these years, he said: "The next five years had this addition to my labour as a weaver, occasioned by the imperfect state of cotton-spinning-namely, a continual endeavour to realize a more perfect principle of spinning; and though often baffled, I as often renewed the attempt, and at length succeeded to my utmost desire at the expense of every shilling I had in the world." All his experimenting and inventing were done at "over hours," and many hours which should have been spent in bed. The only tools he had to work with were a few sacredly preserved by his mother, once the property of his father, used by him in the construction of a church organ. Every spare shilling was devoted to adding to their number. To obtain more needed tools, Samuel

hired himself and his violin to the manager of the Bolton Theatre for one shilling and sixpence per night.

When Samuel was just on the eve of completing his machine, in 1779, the spinners and weavers were excited to riot against machinery, which they ignorantly supposed would destroy their means of living. Samuel, during this outbreak, took his machine to pieces, concealing the parts in the garret. course of the same year, however, it was put together again and completed, and yarn spun upon it. profits of the "mule" were spent upon a silver watch. which was Samuel's constant companion for fifty years. As he was too poor to patent his invention, he tried to conceal it; but all sorts of methods were attempted to steal the secret of his machine. "During this time," he said, "I married, and commenced the business of a But a few months reduced me to the cruel necessity either of destroying my machine altogether or giving it up to the public. To destroy it I could not think of; to give up that for which I had laboured so long was cruel. I had no patent, nor the means of purchasing one. In preference to destroying, I gave it to the public." Many were the disappointments to which Crompton was subjected, receiving the miserable dolement of a few pounds for the secret of his machine that was to enrich tens of thousands! To divert himself, and to turn his thoughts from the ingratitude shown to him, Crompton built an organ, which was sold to the Bolton New Jerusalem Church, where Crompton conducted the singing, many of the tunes used by the

choir being his own composition. His services were so highly prized by the choir that they presented him with a silver cup, upon which his portrait was engraved. He subsequently invented a pantograph which engraved the profiles of all the members of the choir upon the cup.

In 1811 Crompton's "mule" spindles were used to the extent of four or five million; two-thirds of the steam power then employed in cotton-spinning was used to turn the "mules." Seventy thousand persons were employed upon the "mules," and one hundred and fifty thousand in weaving the yarn spun by the "mules." The aggregate number of persons in 1811 depending upon Crompton's invention was six hundred and sixty thousand! What was the number in 1882? The Government, recognizing Crompton's claim for a national reward, purposed to give him twenty thousand pounds. On the night when Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, intended to propose the grant in the House of Commons, he was shot in the lobby. Subsequently Crompton was awarded five thousand He died in his house in Bolton on the 26th pounds. June, 1827, in his seventy-first year.

The instances are almost innumerable of men winning their way from obscurity to eminence by persevering labour, by using the brains—with which a celebrated painter said he mixed his colours—bestowed upon all, not alike, it must be confessed, but upon all in some useful and capable degree. George Stephenson, whose name has become a household word, rose to world-wide

fame by industriously using his brains. What could be more unpromising than the commencement of his career? His father, "Old Bob," was employed at the Wylam Colliery, about eight miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. He received for his services as fireman at the pumping-engine twelve shillings per week; upon which he had to keep the eight members of his family. George was first employed to take his father's dinner to the engine-house; then to take care of the children. When he was in his eighth year he was employed by a farmer to look after some cows, for which he was paid twopence per day. His amusement, when not with the cows, was to make clay engines. As he got older he was employed in leading the horses when ploughing, and in hoeing turnips, at the advanced wages of fourpence a day. Then he was taken on as a "picker," at sixpence a day, in the colliery; and further advanced to drive the gin-horse at eightpence a day. When fourteen he received one shilling a day as fireman. his wages were raised to twelve shillings per week, he exclaimed, in the pride of his elevation, "Now I'm a made man for life!" When he was seventeen he was employed as plugman of the pumping-engine, of which his father was the fireman. All his leisure time he devoted to taking to pieces and cleaning the engine under his care, thus obtaining a thorough knowledge of its construction. Learning that all about engines was described in books, he determined to learn to read; for up to this time, man as he was, he was ignorant of that art. He gave threepence a week to be taught

the alphabet in a night-school; and, by practising "pot-hooks" in his spare moments, by the time he was nineteen he could write his own name! Then he learned to do little sums in arithmetic, to which study he devoted every spare moment. In order to increase his income, George learned to mend shoes. Having soled the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, he was so delighted with the "capital job he had made of them" that he carried them about with him to exhibit to his friends. His first saved guinea was derived from shoe-mending.

Shortly after he had married Fanny and taken her to his humbly-furnished home, an alarm was given that his house was on fire, which induced his well-intentioned neighbours to flood it with water and spoil his clock. As he could not afford to have it cleaned, he took it to pieces and put it together himself, and thus became clock-curer for the neighbourhood. Long afterwards, in one of his public speeches, he said: "In the earlier period of my career, when Robert [his only son] was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night after my daily labour was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son!" But at this period of his life he did other work besides mending clocks; he invented a "fleg craw" to protect

his little garden from birds, he made smoke-jacks rock cradles, attached an alarm to the watchman's clock, and invented a lamp to burn under water.

Then George obtained an appointment from Lord Ravensworth, one of the owners of the Killingworth Colliery, to make a locomotive engine. In ten months he had it ready for trial. On the 25th of July, 1814. it drew eight carriages—about thirty tons—at a speed of four miles an hour. Subsequently he invented the steam-blast, which doubled the power of the engine. In 1822 he obtained the appointment of engineer for the construction of a railway for the Hetton Coal Company, eight miles in length, which was opened in the November of the same year. On that occasion, five engines constructed by George drew separately seventeen waggons, weighing sixty-four tons, at the rate of four miles an hour. Then, when the Stockton and Darlington Railway was projected, he was appointed engineer, at a salary of £300 per annum. Many old country people remember him in his top-boots and breeches, and can tell how pleasantly he chatted with them as he took his chance dinners of bread and milk at the road-side cottages. One day after dinner he addressed his son Robert and his assistant John Dixon: "Now, lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day when railways will supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country, when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper

for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable obstacles that will have to be encountered. But what I have said will come to pass as sure as I live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow human progress is and with what difficulty I have been able to get my locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth."

That was but the commencement of the father and son's remarkable careers, as remarkable as any which history records. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway was constructed by George, who had to meet in the work almost insurmountable opposition. One of the leading reviews of the day said: "What can be more perfectly absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to a machine going at such a rate. We will back Old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum."

George received the appointment of chief engineer of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, at a salary of £1,000 per annum. During its construction the directors offered a prize of £500 for an engine that would run at a speed of ten miles an hour. George and his son Robert made the famous "Rocket" engine, which, on the trial day, drew thirteen tons, and attained a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour! The other competing engines were failures, and George and his son were awarded the prize.

When George had attained world-wide fame, and kings decorated him with honours, he was frequently consulted by young men desirous of his advice upon entering a professional career. When he found that they were industrious, prudent, and had good sense, he was cheerfully willing to render them all the aid in his power; but above all things he hated parade, show, and foppery, and would reprove any appearance that he saw in this direction. One day a youth desirous of becoming an engineer called upon him, flourishing a gold-headed cane. George said: "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you." To another young man, who was got up "regardless of expense," he said: "You will, I hope, excuse me: I am a plainspoken person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat and all these chains and fangdangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I would not have been where I am now." How he estimated mere honours was shown in his reply to an application for his initials to be added to his name in a work which was to be dedicated to him. He wrote: "I have to state that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and that I think it will be as well if you merely say George Stephenson. It is true that I am a Belgian knight.

but I do not wish to have any use made of it. I have had the honour of the knighthood of my own country offered me several times, but would not have it. I have been invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, and also of the Civil Engineers' Society, but objected to the empty addition to my name. I am a member of the Geological Society; and have consented to become president of, I believe, a highly respectable mechanics' institution in Birmingham."

The career of Robert Stephenson, George's son, was not less remarkable than that of his father; but it was a career of effort, perseverance, and resolution. On the completion of one of his great works-the Tubular Bridge over the Menai Strait, his friends gathered round him to congratulate him upon the completion of the great enterprise, when he said: "The triumph of that day did not recompense him for the days and nights of anxious toil and thought, the cares and anxieties which had attended the work, and the old friendships compromised;" and he assured those present "that were another problem of the like magnitude and consequence to be proposed to him, not all the splendours of success, no honour or reward in expectation, would induce him to undertake it." Robert had genius, but his genius was developed by labour-created by labour. It was labour, persevering, continuous labour, which made him the hero of the nineteenth century;the hero of railways, tunnels, and tubular bridges-of industry, manufactures, commerce, as well as indirectly of politics, morals, nationality, health, business, and pleasure.

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"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun—
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted—something done—
Has earned a night's repose."

Another instance of genius, but genius developed and cultured by persevering labour, is furnished in the life of Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor. He was a poor boy; his father rented a small farm at Jordanthorpe, near Sheffield, and died when his son was only twelve years of age. Francis was then placed in a grocer's shop in Sheffield, but after a few weeks' misery he was removed at his own request, and apprenticed to "Robert Ramsey of Sheffield, carver and gilder." At the date of his indenture Chantrev was sixteen years Ramsey dealt in prints and plaster models. old. Chantrey at once set about imitating both. He began to work the moment he set foot in the carver's shop, and he ceased his labours only when he died. This may be truthfully said of him-his patience, industry, and steady perseverance achieved everything for him that he subsequently won. In Ramsey's shop Chantrey copied the prints, worked at the carvings, cleaned pictures, and tried his 'prentice hand as a modeller upon the face of a fellow-workman. He did more. At a trifling expense he hired a small room, to which he retired to spend every hour he could call his own in modelling and drawing. "It was often," says his biographer, "midnight before he came home; but neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been

anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates." Chantrey made the acquaintance of a medal engraver of the name of Jonathan Wilson, with whom, night after night, at the close of his apprenticeship, he assisted to copy the drapery of a series of French prints of statuary. Two years before the expiration of his apprenticeship, Chantrey induced his master to cancel his indenture, he then being in his twenty-first year; when he immediately proceeded to London, being permitted to occupy a room over a stable in the house where his uncle and aunt were servants—Mrs. D'Oyley, the owner, giving instruction that the young man should be made free of the kitchen.

A few months after this settlement in London, Chantrey made a business visit to Sheffield, announcing himself and his business in the Sheffield Iris of April 22, 1802: "F. Chantrey, with all due deference, begs permission to inform ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its vicinity, that during his stay here he wishes to employ his time in taking of portraits in crayons and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honour to sit. F. Chantrey, though a young artist, has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works and productions of Messrs. Smith, Arnold, and Co., gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being able to produce good and satisfactory likenesses; and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some share of public patronage. Terms-from two

to three guineas." This advertisement brought the young artist some commissions. It is said that in Sheffield and the neighbourhood there are still to be found seventy-two portraits executed by Chantrey before he forsook the brush for the chisel. Occasionally he obtained more than his advertised prices. During his first visit to Sheffield an ambitious confectioner gave him £5 and a pair of top-boots for a likeness in oil.

Two years later Chantrey again visited Sheffield, and again employed the Sheffield Iris of October 18, 1804:—

"Sculpture and Portrait-Painting.—F. Chantrey respectfully solicits the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its environs in the above arts during the recess of the Royal Academy; which he hopes to merit from the specimen he has to offer to their attention at his apartments, No. 14 Norfolk Street. As models from life are not generally attempted in the country, F. Chantrey hopes to meet the liberal sentiments of an impartial public."

The success attained in this modelling visit must have been considerable, as Chantrey was selected in 1805, when only twenty-four years of age, to erect a monument to the memory of the late Vicar of Sheffield. This task was so admirably achieved that Montgomery the poet prophesied that "his genius would not only confer celebrity on the little village of Norton, the place of his birth, but reflect glory on his native country itself." From this time to the day of his death he worked unceasingly and not less successfully. Some

of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of sculpture, prized as national possessions, came from Chantrey's chisel. The sums he obtained for some of his works were enormous. For an equestrian statue of George IV. he received £9,000. For a monument of Sir Thomas Munro, erected in Madras, he was paid £7,000. For a monument of the Duke of Wellington he received £10,000.

It is a singular fact that Chantrey had a very imperfect vision. Of the right eye he had no use whatever. The greater the miracle how he was enabled to achieve his artistic wonders. His education, if it was worthy of the name, was of the very humblest; yet no one would have accused him of ignorance on any He made good use of his daily walks to obtain information. He was brought up the son of a workingman, first in a poor cottage, then in a carver's shop; but he was at ease in the society of princes, and his manner was as far removed from obsequious flattery as from vulgar rudeness. At his death, in his sixtieth year, he left a fortune of £90,000; which, at the death of his wife, became the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture," but only such as shall have been entirely executed "within the shores of Great Britain;" the "wish and intention" of the artist being "that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British art in painting and sculpture."

Henry Bickersteth, who became Lord Langdale. furnishes another instance of work, of persevering labour, being the prelude to achievement. He was born at Kirby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland, on the 18th of June 1783, and was the third son of his father, a surgeon practising in that town. He first went to London to learn his father's profession in the surgery of an uncle, and then went to Edinburgh to complete his education. Notwithstanding a natural dislike to his profession, he worked steadily and with great selfcommand at his studies. Soon after he returned home he persuaded his father to send him to Cambridge. where close attention to work, constant devotion to study, very shortly resulted in a serious illness. his recovery, and in order to benefit from a change of climate, he accepted an appointment as travelling physician to Lord Oxford. On his return to England, still more disgusted with his profession, he resolved upon its abandonment, and prayed his father to allow him to enter the army. Receiving no encouragement, he re-entered the university in his twenty-second year, determined to work on perseveringly, although so much behind the men with whom he must contend for academical distinction. How hard he worked may be inferred from the fact that in 1808 he took his degree and was senior wrangler of the year. In the April of the same year he entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple, and worked as hard at his law studies as he had worked in Edinburgh when he intended to be a surgeon, or when in Cambridge preparing for his

degree. Writing to his father, he said: "Everybody says to me, 'You are certain of success in the end—only persevere;' and though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do everything in my power." Then when called to the bar in 1811, when twenty-eight years of age, and every step in life yet to be made, he still worked on. "My whole time," he wrote to his parents, "will be passed either in chambers or court; and if being always in the way and always attentive to my business will give success, I shall be successful."

In clothes and living he was "as economical as he could be, consistently with keeping up a decent appearance." Two or three years roll on, and no business rolls in. But Bickersteth loses neither heart nor hope; he is more indefatigable than ever, struggles, endures privation, denies himself every recreation that can at all interfere with the severe rule he has laid down for his selfgovernment, and waits calmly for the issue. tions sublimely overcome are not confined to the priestly In every letter he sends home, the resolute, persevering man, "confesses that he hardly knows how he shall be able to struggle on till he has had fair time and opportunity to establish himself;" but he still strives, and as fixedly and resolutely pursues his way as though he saw the reward of all his pains awaiting him at the goal. He had reached his thirty-first year, and the dark cloud was still over his head. Then, in order no longer to burden his parents for the smallest sums to keep him in existence, he contemplated going back to Cambridge, "where he is sure of support and some profit." But fortunately he was induced to go on. In a few months business began slowly to come in. In a year or two the dark cloud had burst—the struggle was ended, and he was on the high road to fortune!

It is needless to follow Henry Bickersteth as he pursues his plodding, persevering way, until he takes his seat as Master of the Rolls, and has a peerage conferred upon him, and the offer, which he refused, of being the Lord Chancellor of England. It is admitted by Lord Langdale's contemporaries that he was not a genius. There was nothing brilliant or startling in his career, but much that was noble, manly, and worthy of imitation. The discharge of duty was the object of his life as it was the cause of his success.

William Murray, who became Lord Mansfield, and one of the most distinguished judges that ever sat in a court of justice, has left, like Lord Langdale, an example of youthful painstaking perseverance. His success was the legitimate and logical result of the means sedulously taken to obtain it. So determined and resolute was he, that, as his biographer affirms, "had William Murray failed to win his race, it would have been because he had dropped down dead on the course, or violent hands had forbidden his progress." On the 15th of March 1718, William being then in his thirteenth year, made his start in life from Perth on the back of a pony, his destination being London, where he arrived just two months after the commencement of the journey. He was admitted

a scholar in the Westminster School, where his perseverance was not less notable than successful. attained the coveted prize of the first place on the list of the king's scholars, he proceeded to Christ Church. Oxford, to complete his studies, and where he was not less studious than he had been at school. He read whatever had been written on the subject of oratory. translated into English every oration of Cicero, and retranslated them into Latin, until every thought and expression were familiar to his mind. And when he had left college and entered upon the arduous profession of the law, no drudgery was too laborious, no toil too dull. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern history, applied himself diligently to ethics, to the study of Roman civil law, the foundation of jurisprudence, of international law, and of English municipal law. His whole career, from his early start in life to his retirement from the bench in his eighty-second year, was one of undeviating purpose and of work. confirmed habits were industry, temperance, self-subjugation, unsullied honour, and an earnest, insatiable desire to acquire knowledge.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

## XII.

## Life Poubled by Economizing Time.

"Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize."—BLAIR.

Lord Wilmington observed of the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it during all the day, without being able to overtake it."

"Time is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from his hand more than he will ever take from yours."—MISS WETHERELL.



HE secret of thrift, of accumulation, of getting rich, is taking care of small sums—of the pennies, and then the pounds will take care of themselves. It is quite clear, if small

sums are not wasted, but, on the contrary, saved and used, that a like method will be exercised towards larger amounts; and that if this care is continued through life, wealth and comfortable circumstances must be the result. If this is so in relation to money, it is not less true in relation to time—the saving of time, using time, and hoarding time. If minutes are not wasted, hours and days are not wasted. If the

sixtieth part of an hour is seized with the avidity of the miser who preserves the smallest coin, the hour, of which the minute forms a part, will not be wasted. however, of this care and thrift of time being general. it would almost seem that time is the one thing of which there is a superabundance, and that the business of life is to waste time, or "kill time," as it is called. folly, the madness of this method of disposing of time, is only seen when it is remembered that time is the Aladdin's lamp by which all that is desirable in life, all that is worth having, is to be obtained. What is the secret of the vast accumulations of knowledge possessed by some men; of the discoveries in nature and art by which the world has been enriched and blessed; of the many objects of beauty produced by the artist and the sculptor; of the tens of thousands of machines by which labour is saved and articles of use and ornament cheapened? If these questions were put to the most distinguished authors, discoverers, artists, and inventors, the reply would be uniform—The careful use of time.

The common expression, "I have no time," is only an excuse for idleness or indisposition. The lives of all men whose biographies were worth writing and remembering attest the fact that "where there is a will there is a way," and that the way is found in the right and improved use of time. If only any one would be honest and put down in a note-book the hours, not to say moments, which are wasted, or, which is the same thing, not improved during a day, it would then be seen whether there had not been time for the discharge of

duties, for unperformed work, and the study of a desired subject. Dawdling through the day, purposeless and objectless, is the canker, the rust, the gangrene of life. The day is only commenced when its most important portion is already spent. What could be done in that portion. either in the prosecution of business, in manual labour. or in the attainment of intellectual treasures? Doddridge made a calculation that the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life. How much could be done in ten years! Doddridge showed how much could be done, by writing in those two hours, which millions spend in bed, his admirable "Family Expositor;" and John Wesley, one of the most active and busy men of the century, by rising from bed at four o'clock in the morning—a custom which he practised for sixty years was enabled to write his many valuable works, and to organize the Wesleyan Society, which has been productive of untold blessings to the human family.

Dr. Adam Clarke, whose theological and Biblical pursuits have enriched the literature of his country, was accustomed, like Wesley, to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and from that hour until called off by his daily duties, pursued his studies with indefatigable industry. He was accustomed to say: "A late morning student is a lazy one, and will rarely make a true scholar; and he who sits up late at night not only burns his life's candle at both ends, but puts a red-hot poker

to the middle." An anecdote is related of the doctor's promptness. A catalogue of books was sent to him one evening in which he saw advertised for sale the first edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament. Early next morning he was off to the bookseller's and purchased the work. Shortly after Dr. Gossett found his way to the bookseller's also, intending to purchase the book; but it was gone. Learning who had bought it, he called upon Dr. Clarke, and said: "You have been very fortunate, Dr. Clarke, in having obtained this work; but how you got it before myself I am at a loss to imagine, for I was at the bookseller's directly after breakfast, and it was gone."—"But I was there before breakfast," replied the doctor, "and consequently I forestalled you."

The biographer of Dr. Clarke said: "His unexampled industry was both an integral part and a general principle—at once a cause and an effect—of his greatness. It was this industry, pursued with matchless energy, that made his mighty powers to tell with such force upon almost every subject to which he directed his attention. While others slept, or banqueted, or idled out their despicable days in gossiping and folly, he kept the harvest full in view, and ploughed with all his heifers, reckless of sun or rain." Dr. Clarke's youngest son, writing of his father, said: "His personal habits were those of unintermitted industry, unencumbered by busy haste, and directed by the exactest order. What he had to do was performed at once and to the best of his power. I never once saw my father His mind never rested still upon its acquirements. 'Onward,' was his motto, while perseverance and method enabled him to overcome every obstacle and difficulty. An economist of time himself, he could not bear to see it wasted by others; and even when his little grandchildren were around him, he always kept them engaged according to their ability."

Dr. Channing of America, whose famous essay on "Self-Culture" has profited tens of thousands of young men. was accustomed to enter his study long before the fires were lighted, longing earnestly to use the earliest hours for work. And Margaret More, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, in her delightful book, "The Household of Sir Thomas More." tells us of the early habits of her father: "This morn I had risen before dawn, being minded to meditate on sundrie matters before Bess was up and doing, she being to much talk during her dressing, and made my way to the pavilion, where, methought, I should be quiet enow; but beholde! father and Erasmus were there before me in fluent and earnest discourse. I would have withdrawne; but father, without interrupting his sentence, puts his arm rounde me and draweth me to him; soe there I sit, my head on's shoulder, and mine eyes on Erasmus his face"

Independently of morning hours, which are so well adapted to study, owing to the prevailing quietness, and the freshness and clearness of the mind, precious hours are wasted unthinkingly. When they are garnered and used, the result is great, solid, and permanent. Livingstone, when employed in a factory, used the

unengaged moments to study his grammar; and the habit of study and the employment of moments thus formed was the prelude to his subsequent eminence. Hugh Miller was also an illustrious instance of doubling life by wisely using its every hour. When employed quarrying, building, and stone-cutting, he said: "I wrought hard during the hours allotted to toil, and was content; and read, wrote, or walked during the hours that were properly my own, and was happy." Dr. Kitto, whose early days were spent in a workhouse. was not less eager to improve himself in the hours that he could call his own. He wrote: "I cannot accuse myself of having wasted or misemployed a moment of my time since I left the workhouse." This was when he was a young man learning the business of a printer, and when he again wrote: "Sometimes I have gone to bed early, sometimes late, but generally very late, so late that I have not thought it worth while to put off my clothes, but have lain down in them, and on an average I have seldom risen earlier than six. I propose, therefore, to go to bed from eleven to half-past, and to endeavour to get into the habit of rising at five. Thus I allow one-fourth of my time, six hours, for sleeprather more than I can afford."

There is one passage in his "Letters and Essays," a small volume composed when in the workhouse, and his first literary production, in which he vindicated labour, and properly exposed the waste of time which is so universal. An old man is supposed to be addressing some thoughtless young ladies and a young gentle-

man: "I can assure you that I have met with genius. probity, and honour, in many instances, among what you are pleased to call the dregs of the people. always looked upon an honest mechanic, though even a shoemaker, as a much more useful member of society than he who, blessed with affluence, holds time a burden—who lives merely to circulate that which would make hundreds happy, and who spends every hour, every day, in what is falsely called pleasure, and who lives for not one of the ends of his creation; who. so far from improving that time which every hour shortens, thinks himself happy when he has hit on an idea to kill that time of which he is not certain of a moment's continuance. But the best way to convince you of your error is to give you examples of genius amongst the I will mention but a few names of the lower classes. many that occur, as, for instance, R. Bloomfield, Burns, Chatterton, G. Morland, Savage, Lloyd, Otway, and Shakespere. I scarce need have told any but you that most of these were poets—very celebrated poets; and more particularly that Bloomfield was a shoemaker: the fourth was one of our best English painters—and yet none of these were bred in affluence, nor were their talents cultivated by education."

When Dr. Kitto was composing his great work, the "Pictorial Bible," his habits were unceasingly industrious. From early life he had taught himself to be a miser in the use of every moment, and content himself with a very small amount of sleep. His toil was incessant, and many a day his only walk was from his

study to his parlour, and from his parlour to his study. He abandoned the habit of sitting up late at night, on realizing its many evils, and adopted the far better and healthier plan of early rising. An alarm-clock first roused his wife, who then touched her husband. when he immediately sprang out of bed. The hour fixed upon for rising was four o'clock. After drinking a cup of tea, which he prepared over a spirit-lamp, he would then sit down and work until the hour of break-After breakfast a few turns were occasionally taken in his garden; he then went again to his workroom until the dinner-hour, one o'clock. After that letters had to be written and proofs to be corrected until five o'clock, the tea-hour. Then he again went to his work, writing till ten, and reading till eleven. He thus spent sixteen hours in incessant application to his literary labours! The doubling of Dr. Kitto's life by the saving and using every moment, enabled him to leave behind his useful life literary treasures which will bless the world while learning and knowledge are sought and valued.

But marvels of attainment and achievement have resulted from the employment of spare moments as well as the devotion of long days. It is recorded of a German physician who had a large practice that he committed the whole of the "Iliad" to memory, employing the few moments in passing from one patient to another in the task. The English physician, Dr. Mason Good, translated into English verse the whole of "Lucretius" during his long walks in London

to visit his patients. Dr. Darwin was accustomed to compose his works in his carriage while visiting his patients. The eminent judge Matthew Hale composed his "Contemplations" while travelling on circuit. Locke carried a note-book in his pocket to jot down his own thoughts and any idea evoked in common conversation. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage—a custom which was also followed by Cuvier, the famous anato-Elihu Burritt acquired a knowledge of eighteen languages by "saving" the bits of time he could steal from his occupation of blacksmith. Grote wrote his valuable "History of Greece," and an important work upon Plato, in the few hours he could snatch from the business of a banker. Dr. Channing records the incidents in the life of a man he knew, who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was engrossed by the details of an extensive business. who yet composed a book of much original thought in steamboats and on horseback while visiting distant customers. That man would have endorsed the saving of Mason: "As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time." But, as Lord John Russell wrote,---

"How many deeds
Of deathless virtue, and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
I will do this to-morrow!"

The Rev. John Todd, in addressing his students, cites a number of thieves which "hang around a student." 1. Sleep. 2. Indolence. 3. Sloth. 4. Visiting. 5. Reading useless books. 6. Improper methods

of study. 7. Pursuing study when the mind is wearied. 8. Having our studies press us in consequence of procrastination. 9. Beginning plans and studies which are never completed.

The slothful, purposeless man, excuses himself from the performance of any task because he cannot devote days and weeks to its execution. It is postponed and put off until the desired leisure is obtained—until fortune, some lucky chance, some great change in circumstances, permits independence of business, and secures the opportunity for study or the pursuit of the desired object. And thus effort is not made, and the prize of exertion is missed. No thought is taken of how much could be done in the hours devoted to useless and profitless visits, which are made for the purpose of relieving a vacant and unemployed mind; and in reading useless books, which have but one result—the waste of time and weakening of the intellect.

Procrastination is well said to be the thief of time. It not only destroys present opportunity, but prevents future opportunity. The procrastinating man is always in a hurry, and in his hurry he does little or nothing. That was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle—"I do one thing at a time." When the one thing was done he was ready to commence and complete some other thing. There is also an accepted maxim which says, "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" and it will be generally observed that tradesmen who are continually changing their trades make little headway in any occupation. The man who gets into a moderately

promising groove, pursuit, or trade, and sticks to it, is the man who will succeed. This will be found to be the case in any intellectual pursuit. The too common practice, in the attainment of any object, is to commence a special study, and then, when it becomes the least irksome, to throw it on one side and enter upon another pursuit or study. In this way a smattering is obtained of various subjects or trades, but no real accumulation or progress is made. It is usual to laugh at the man who commences to build and who does not finish the building he has commenced. Why should not the young man become equally an object of sport who is ever commencing but never finishing any particular object of study? Not less is any one to be reprobated who devotes his time to useless pursuits,pursuits which do not make men wiser or happier. History records many instances of misplaced and misapplied talents. Nero has been universally condemned for playing the fiddle when he ought to have been engaged in wisely governing the country of which he was emperor. That was a silly employment of Æropus, King of Macedonia, who spent his time in making Harcatius, King of Parthia, was equally silly in devoting his time to catching moles, and obtaining pre-eminence as a mole-catcher; and not less foolish was Biantes of Lydia, who spent his time filing needles! It is quite true that these pursuits might have prevented worse and more harmful pursuits; but that which these kings had to do was not merely to pass their lives in innocence of evil, but to be the proĹ

moters, by precept and example, of principles and actions which would make men wiser and better. The business of men in this world is not merely to have it said of them, "They did no harm;" the business which is demanded of all men, whatever their lot in life may be, is to do good, to themselves first, and then to those living around them.

One class of men who practise the art, if they do not study the art, of killing and wasting time, are the dreamers—the day-dreamers; men who are constantly employed building castles in the air; who paint pictures, write books, make speeches, invent machines, and achieve wonderful success in all sorts of designs and plans; but, unfortunately, all this is only done in the domain of a morbid, unhealthy brain. While they dream, they are not working. Many a young man with decent talents, if put to a proper use, has passed through life intending and purposing, but never achieving. The dull plodder, who knows nothing of dreamland, who lives in the present, and embraces the opportunities of the present, builds his house, and accumulates his fortune, while the dreamer dreams. He does not live in the region described by Thomson:-

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
For ever flushing round a summer's sky."

Wretched is the condition of the man who has achieved so much in his self-created aerial world, and who finds at the end of life that his real work is not begun. "Like the dreamer who is getting great sums of money in his sleep, and who when he awakes opens his till or his pocket-book almost expecting to find it full, the day-dreamer, the projector, awaking up at the close of life, can hardly believe that after his distinct and glorious visions he is leaving the world no wiser. mankind no richer, and his own home no happier for all the golden prospects which have flitted through his busy brain."

But the youth or man anxious to make the most and best use of time must become unvaryingly subject to system and order. Little is accomplished by fits and starts. When a purpose has once been determined upon, if success is to be obtained, there must be no varying of the pursuit; every available moment must be pressed into service and used for the attainment of the desired object. To this end knowledge-knowing how to go about the work—is indispensable. Presuming that a man becomes conscious of the want of education. and that he purposes sedulously to apply himself to self-culture, admirable aids are furnished on every hand to assist him, whatever branch of knowledge he may elect to study. There is no excuse for ignorance but By the expenditure of a few pence introductions to the sciences may be obtained, which a few years ago could not have been purchased for pounds. Let there be but a resolute purpose to obtain knowledge, and there will be no lets and hindrances experienced; on the contrary, eminent cultured men will be found to have devoted time and thought to the preparation of modes and methods of easy access to the most abtruse subjects.

A very old author writing upon "The Art of Employing Time," recommended the following rules or habits as conducive to its wise apportionment:-1. Doing nothing that is hurtful to the constitution, and acquiring habits best adapted to the preservation of health. 2. Carefully watching his thoughts. 3. Destroving and correcting his defects. 4. Studying and learning to know mankind. 5. Choosing friends and associates in whose company improvement and information can be obtained. 6. Turning to account all those with whom he may happen to be for his instruction and improvement. 7. Speaking little and always to the purpose, and being able to be silent and to keep a secret. 8. Observing and reflecting and maturing reason, and appropriating the experience and knowledge of others. 9. Exercising the memory. 10. Analyzing with precision. 11. Writing with ease, and forming at once judgment and style. 12. Appreciating the value of time, and living much more than the rest of mankind, who frequently waste purposely, and from listlessness, a great number of hours every day, and many years in the course of their lives. And lastly, framing for himself fixed and invariable rules of conduct, the fruit of experience and reflection; referring everything to physical, moral, and intellectual improvement. The question to be ever present to the mind and reason, Cui bono? (Of what benefit is it?) must serve as a guide and beacon in all the circumstances and situations of life.

The man, then, who wisely uses his time, redeems his time and doubles his life. It is not the man who lives the greatest number of years who lives the longest. Most men merely exist—exactly like the brute: eating, drinking, and sleeping. They ignore their intellectual capabilities, and miss the highest and best purposes of their being. They waste life when they waste time, and lose its advantages by neglecting its opportunities; and when life is ended they are almost immediately forgotten—they pass away as though they had not lived.

"Where is that thrift, that avarice of time, (Blest avarice!) which the thought of Death inspires? O time! than gold more sacred; more a load Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise. What moment granted man without account? What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid! Haste! haste! he lies in wait, he's at the door, Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest, No composition sets the prisoner free. Eternity's inexorable chain Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear On all-important time. Through every age, Though much and warm the wise have urged, the man Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. Who murders time, he crushes in the birth A power ethereal, only not adored."

Dr. Thomas Scott, the author of a valuable Commentary on the Bible, furnishes an instance of the good results of hoarding and using time. His father was a grazier with a small and feeble body, but who possessed great energy and vigour of mind. He was very poor, and had for years to struggle with difficulties, which to a certain extent he overcame; and although he never became affluent, yet he was enabled to live in

comparative comfort to the period of his death, which occurred in his seventy-sixth year. He had thirteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity. His mother taught Thomas to read and spell; and he was taught a little Latin at a school two miles away from his home. When he was eight years old he was sent to Boston to a grazing farm rented by his father. He attended a school kept by a clergyman, where he learned to write and to master the first rules of arithmetic. About this time his eldest brother, who was a surgeon in the navy, His father being desirous of having a son in the medical profession, resolved that Thomas should occupy that position. As Latin was an indispensable requisite, Thomas was almost exclusively kept at that study. At ten years of age he was sent to school at Scorton, where he remained for five years without returning home or seeing a relative or acquaintance. The terms could not have been very high, as the cost of boarding, clothing, and school fees only amounted to fourteen pounds a year.

As soon as he left school he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Alford, about eight miles from his father's residence. His master was a cruel, thoughtless man, without principle, and young Scott followed rather too closely in his footsteps. At the end of two months he was sent home in disgrace, which greatly mortified his father. The conduct of his master, however, was severe and cruel. He was set to work on the grazing farm to do much of the most menial work, and as the land was low it was frequently flooded with water.

Thomas had to undergo much hardship, which brought on a severe illness, so that his life was despaired of. For nearly nine years he thus continued a drudge upon the farm. As he was almost exclusively employed about the cattle in the open air, he acquired hardy habits, and was kept out of the way of indulging in ease and idleness. He was, however, subjected to one temptation—forgetting his religious training in the company of persons in the lowest station of life, and who were wholly destitute of religious principles and conduct. Happily he detected the meanness of their flattery, and repelled it with indignant spirit.

The one thought by which he was animated during his severe out-of-door employment was the possibility of entering the university as a prelude to entering the Church. Of one thing he was quite resolved—that he would rise from the degrading employment to which he had been condemned. Every moment that he could withdraw from attending the cattle he devoted to the sedulous study of a Greek grammar and such Latin books as he possessed. His father, who had evidently made up his mind that Thomas was a failure. looked upon him when studying with amazement. A crisis had arrived in Thomas's life in the April of 1772, when, at the close of a long, wet, wintry day, he was causelessly and severely blamed. He threw off his shepherd's frock and declared that he would not put it on again. He lodged that night with his brother. In the morning he remembered there was no one to look after the sheep, and he returned to attend to them, and

then started for the residence of a clergyman who resided at Boston. To him Thomas freely opened his mind; but nothing could exceed the clergyman's astonishment when he heard that the intention of his visitor was to enter the Church. He only knew Thomas as a shepherd, and immediately asked, "Do you know any-Thomas told him that thing of Greek and Latin?" his knowledge of Greek was almost confined to the He instantly took down a Greek Greek grammar. Thomas without difficulty read several Testament. verses and translated them into English. After expressing his surprise, the clergyman promised to introduce him to the archdeacon, which he did in the following He was again examined in Greek and asked many questions as to his studies. At the close of the interview the archdeacon expressed a favourable opinion upon Thomas's attainments, and that he thought the bishop would ordain him.

Thus encouraged, Thomas spent all his little money upon books, and applied himself diligently to study, to improve his knowledge of the Greek Testament, and to acquire the power of composing in Latin. He was accustomed to write a short comment on a text of Scripture, which the clergyman revised. In return, Thomas assisted him in a grammar school of which he was master. The first attempt which Thomas made to obtain ordination was unsuccessful. His papers were not forwarded at the proper time, and some other circumstances interfered. This repulse naturally induced a sense of despair. But this feeling was only

temporary. He was made of sterner stuff than to lose heart at a first repulse. He had resolved to accomplish the work for which he had been so long preparing. On returning home from London, he travelled a considerable portion of the way on foot. On the day on which he arrived at home he walked twenty miles in the morning; and then, after refreshing himself, he put off his clerical dress, and in the afternoon sheared eleven large sheep! At a family consultation his father gave his consent to Thomas pursuing his studies prior to again presenting himself for ordination. With this encouragement Thomas devoted every moment to preparation, and at the next ordination was admitted a candidate without obstacle or objection. At the end of the examination, Dr. Gordon, the examiner, perceiving that Thomas began to be alarmed, said: "You need not be uneasy. I only wished to try of what you are capable, and I perceive that Christianity has got an able advocate in vou."

No sooner was Mr. Scott settled as a curate at Stoke, Buckinghamshire, than he commenced a close study of the learned languages, and such other subjects as he deemed needful to help him in his future work. He spared no pains, and considered no labour burdensome which helped him in his purpose. He studiously avoided making acquaintances who would rob him of his time and divert his mind from its object. Diversions and amusements were shunned with the same intention, and sleep was retrenched in order that the fresh morning might be devoted to study. Scott fur-

nishes a suggestive instance of the possibility of doubling life by doubling the work done in its existence. Many scholars would have deemed years well expended in reading the whole of the works of Josephus in the original Greek—Scott accomplished the task in nine months! In a letter to his sister, dated September 1773, he wrote:—

"I have for some time pursued my studies with assiduity, but I have only lately got to pursue them with I am now about three hours in the day method. engaged in Hebrew. The books I use are a Hebrew Bible, grammars and lexicons, the noted Septuagint or Greek translation, and a commentary. I began at the first chapter of Genesis, and I intend to go through the whole Bible in that manner. You will see the manifold advantages of thus reading the Scriptures. original text, a Greek translation two thousand years old and above, our translation, and comments, read carefully and compared together word by word, cannot fail to give a deep insight into the sense of the Scriptures; and, at the same time, two languages are unitedly improving. The same I am doing in Greek and profane I am reading old Herodotus in the original, in Latin, and in English. For each book read, whether ancient or modern history, I have my maps laid before me, and trace each incident by the map, and in some degree also fix the chronology; so that the languages seem my principal study. History, geography, and chronology go hand in hand. Neither is logic neglected. I find my taste for study grow every day. I only fear

I shall be, like the miser, too covetous. In fact, I really grudge every hour that I employ otherwise. Others go out by choice, and stay at home by constraint; but I never stay at home by constraint, and go out because it is necessary. In every other expense I am grown a miser. I take every method to save; but here I am prodigal. No cost do I in the least grudge to procure advantageous methods of pursuing my studies. Of the Hebrew, some twenty weeks ago I knew not a letter; and I have now read through one hundred and nineteen of the psalms, and twenty-three chapters of Genesis; and commonly now read two chapters in the time above mentioned, tracing every word to its original, unfolding every verbal difficulty."

But Scott was not unmindful of the duties of his calling. He generally wrote two sermons in the week, in addition to his other voluntary studies. These studies prepared him for labours which he cheerfully undertook-to take charge of the instruction in languages of persons intending to visit distant parts of the world as In these labours Scott was eminently missionaries. "With all my other engagements," he successful. wrote, "I am actually, in addition to what I before taught the missionaries, reading Susoo and Arabic with The former we have mastered without difficulty, so far as the printed books go, and hope soon to begin translating some chapters into the language. to the latter, we make little progress; yet so far, that I have no doubt of being able to read the Koran with them, should they continue here. It is in itself a most

difficult language, but my knowledge of the Hebrew gives me an advantage."

These labours were undertaken, not in the prime and vigour of manhood, but when he was approaching the period assigned generally for the termination of life. When seventy years of age, and suffering severely from chronic complaints, he was as energetically employed in his literary labours as at any period of his life. At the age of seventy-two he wrote: "I never studied each day more hours than I do now. Never was a manufactory more full of constant employment than our Five proof-sheets of my Commentary a week to correct, and as many sheets of copy to prepare." For forty-six years of his useful life he studied eight. ten, and sometimes fourteen hours a day. thirty-three years in the composition of his Commentary on the Scriptures, and seven years in perfecting the marginal notes and references. During his life-time the works which proceeded from his pen realized two hundred thousand pounds!—an enormous sum for the literary labours of a man who spent seven of his most important years tending and shearing sheep. Scott not only penetrated the secret of doubling his own life, but doing the work of many lives-of blessing the people among whom he lived, and of leaving the results of his life to instruct and improve future generations.

## XIII.

## Living in Earnest.

- "Earnestness alone makes life eternity."—CARLYLE.
- "There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness."—DICKENS.

"If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go."—TENNYSON.



T is assumed—and the assumption is a fact—that no man can be happy, and therefore misses "success in life," without work. But he that has work to do, and loves his work,

providing that the work is needed, useful work, is on the highroad to happiness. It is quite possible that the results of earnest work may not be seen, and that the labourer who labours in teaching and instructing may not realize the good of his work. Despite the apparent want of success, he is happy whose inclination accords with duty, and works on, satisfied that an all-ruling Providence will take care of results. "Every man," says Fichte, "should go on working, never debating within himself, nor wavering in doubt, whether it may succeed, but labour as if of necessity it must succeed." A modern author has written not less wisely: "Assure yourself that employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life. Let even your calamity have the liberal effect of occupying you in some active virtue; so shall you in a manner remember others till you forget yourself." Shakespeare says that mercy is twice blessed,—

"It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

So may it truthfully be said of labour, of wise employ-The man who labours for others is not less wisely labouring for himself. Gray says: "To be employed is to be happy." And the famous physician Galen wrote: "Employment is nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness." And the martyr Jerome was accustomed to say: "Be always employed about some rational thing, that the devil find thee not idle." What is needful in the pursuit of any humane purpose, however dark and unpromising the pursuit may seem, is hearty, cheerful, sunny endeavour. efforts are not without results. Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes, it may have combined with other elements, it may have floated away in vapour; but it comes back some time in the dewdrop or the rain, helping the leaf to grow and the fruit to swell. Through all its wanderings and transformations Providence watches over

and directs it. So is it with every generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation and be utterly forgotten, it may seem to have been completely in vain; but it has painted itself on the eternal world, and is never effaced—eternity will not blot out its results.

The idle man is a selfish, thoughtless man. instances, however, the man who is seemingly the most idle may be the most busy and industrious. world needs and demands proof of work before credit is given for its performance and existence. A man must not dream about achievements, and solace himself with purposes and intentions. There must be deeds and actions, if credit is to be given for their existence. The value of a tree is estimated by what it produces; and hence we are told that good and useful men are to be judged and valued by their fruits, not by intentions and purposes; not by spasmodic efforts, but by constancy in doing, whatever hindrances and difficulties may stand in the way. "Genius unexerted," says Emerson, "is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns; but the tree and the book must come out before we can measure them." Genius must demonstrate and prove its existence by what it produces. If there are no products, no desired results, the existence of genius may reasonably be doubted.

Life and living are a delight, a true enjoyment, in the degree and to the extent that they are devoted to

action, the wise employment of all the faculties. Action and enjoyment depend upon each other; "work is the wooing by which happiness is won." Hence the blessedness of the fact that man is a creature of unlimited wants and desires. The great spur and incitement to labour is the existence and growth of wants. If man had no wants, existence would be misery; but because we are always in the presence of wants—something to be desired and something to be obtained—life is, or ought to be, a continuous enjoyment. This is the reason why the pursuit of an object frequently affords more pleasure than its possession. "It is not," said Helvetius, "in the having acquired a fortune, but in the acquiring it; not in having no wants, but in satisfying them; not in having been prosperous, but in prosperity, that happiness essentially consists." This is seen in the experience of many successful tradesmen. the pursuit of fortune, in the exercise of successful energy and effort, life was a joy and existence happiness; but when the object was attained, when the goal was won, then life palled and became a very weariness. And unless there was then a new beginning, something to interest the mind in a fresh pursuit, ennui and disappointment would supervene, and longing wishes would go back to the absorbing employments of prosperous, busy days. There is much thoughtful wisdom in the remark of the eminent German writer Lessing, who said: "Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to proffer me the one I should prefer, in all

humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after Truth."

The busy man is the most cheerful man, and without cheerfulness success in life is not attained. Action is an indispensable condition of cheerfulness. To be employed in some useful, interesting occupation, is the best means of securing buoyant, elastic, cheerful spirits; without which the affections cannot expand and the intellect become fully developed. Gloom, moroseness, and discontent, like petty envyings, jealousies, and suspicions, which come of idleness and inactivity, eat into the life, and are destructive of all true happiness and enjoyment. The wisest of men have ever placed gladsomeness in the front, and described it as the reward of work, effort, and activity. "All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man," says Ruskin, "have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now: and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing so-they never will have power to do more." All, however, must do something; to do nothing, to be completely inactive, is impossible. But just in proportion as the selected employment is noble, answering some useful end, will the reward be inspiriting and the result cheerfulness and joyousness. That which a man sows, puts into his work, will be delightful or the opposite in proportion to its use and service, or its meanness and selfishness.

men are as active as the wind, but because their activity is wrongfully employed, they reap the whirlwind, instead of that calm satisfaction which is the true enjoyment of life.

There are many sad and mournful sights in the world: among the most regretful and the most to be deplored are the listless, jaded countenances of those who have nothing to do, and who can find nothing in this beautiful world to interest them or engage their energies. would seem as though a bountiful Providence had filled creation with interest unrevealed and concealed in order to add to the enjoyment of the earnest discoverer. Much of the pleasure of life would be destroyed if knowledge and the secrets of nature were obtained by intuition instead of by the slow process of study and laborious insight. This is one means, and a most important means, by which happiness, which is the birthright of every human being, may be secured. Every man ought to have some employment to task and interest his intellect, independent of the business in which he is engaged, by which he obtains the means of living. There are always hours, leisure hours, hours unemployed in business, which can be devoted to some favourite and improving study. When the day's work is done, and the body needs and demands rest, the mind is open and receptive. Rest and refreshment are ever found in change of occupation. The study of some favourite subject-acquiring a foreign language, or the attainment of an accomplishment—is rest and repose exchanged for the labours of the day. To have no employment for the evening hours, no intellectual pursuit to engage the mind, is to convert life into a monotonous round, and to forget its high purpose in mere labour, eating, and sleeping. "Think of living!" said Carlyle. "Thy life, wert thou the pitifulest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star—unhasting, yet unresting."

When life runs smoothly and pleasantly, it is not difficult to govern the temper and to control the feelings; but when everything seems to go wrong, when crosses and disappointments are of daily occurrence, it requires much fortitude and self-control not to become morose and ill-tempered. Those who are most successful in this desirable achievement cultivate a second life -an ideal life, which enables them to rise superior to mundane trials. They who do this are philosopherswise men who properly estimate the real value of life and the surroundings of life; who do not permit a loss or disappointment to destroy the calm and quiet of existence. The prime philosophy is to bear whatever happens; and this is done by cultivating contentedness and hopefulness, which are of more value to a true life than the possession of much wealth. Swain, the most eminent of the Manchester poets, wrote:-

"What is hope? the beauteous sun
Which colours all it shines upon!
The beacon of life's dreary sea;
The star of immortality!
Fountain of feeling, young and warm;
A day-beam bursting through the storm!

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A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh, too sweet, too pure for earth!
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen, enjoyed, confessed each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet—the last o'erwhelming doom!"

D'Israeli, in commending the storing of the mind against "a sea of troubles," said: "To have always some secret, darling idea, to which we can have recourse amid the noise and nonsense of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the most exquisite manner, is an art of happiness that fortune cannot deprive us of." The celebrated author of the Spectator had a similar wise thought when he said: "True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions." Hume the historian never said anything truer than—"To be happy, the person must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty." Judge Haliburton amusingly, but with much wisdom, asks: "What is happiness? It ain't bein' idle; that's a fact. No idle man or woman ever was happy since the world began. Employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour, and no

play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness—one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep; the other has restless pillows and unrefreshing sleep: one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud." Richter, the celebrated German author, wrote: "The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes [of light], but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm, equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace."

The busy man holds the maxim supreme which insists upon "business being attended to;" and no thoughtful man with the responsibilities of life surrounding him will forego that maxim. But it is not less important to remember that the intervals of business, the spare hours and moments not engaged in business, must also be "attended to." But it does not follow that the man who wisely employs his leisure is not equally earnest and laborious in business. As change of employment is rest, change from some favourite improving study to business—"buying and selling and getting gain"—will add interest and zeal to the latter. Many are the records which exist of men who have not only been "attentive to business," and who have succeeded in business, but who have wisely and usefully employed their leisure.

The author of the "Traditions of Lancashire," Mr.

Roby, who was a Lancashire banker, is a notable illustration of the possibility of uniting business with intellectual pursuits. "Mr. Roby," says his biographer, "was not inapt for the addition sum of the banker because he delved into legendary lore, or rushed into the realms of the imagination. He showed in his various performances that the poetic temperament is not in antagonism to the duties of life—a truth the sooner recognized the better. Many of our best writers are not professionally so; they sweeten a life of physical labour by intellectual activity; and society reaps the double harvest. In his ordinary life the author is but an ordinary man, and it is a monstrous exaggeration to suppose, as many do, that he is always walking with his head among the stars and his feet among the flowers."

Amusement or recreation is a necessity of human nature. Ever to be employed about one thing or business, and ever to allow every thought and faculty of the mind to be engaged in its consideration, is the speedy way to end all employment, by ending life itself. Earnestness in study and attention to business are not more needed for true success in life than diversion, recreation, and amusement. There is much truth in the homely saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And instead of relaxation and amusement unfitting for the more serious purposes of life, they tend materially to aid and help the performance of daily work or monotonous toil.

The summer trip to the sea-side, alike by the tradesman and the labourer, is not time and money lost, but

time and money saved in the gain of energy and vitality and a store of new life. On the return from such healthful change and relaxation labour and business are recommenced with zest, and that which was uninteresting and fatiguing before becomes pleasant and enjoyable An evening spent with cheerful, comemployment. municative companions, in which there has been no alloy of evil, wonderfully inspirits the engagements and employments of the following morning. The members of a family who have learned to love music, and who close the day with hymns, songs, and sweet sounds, are not only the more likely to court and obtain refreshing, undisturbed sleep, but to obtain the priceless possession of habitual cheerfulness. God intended man to be happy; the world is full of objects created to minister to his happiness. What are the myriad flowers which deck the earth's surface but ministrants to man's enjoyment? Why do children impart joy to the hearts of all healthy men? why is it that their laughter and boisterous mirth ever send a thrill of pleasure through the hearts of their parents? Because the wise Maker of all the world has placed in the breast of every human being a capacity for enjoyment; and he who moodily and gloomily walks through the world, like old Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," cuts life short by destroying that which makes life worth living. Instead of the world being "a vale of tears," as so many would have it to be, it was intended by its Maker to be the happy home of a contented, busy people. But man has found out many inventions and many methods to destroy his

peace and happiness. For the most part the troubles of this life are self-created. The troubles of to-day are the result of the forgetfulness of duty yesterday. Under ordinary conditions of life, except when its opportunities have been destroyed and the example of the madman who sets fire to his house has been copied, no man need be miserable. We may be unfortunate, and all may seem to go against us; but the conscious rectitude of conscience, and the thought that no time has been wasted, nor opportunities neglected, will prevent that depth of misery which results from wasted lives.

It is a common mistake to suppose that life is measured by length of years—that existence is life. This fallacy is perceived by all who note the difference in passing two days or two evenings: the one droned and dreamed through without purpose or profitable occupation, and the other vitalized and made happy by books, companions, and the cheerful performance of duties. Goethe remarked that each day is a vessel in which a great deal more may be poured, if we only fill it up with thoughts, feelings, and noble deeds. mere lapse of years," said the author of "Endeavours after the Christian Life," "is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and convert thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence."

Bailey, in his remarkable poem "Festus," says:—

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
"Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

To measure life by years, months, weeks, and days, and to count life by time, is falsely to estimate the length of life. Length of life should be estimated by its pleasures, its joys, and embraced opportunities. The man who early contracts a love for the companionship of books, who imbibes and lives upon the thoughts of the great and good, surely lives longer than the man who has no intellectual employment for his thoughtswho would seem to have but one purpose in life,—to eat, drink, and sleep. In every life, however common and humdrum, there have been memorable momentsincidents which have been remembered throughout life. These incidents are the notches, the way-marks of existence. It is not unusual to refer to periods and dates in connection with something important that happened just before or just after. The student, the business man, the lover, the parent, all remember moments in which life seemed to be concentrated. A man with an undeveloped capacity accidentally stumbles upon a book that opens and develops his thoughts; from that moment he lives in a new world, and all things in the world become pregnant with interest.

then, and the success which is attained in life, must be measured by incidents, intellectual developments, business openings and opportunities, and the birth of wise thoughts and joyous emotions. In chronicling the length of life, instead of numbering it by years and days, it should be computed by the books read, the pleasurable friendships formed, which have gladdened our hearts and lightened our lives, the bright and beautiful places we have visited, and the dawnings of noble hopes and aspirations. In looking back upon life, that which the memory retains is not the mere passage of time—one day being so much like another day-but dearly and cherishingly remembered hours spent with those we loved and revered; hours fullest of happiness spent by the sea, in the green fields, and in the recesses of darkening woods; hours which seemed to contain within them the joy and pleasure of a long life.

Age or oldness is only attached to the body; the mind, the soul, is capacitated to be always young, vigorous, and active. Sixty, seventy, or eighty years' constant toil will wear and destroy the elasticity of the strongest body; but the wise exercise of the mind, of the intellect, instead of wearing and destroying, will have the exact contrary effect. So that while the body may be worn and decrepit, the mind may be strong and energetic. A modern author says: "It is painful to grow old—to lose by degrees the suppleness, strength, and activity of the body—to perceive each day our organs becoming weaker; but when we feel

that the soul, constantly exercised, becomes daily more reflective, more mistress of herself, more skilful to avoid, more strong to sustain, without yielding to the shock of accidents, gaining on the one hand what we lose upon the other, then we are no longer sensible of growing old." It is common to hear old people complain of the times in which they then live, and to regret and long after the days that are gone. thing has changed, and changed for the worse! "They who utter these dismal ditties have not cared to keep alive the sympathies which carry a man along with his age; they have not cultivated a habit of genial observation, but have shut themselves up in self and sophistication, under the delusion that the pleasures of youth belong only to the young in years. Foolish and lamentable error. If men have little or no pleasure in their experience of the changes which are brought by increase of years, it is because they are not good and wise enough to find and contemplate the past in the present, and thus induce a sweet and meditative continuity of earliest life." Dulness and dreariness are in the mind, not in the things which surround the man. One of the poets uttered a truth which might be applicable to all men: "My mind a kingdom is." But where there has been no effort to store the "kingdom," to fill it with objects of interest, which at any moment may be re-created and furnish food for thought, there is a barren waste, a drivelling vacancy, and a stupid, purposeless life, which is at once wretched to the owner and to those who come in contact with him. Why should not

all experience the mind's buoyancy and activity of the man who wrote:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky!
So was it when I was a boy,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die"?

The brothers William and Robert Chambers equal if they do not excel any modern instance of earnest They made the most and the best use of their opportunities. Their early struggles, their perseverance, and ultimate success, had not so much to do with mere accumulation—the amassing of a fortune—as with the dissemination of healthy literature, and the consequent culture and education of tens of thousands of working people. Directly and indirectly, it is not too much to say that they have exercised an important influence upon civilization; and that much of the comfort and happiness of vast numbers of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and of its colonies and dependencies, is traceable to the influence which their publications have exercised. It is true that in their world-famed Journal they published much that was fictitious; but the stories inserted in Chambers' Journal had no maudling, depraved purpose. Without an exception, while a tale must interest and amuse, the brothers early discovered how this interest could be coupled with a moral that would make the reader better and wiser.

The brothers were born in Peebles, in the south of

Scotland—William in 1800 and Robert in 1802. received a very poor education in the place of their The school did not own a map, and did not possess a book on geography, history, or science. only instruction," said William, "consisted of the three R's, finishing off with a dose of Latin." The school was a poor affair, but the brothers learned to read, and that was the key to all learning. This acquirement was not allowed to be forgotten for want of use. They occupied a little room together, which they called their college, in which every spare moment, morning, noon, and night, was spent in the sole occupation of reading -reading every book contained in the only library Peebles possessed, and every book obtainable outside of the library. Light or heavy reading, all books were Between the ages of ten and twelve the brothers had read a considerable part of the ponderous "Encyclopædia Britannica," and thus acquired a variety of information upon general subjects, and specially a knowledge of physical sciences, which knowledge could not have been obtained at school, and which they remembered through life.

The brothers were disturbed in their studies by the trade troubles of their father, who gave credit to a number of French prisoners of war on parole. The amount of credit must have been considerable, as total ruin was the result. It was then deemed advisable that the family should remove to Edinburgh; which was done in 1813. In the year following William was apprenticed to a bookseller, who proved to be exceed-

ingly strict and exacting; which did the young apprentice no harm. He was then fifteen years of age, and had to support himself upon four shillings a weekwhich sum had to provide him with everything. relating the incidents of this period of his life, he said:-"As favourable for carrying out my aims at an independent style of living, I had the good fortune to be installed in the dwelling of a remarkably precise and honest widow, a Peebles woman, who, with two grown-up sons, occupied the top story of a building in the West Port. My landlady had the reputation of being excessively parsimonious; but as her honesty was of importance to one in my position, and as she consented to let me have a bed, cook for me, and allow me to sit by her fire—the fire, by the way, not being much to speak of-for the reasonable charge of eighteenpence a week, I was thought to be lucky in finding her disposed to receive me within her establishment. dwelling, therefore, I repaired with my all, consisting of a few articles of clothing and two or three books, including a pocket Bible,—the whole contained in a small blue-painted box, which I carried on my shoulder along the Grassmarket." He maintained himself in food upon one shilling and ninepence a week. His daily expenditure amounted to threepence-halfpenny. Breakfast and supper cost him each one penny, consisting of butter-milk and oatmeal porridge. His dinner of bread and broth cost three-halfpence. then upon this scanty fare William had to work very hard for his master. But he adopted as his motto an

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inscription he saw written in the old Scottish dialect over a dilapidated doorway in the West Bow—"He that tholes overcomes;" and he made up his mind to thole and bear the burden of life with brave and manly patience. He was not allowed to read in his master's shop, and any little study which he was desirous of doing had to be done early in the morning, especially in the summer, when light cost nothing. In this way he made a little progress in French and read some standard works. He had found out a method of improving his breakfasts by reading for a couple of hours to a baker and his two sons whilst they were working at their "batch." His fee for this service was a penny roll, drawn hot from the oven.

Each day of the week was a round of ceaseless. cheerless, sordid drudgery, save Sunday, when William went home to visit his loving mother, who was passionately and justly proud of her manly boy bravely battling with the world. Upon one occasion he found the family in great distress. The father had lost his situation, and all were reduced to the depths of distress. "It was little I could do," said William, "but by a singular piece of good fortune I had the previous day been presented with half a guinea by a good-hearted tradesman, on being sent to him with the agreeable intelligence that he had got the sixtieth of a twenty thousand pound prize in the State Lottery. The little bit of gold was put into my mother's hand. emotion too great for words my own hand was pressed gratefully in return. The loving pressure of the unseen

hand in the midnight gloom, has it not proved a more than ordinary blessing of a mother on her son?"

In his long and prosperous career William Chambers must have experienced many joyous hours, but it is questionable if a more ecstatic moment has ever been enjoyed by any human being than that in which he felt the pressure of his mother's hand. But William was a glorious lad—not at all the sort of lad to sit down and cry because he was hard-worked and hungry. In after life he has always deemed it fortunate that he had no companions to distract his attention, and possibly make him dissatisfied with his position. But during his apprenticeship he was not quite without amusement. He managed to save out of his weekly wages sufficient to purchase a small electrical apparatus, with which he made experiments and amused himself during many leisure hours.

William's apprenticeship came to a close in 1819. He had as his only capital five shillings, his week's wages, to which sum his salary had previously been advanced, and upon which not very large sum he had to commence his struggle with the world. He was, however, fortunate in meeting with a London bookseller, who was about to hold a trade sale in Edinburgh, and who employed him at the sale. The bookseller understanding that William was wishful to commence business, and that all his capital was five shillings, gave him on credit a selection of books to the value of ten pounds. In a borrowed truck he wheeled the books to a small place in Leith Walk, and constructed a stall of

wood bought with his five shillings. The books were speedily sold and a fresh lot obtained. In a short time he found himself out of debt and a few pounds in Things were beginning to look bright. there were days when the stall could not be put out, and as William did not like to be idle, he commenced to copy small pieces of poetry with a crow-pen for albums, in a style resembling fine print. This was slow work, and did not present a prospect of much A brilliant idea occurred to him—he would have a press and types! It was quite true he had no practical knowledge of printing; and, what was worse, he had no money to buy materials, On the first head he had no fears. He had seen printers at work, and did not doubt but that he could acquire the art in a few days. Just at this time William was the owner of three pounds; and just at this time also he was offered a printing-press and materials for three pounds, which he bought. The press was old and the types were worn out; but notwithstanding William managed to print a small copy of Burns's Songs, bind the copies in boards, and in a short time sell off the edition, clearing eight pounds by the transaction. All this was considered as money found, as the work had been done early in the morning and during wet days.

William, who was now joined by his brother Robert, had an ambitious idea—that of bringing out a fort-nightly periodical! Robert was to act as editor. The eight pounds earned by the Burns venture was spent in a new fount of type, and the periodical, which ran

for eight months, was called *The Kaleidoscope*. Nearly all the contents were written by Robert; while William undertook the labour of printing, which ultimately so seriously affected his health that the whole thing had to be relinquished. He continued, however, doing little jobs with the press; and when required he cut wooden letters for bills. He also printed small pamphlets, one of which was a History of the Gipsies.

But as William gained experience in printing he undertook more important work. The brothers combined to bring out a "Gazetteer of Scotland," the "Book of Scotland," and the "Traditions of Edinburgh," which was the last of William's feats in type-setting. "Traditions" brought fame and profit. Sir Walter Scott called to compliment Robert on the production of the work. About this time there were many lowclass publications issued by the London publishers, which found a ready sale. This gave William an idea. The "masses," as they were called, evidently wanted cheap, amusing, and instructive reading. This he determined, in connection with his brother Robert, to give them. Robert at the first, however, would only consent to write occasional papers. In the January of 1832 the first number of Chambers' Journal appeared. The success of the venture exceeded William's most sanguine expectations. In a short time the sale in Scotland alone was thirty thousand; and subsequently, when an English agent was appointed, and copies were circulated throughout England, the sale rose to fifty thousand, and in a few years to eighty thousand. At

the fourteenth number Robert became a partner with his brother; and from that time the firm was known as "W. and R. Chambers." In after years William noted as among the greatest pleasures of his life the receipt of letters indicating the advantages which had been received by the regular perusal of the *Journal*.

Amongst others, the head-master of a large school near London wrote: "You sowed the seeds of my advancement forty years ago. In a village in Cambridgeshire there were five poor boys whose united wages amounted to seven and sixpence. One of them had given him off the stage-coach a Chambers' Journal. He read it and got four more to hear it read. I was one of them; and we agreed to take it weekly. But the difficulty was, how was it to be paid? for one shilling and sixpence a week would not afford literature. I was always presented with a halfpenny a week for the missionaries, and so were two others. The other two could not contribute; but as their share, they would walk seven miles to fetch it. For ten years we stuck together, and were able to do a great deal to educate ourselves. Now mark the result. I am the head-master of a large and important free school; another was till lately the head-master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Bristol; another became a clergyman; the fourth is now a retired builder; and the fifth is one of the largest sheep-farmers in New Zealand."

Mr. William Chambers, in the jubilee year of the Journal, in speaking of its success, said that neither he

nor his brother ever had a thought of transferring the publication to an outside publisher. The profits they made enabled them to carry on the undertaking without borrowing. The brothers had one invariable rulenever to give bills, and to pay for paper and everything else with ready money. The same rule was observed by the firm fifty years after its commencement. Another rule was, never to have anything to do with speculations outside of the legitimate business of the firm. in a few words," said Mr. William Chambers, "is the secret of the now large and prosperous concern of W. and R. Chambers." They were thus prevented from wasting time and thought in financial scheming, and could bestow without distraction all their attention upon their business. The brothers did not "play with Fortune, nor fritter away time with frivolities and personal indulgence." "Young men of ambitious views," said Mr. William, "are apparently too much in the habit of treating their assigned work in the world as if it were a bit of passing amusement. It is, on the contrary, to be viewed as a matter of earnest and very serious concern."

The Journal was only one of many publications which have made the names of W. and R. Chambers famous. "Information for the People," "Popular Library," "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," "Educational Course," "Book of Days," "Encyclopædia," "English Literature," and other works, demanding an army of workmen in their production, and which have been read wherever the English language is

spoken, have made the names of William and Robert Chambers household words.

As an indication of the success which the brothers Chambers achieved, it is only needful to say that William in 1849 purchased the estate of Glen-Ormiston, near Peebles; and that in 1859 he presented to the community of Peebles a large suite of buildings for purposes of social and intellectual improvement, comprising a hall for lectures, a public library of fifteen thousand volumes, a reading-room, and a museum and gallery of art, at a cost of £20,000. In 1865 he was elected Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh, in which important position he used his influence to improve the sanitary condition of the city. In 1872, as a recognition of his important literary services and of his acknowledged acquirements, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

The moral of the life of the brothers William and Robert Chambers comes home to every young man who is just starting life. They have shown how, without fawning and flattery, it is possible to rise in the world; and that the means to do this is not chance or luck, but honest, resolute, hard work. They are distinguished examples of self-help; they have not only taught the philosophy of self-reliance, but shown by example the possibility of living cheerfully when surrounded by conditions of poverty, and not allowing immense success to spoil or destroy all that was noble and manly in their natures. While they had a proper interest in the commercial success of their various literary ventures, they

had also a more important purpose—the production and circulation of healthy and instructive publications, by which the working-classes more especially might be provided with the means of culture, and inspired with the desire mentally and morally to improve their condition. Well do the lives of William and Robert Chambers confirm the poet's lines:—

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still."

## XIV.

## The Companionship of Books.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

"Worthy books are not companions—they are solitudes; We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares."—Balley.



HE delights, the pleasures, the profitableness of life largely depend upon the choice and selection of companions. "Show me your associates and I will tell you what you are,"

has become an accepted maxim, of which continued experience proves the truth. There are few men who have not had, at some period of their lives, the opportunity of coming in contact with a very highly cultured man or woman, whose intellectual powers, great and brilliant as they may have been, were subordinated to a sweet and communicative disposition, which rendered their society a joy and a fascination. A day, an hour spent in such society, spreads an aroma over many subsequent days and hours, and, "like a thing of beauty," becomes "a joy for ever." The thought has often occurred, how much life would have been lengthened and its pleasures increased if the opportunity had been

permitted of coming into the company of some of the great men and women who have blessed the world by their presence. What in comparison would be the possession of any material good—the finding of a sum of money, for instance—to the remembered pleasure of seeing Shakespeare, or talking with the blind author of "Paradise Lost," or listening to the wise words of Bacon, and the thousands of great men and women who have ennobled humanity, and left the world the wiser and richer for having lived? Many men are commendably proud of having been for a brief period in the society of a great man, an eminent author, orator, poet, or politician; and the words that were uttered have become a treasured remembrance, and are repeated with all the zest and interest of a valued life incident. But this experience of the joys of the companionship of living great men can only be enjoyed by the privileged few; only a few can come into their presence, can hear their wise words, and imbibe impressions which will become stereotyped in their own lives. But if this is true as regards living men, how impossible is it that, in this world at least, the faces of the great men of the past can be seen and their voices heard?

And yet, happily, in the best sense the wise men of the present and the great men of the past are willing to become the friends and companions of all who are desirous to enjoy their society. In a few days or hours of companionship it is not likely that the best and wisest men would reveal or disclose their best, most valued and cherished thoughts. The thoughts that have made their names immortal have been the growth of years, have been brought out in the retirement of their studies, and have been the product of much exhaustive labour. These cherished thoughts, by which men are made better, more intelligent, more spiritual, more orderly, pure, and industrious, more truthful and humane in their lives, have been left as a legacy to all, independent of connection, relationship, creed, colour, or country. These thoughts are stored in books—the most precious of all prized possessions. In owning books we own their authors, and at all times secure their companionship and the enjoyment of their society. may be poor, have little of this world's goods, but the master-spirits of the past will not refuse to dwell with us, to be our companions, however lowly our lot. Well did Dr. Channing say: "No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; -if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for the want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called 'the best society' in the place where I live."

It was customary formerly to send a youth upon what was called "the grand tour," and without a sojourn in foreign countries no one was credited with the completion of his education. Obviously only those who could command time and who had ample means could undertake these journeys and become recipients of the desiderated advantages. The poor, the labourer, the necessitous tradesman, could not hope to enjoy or obtain this coveted and improving education. now, through the agency of books, the poorest who are willing to make some small sacrifices may have the education which travel affords without stepping a yard from their dwellings. They can for a few shillings obtain a thorough acquaintance with the habits, manners, and customs of all the nations of the earthgo inside their dwellings, sit by their fire-sides, and learn of their hopes and aspirations. They can retrace the world's history, and in thought visit the great cities of the Greeks and the Romans, and sit at the feet of the philosophers whose wisdom is the prized wisdom of the moderns as it was the treasure of the ancients. can accompany Columbus and his companions across the vast waste of waters in search of a New World, and join the explorers in threading the mazes of interminable forests, and revealing the wonders of a country which has become the home and resort of the people of all nations. By the aid of books the modes of moral and intellectual thought entertained and pursued by long past generations will be perceived and understood; and how their thoughts, taught and cultivated in academies, influenced public life and the association and relationship of classes. They are therefore the shadows and reflections of the past, and preserve all that is worth preserving of extinct nations.

Lord Dudley, in a public address, well observed: "As the generations change on the face of the globe, different energies are evolved with new strength, or sink into torpor; faculties are brightened into perfection, or lose themselves in gradual blindness and oblivion. age concentrates within itself all advantages. The knowledge of what has been is necessary, in addition to the knowledge of the present, to enable us to conceive the full extent of human powers and capacities: or, to speak more correctly, this knowledge is necessary to enable us to become acquainted with the varieties of talent and energy with which beings of the same general nature with ourselves have in past times been endowed." But more eloquently and forcibly has Kingsley commended and shown the value of books: "Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine, they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth."

If more is needed to induce a love of really good books, Richard de Bury, who was the Bishop of Durham in the fourteenth century, has left pregnant words: "The truth of voice perishes with the sound. Truth latent in the mind is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure, but the truth which illuminates books desires to manifest itself to every disciplined sense. Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books—how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods or ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

It may seem needless to cite these eloquent expressions of opinion upon the value of books—the most thoughtless will admit their truth without cavil or contradiction; but the too frequent neglect of books, and the seeking society or amusement in the frivolous inanities of modern methods of "wasting time," is a practical denial of the value of books, and an ignoble admission that they are not adequate to furnish sufficient interest to amuse, not to say instruct, the man who can command daily a few leisure hours. No one with any respect for himself would dare to make this statement openly; but it is made, and made in the most unmistakable manner, when books are locked up in book-cases and not read. It is customary, for instance, to refer to the princes of intellect—to Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon—and to announce them as the pride and boast of English literature; but how few have read them, and made a study, a thoughtful study of their works! Books are too generally and frequently looked upon as the source of amusement instead of the source of life—the highest life—spiritual and intellectual life. Toil, labour, and fatigue are not grudged, when wealth is the goal, when station and fortune are the promised reward. Why, then, should labour or toil be denied when the desired acquisition is not material wealth, but mental wealth? The only really true wealth is that which adds to happiness, to pure, unmixed enjoyment, and which, despite misfortunes and business failures, remains through life a cherished and joyous possession. Little experience of the world, or of the men who live in the world, is needed to prove that large accumulations of money-bank interest and share interest—are not of necessity and per se the source of the highest good or happiness. It is not an unusual circumstance to see men who have retired from business, who have as the result of an active and laborious life accumulated a fortune, and who in its pursuit have promised themselves much enjoyment in the evening of their days, utterly disappointed and miserable, their lives having become a drag and a wretched weariness. They had not habituated themselves to the companionship of books when they were young, when they were active and lively, when thought could have been moulded and directed to intellectual pursuits; and as years increased, the demands of business became more pressing, and intellectual pursuits were correspondingly neglected. Books then do not become a mine of wealth. The choicest authors, who have produced the most fascinating pages, cannot interest and absorb the retired man of business, who has made business the exclusive and only pursuit of his life. He has heard of and owns the works of distinguished authors, which have always been carefully locked in book-cases; but of what they have said and how they have said it he is as ignorant as of some fact of which he has never heard. Books, to be companions, to be a solace and an enjoyment in the evening of life, must be loved and courted in youth, must be prized and studied in the middle and all through life. Upon no other terms will they yield their stored sweetness and wisdom.

Well, then, might Sir John Herschel say: "Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

There is one condition, however, which is an absolute (744) 20

necessity in order to derive any advantage from reading, and that is the cultivated habit of thinking. Without thinking, time may be dissipated and wasted in reading books, for little real intellectual advantage will result. Sir William Hamilton once wisely said: "With all our learning, so various and so vast, we are but as dwarfs compared with the ignorant but thinking giants of antiquity." It is worth while to consider, and the result of the consideration will repay the process, how much modern thinkers have improved upon the thoughts of the thinkers of antiquity; -of Socrates, "whose mouth mellifluous watered all the schools:" of his transcendent scholar Plato; and of Aristotle, Plato's But to read and profit by reading the books of these masters in the art of thinking, the art must also be attained by the student who would profit by the teaching of the master. They who read no other books than such as they can read while they run, will certainly not be much the better for the employment. The easier that any book is to understand, the less profit in mental discipline and intellectual development is derived. Thinking must go hand in hand with reading if profit is to result. "Thinking is to reading what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground." A modern author has wisely observed: "To read, is to gather and store up as in a granary; to think, is to sow in the mind and to rain down upon it the genial influences from the heaven of contemplation. To read on and on without thinking as we read, is to pile up an ever-growing burden on the back; to read to think, is to give to the feet swiftness, to the hands strength; knowledge taken in measure, according to capacity, to nourish thought—that is what buildeth us up."

It is quite true that there are many books written for the sole purpose of amusement, to while away an hour, as it is called; and the best writers of this class of books have not omitted the needful moral lesson and wise deduction. Cervantes and Richardson, Goldsmith, Edgeworth, and Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and many other like-minded pure and purposeful writers, are not less mindful to interest than instruct by admirable lessons of conduct. They preach sermons in their books, but by the absorbing interest of their stories they create the invaluable habit of resorting to books for pleasure. A taste once formed for the highest class of imaginative literature will prevent the absolute waste of time, which is so general, in reading the trash which is distinguished by the name of "modern fiction."

"Prose fiction," said Mr. Thomas Cooper, when addressing young men, "you should not be unacquainted with; but to become 'novel-readers' in the common acceptation of the term you ought to shun as you would dram-drinking or taking opium. I have known people reduced to sheer imbecility by each of the three corrupting and ruinous habits; and the novel-drunk imbeciles were the most imbecile. If the thirst for knowledge moves you to read, you will be jealous over yourselves, and not willingly read for

excitement's sake. It is the knowledge of character you will find in Fielding, Smollett, Scott, and Dickens,—and not the exciting interest of their stories,—that will lead you to relieve an hour with their volumes, when overworn with labour and unfit for sterner thought or study."

The late Mr. Thomas Carlyle, whose name and works will be a treasured remembrance in future ages, when addressing the students of the University of Edinburgh on the choice of books, said: "I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books-in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books; there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have that if they are reading any book—that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to denv it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them. are a number, an increasing number, of books that are decidedly to him not useful. But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people - not a very great number-but a great number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it

down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls-divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations; others are going down, down, doing more and more. wilder and wilder mischief. And for the rest, in regard to all your studies here, and whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledge - that you are going to get higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lies at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary, for speaking pursuits—the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdomnamely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice and wisdom. In short, great is wisdom—great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated. The highest achievement of man-'Blessed is he that getteth understanding.' And that, I believe, occasionally may be missed very easily; but never more easily than now, I think. If that is a failure, all is a failure."

The most remarkable fact of the nineteenth century is the multiplication of books, and especially books written by eminent authors, which introduce the reader to the mysteries of science; which make plain intricacies and difficulties which previously it seemed impossible to understand. So that now, independently of

the pleasure which results from the acquisition of knowledge, it is not creditable to pass through life without an acquaintance with the great and interesting facts and laws which scientific discoverers have revealed; especially when it is remembered that much if not most of the greatness of the nation is directly the result of the application of scientific facts to the production of articles of convenience and necessity, which have made the world the market of the English producer. These studies—scientific pursuits—are not incompatible with the successful following of opposite trades, labours, or professions. Among the most gifted and charming authors ever ready to introduce the student or inquirer into the mysteries of scientific knowledge, none had a greater or more willing facility than the late Mrs. Somerville, who "was not more remarkable for the depth and accuracy of her own scientific knowledge than for the still higher and rarer gift of making the avenues to that knowledge clear and delightful to others." Professor Nichol, also, has not deemed it derogatory to his great attainments to make easy the first steps of science, in the hope that the immediate resulting pleasure might induce deeper and more profound studies. What are the resulting pleasures may be surmised from a profound and truthful remark of Lord Bolingbroke when writing upon the pleasures of the study of astronomy: "There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets that roll, like ours, in different orbits around the same central sun; from whence we may not gaze at other objects, still more stupendous—the army of fixed stars hung up in the vast space of the universe—innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds that revolve around them. And when I am rapt in contemplations such as these, when my soul is thus borne up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I stand upon."

That was a fine thought of Cicero, in one of his essays, where he says that, in his opinion, the man who is able, by the force of his intellect, to calculate the movements of the great celestial bodies, and decide in what orbits they are about to run, shows that his mind is akin in its immortal nature to that Almighty Being by whom those celestial bodies were fashioned and framed. There is no pursuit, surely, which so elevates man and manifests the immortal spark within him as the study of astronomy, which enables him, a mere atom, living in a world which is but an atom amidst far greater worlds which at immeasurable distances surround him, to calculate, with unerring precision, the exact second of time when one of those celestial bodies shall eclipse another in the sky, or to tell the precise instant of time when one of the great fixed stars shall seem to shoot across the disk of his telescope. exquisite and joyous life must be to the man engaged in such employments!

The science of geology has been found not less absorbing and interesting than astronomy, although in the last century it was treated with indifference and ridicule. Bishop Watson, so recently as the commence-

ment of the present century, was accustomed to say that the geologist who attempted to speculate on the internal formation of the globe, reminded him only of a gnat which might be perched on the shoulder of an elephant, and might, by reach of its tiny puncture. affect to tell him what was the whole internal structure of the majestic animal below. Dean Buckland and Sir Charles Lyell have, however, by the depth and certainty of their researches, shown that the study of geology affords the opportunity for the proudest intellectual triumphs. The study with which the name of Cuvier is connected is remarkable for wonderful results. That study enabled him to construct and build up the forms of extinct animals of which it was believed that no portion remained in existence. These animals in ages long past had trod on the sand of the sea-shore, leaving footmarks which had become petrified in the course of years. From this slender thread of an extinct existence Cuvier was enabled to construct, not as a vague theory, not as a mere guess unsupported by experiment, but as the result of analytical reasoning and of analogies in similar cases, a most probable system as to the size, the structure, even the habits of the animals. In after years the remains of one of these animals was discovered, and, strange and wonderful as it seems, the remains exactly tallied and corresponded with the animal constructed by Cuvier! Would not this study, or at least the marvellous narratives connected with it, interest and fascinate all thoughtful and intelligent minds? Taste, as it is called, may be wanting, and this, in common with any or all other intellectual studies, may be neglected: but taste can be created, or at least cultivated, by the key which is the source of all progress and intellectual development, persevering industry; and without industry few if any attainments are possible.

The books which have special reference to trades and professions in which we may be employed demand a first and thoughtful consideration. The lawyer who has devoted days and nights to unceasing study of cases and law-reports succeeds: without such labour, proficiency and knowledge of his profession cannot be obtained. Knowledge is pre-eminently power in commercial and scientific pursuits. The man who knows how to do a thing, to do it in the best manner, is the man who succeeds. An ounce of practice, it is said, is worth a pound of theory. But theory, or knowledge, is all-needful to the right understanding and the right practising of any mechanical, scientific, or professional employment. That, therefore, which every young man should do, on commencing life, is to surround himself with books which will inform and instruct him in the particular department of public service which he may select. And let the business, profession, or pursuit be what it may, valuable books, at small cost, are now obtainable. It is said truly that there is no royal road to knowledge: but the road and the means of its acquisition are now comparatively easy; made so by hand-books, guides, and treatises upon all subjects, written by competent masters and teachers. Not to know any desired subject or branch of knowledge is not owing to the absence of the means or opportunity of knowing, but to the absence of the needed labour and effort to know. Well may we therefore say, in the words of Dr. Channing, "God be thanked for books."

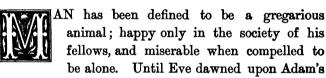
The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, at the close of a lecture on Persia, which he delivered in London, said: "May I be allowed to make a few observations relative to myself? I well remember, when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety. As I passed along the streets, the fear of losing my guinea induced me frequently to take it out of my pocket to look at it. First I put it in one pocket, and then I took it out and put it in another. After a while I took it out and put it in the second pocket, and then placed it in another, really perplexed what to do with At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table just as the auctioneer was putting up 'The History of the World' in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket and began turning over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy the lot. The biddings proceeded. last I ventured to bid too. 'Halloo, my little man!' said the auctioneer; 'what, not content with less than the world!' This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company towards me, who, seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained

from bidding against me; and so 'the World' was knocked down to me at a very moderate price. How to get those huge books home was the next considera-The auctioneer offered to send them: but I. not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were, determined to take them myself. So, after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room with the heavy volumes upon my shoulder, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, amidst the smiles of all present. When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door the first person I met was my now sainted mother. 'My dear boy,' said she, 'what have you got there? thought you would not keep your guinea long.'-'Do not be angry, mother,' said I, throwing them down on the table; 'I have bought the world for nine shillings!' This was on Saturday, and I well remember sitting up till it was well-nigh midnight turning over this 'History of the World.' These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through. As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of books naturally led me to desire to become a Christian To the possession of these books I attribute, minister. in a great measure, any honours in connection with literature that have been added to my name. I have not mentioned this anecdote," continued Dr. Vaughan, "to gratify any foolish feeling, but to encourage in those young persons I see before me that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure, -pleasure which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies."

## XV.

## Friends and Companions.

"Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day: and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm."



sight, all the beauties and charms of the garden of Eden were insufficient to satisfy the natural cravings of his heart; he found that it was not good to be alone. This experience has been realized and confirmed in the lives of all who have ever lived. Whatever advantages solitude may have,—and the habit of retirement for thought and self-communion must be highly commended,—its constant practice cannot but have a prejudicial effect upon the mind, inducing a morbid, unhealthy, misanthropic feeling and life. That companionship and association with our fellows is natural,

is a law of our being, is seen in the attractions and developments of childhood; and that which is natural in early life is not less natural in mature age. And just as early friendships leave an impress upon after life, companionship and friendship mould and stereotype character in middle life. "Show me your company and I will tell you what you are," is an old saying and a true one. The copy-head, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is not less true. Fielding, in his rough way, says truthfully, "Wicked companions invite us to hell." Augustine said, "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out; then it can only be done by the destruction of the wood." "We should ever have it fixed in our memories," said Blair, "that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world." The good Sir Matthew Hale said: "There is a certain magic or charm in company; for it will assimilate and make you like to them by much conversation with them. If they be good company, it is a great means to make you good or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will infect and corrupt you."

The best men, the men owning the best temperaments, are the most easily influenced for good or evil. The heart gleeful and imitative, that loves and wants to be loved, yearning to give and to receive, is easily

tempted and readily yields. It recovers with difficulty, and with shame, and mortification, and remorse, where it recovers at all; and in multitudes of instances it goes little by little steadily downward. Some of the finest intellects and brightest prospects, in instances that are innumerable, have been destroyed by yielding to the temptations of fascinating companions. To write the history of such instances would be to fill the world with books. When it was customary to allow culprits before execution to make "last dying speeches and confessions," almost in every instance the unfortunate and sinning wretches made the confession that bad companions had led them to the crime for which they were about to suffer. The myriads who have devoted their lives to drinking and gaming habits have ascribed their wreck and downfall, not so much to the love of drink and mere play as to the love of company and the attractive temptation presented by bad companions.

But friends and companions we must have, or life would become insupportable. Wise companionship is not merely of value in enabling hours and days to pass pleasantly, but as an incentive and an encouragement to noble and ennobling pursuits. Emerson says: "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. How he flings wide the doors of existence! What questions we ask of him! what an understanding we have! how few words are needed!" The same thoughtful writer says:

"It makes no difference, in looking back five years, how you have been dieted or dressed; whether you have been lodged on the first floor or the attic; whether you have had gardens and baths, good cattle and horses, have been carried in a neat equipage or in a ridiculous truck: these things are forgotten so quickly, and leave But it counts much whether we have had no effect. good companions in that time-almost as much as what we have been doing. It is certain that there is a great deal of good in us that does not know itself, and that a habit of union and competition brings people up and keeps them up to their highest point; that life would be twice or ten times life if spent with wise and fruitful companions." Few thoughtful men but have experienced and realized the promptings to higher thoughts and to a better life by the discourse of a gifted preacher or lecturer! What an influence such a man would have if he were always in our company! Not only would our language be improved,-no unimportant matter, - but the world would assume new aspects, life would become more real, and we should become more earnest.

But this is not the highest service of friendship. In the dull and dark days of life, when sorrows encompass us and trials disturb and torment, the true friend, with sympathetic solacement, divides our cares and carries half our burdens. Lord Bacon said: "A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears.hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession." Not less truthfully does this master of wisdom say: "Communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less. it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchemists used to attribute to their stone for man's body-that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. yet, without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature: for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds."

"Friendship is power and riches all to me; Friendship's another element of life. Water and fire not of more general use To the support and comfort of the world Than friendship to the being of my joy. I would do everything to serve a friend."

But it may so happen that congenial friendships cannot be formed, and all the delightful communion and

intercourse which is the characteristic of true companionship cannot be obtained. There then remains the companionship of the thoughts; and if these are rightly cultivated, rightly tended and matured, their 'owner can truthfully say: "My mind a kingdom is." In that kingdom a wise man will disport himself, finding in his cultured thoughts the satisfactions and enjoyments which make life full of peaceful contentment. To wisely govern the thoughts, it is needful that there should be purpose and intention—a subject upon which the mind is fixed—to acquire knowledge or to solve a problem; so that in the spare hours and moments, which all men have, the mind may be fully occupied. been said, with some degree of truth, that life is only endurable and enjoyable in proportion as it is active and busy. This is eminently true of the mind. If it is permitted to be vacant, empty, and unused, a most important part of life's duty is neglected, and one of life's greatest enjoyments missed. It is evident from the slightest reflection that there is a voluntary power by which the mind can be controlled and directed; and it is also not less evident that when the power is not exerted, when the mind is relinquished to itself, to any external impression or casual association, it becomes profitless Its culture and wise direction are not and frivolous. less a duty than any outward obligation; and when it is so trained the result will be the satisfaction which ever follows the conscientious discharge of the commands laid upon rational and immortal beings. The knowledge attained during life, so enjoyable in its pursuit, and the

source of so much satisfaction when possessed, we may well believe we shall carry with us into another sphere of existence. Southey says: "Affections well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy intent; and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved, are the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping;—these will accompany us into another state of existence as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness."

The companionship of husband and wife is fraught with blessings or wretchedness; it may be the source of untold joys or of great misery. Upon the proper selection of a wife, in harmony with the tastes, employments, and pursuits of her husband, social home-happiness depends. It has been said that marriage is insipid, or vexatious, or a happy condition. The first condition is caused by two persons being joined together who have no mutual genius or taste, but who marry at the suggestion of friends because the marriage may be what is called "convenient." The vexatious life is induced by the marriage of two persons of quick temper and resentment, and who pass their days in mutual recrimination. The happymarriage results from the union of two persons who make choice of each other without special regard to fortune or beauty, and who will the more tenderly love each other when visited by adversity or sickness.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I know the sum of all that makes a man—a just man—happy, Consists in the well choosing of his wife;

And then well to discharge it, does require Equality of years, of birth, of fortune: For beauty being poor, and not cried up By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither."

This happy choosing of a wife—the selection of a life-long companion—has its results in harmony and happiness. "The privilege of living and associating with a person who knows how to think, and is not afraid to think, is inestimable; and nowhere is it felt more profoundly than in the intimate companionship of wedded life." In ordinary companionship, in the interchange of friendship, there is always mutual forbearance in the reception and expression of opinion. Unless a similar course is adopted by life-long companions, not only is the charm of union and communion lost, but it will be replaced by vexatious opposition, which will do much to destroy the charm and aroma of married life. Frederika Bremer said wisely: "Many a marriage has commenced, like the morning, red, and perished like a mushroom. Wherefore? Because the married pair neglected to be as agreeable to each other after their union as they were before it."

> "When souls that should agree to will the same, To have one common object for their wishes, Look different ways, regardless of each other, Think what a train of wretchedness ensues!"

It is quite true that all home happiness and sweet companionship in married life is made or marred by the wife. She is the arbiter and controller of her husband's happiness: just as she wills is her home the abode of joy and peace—the haven where her husband finds rest for his tired body, and sympathy for his disquieted and disturbed mind; or, on the contrary, it is the last place where her husband cares to go,—where bickering and contention utterly prevent that harmony and companionship which make the true home the sweetest spot on earth, so admirably described by the poet:—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love;—I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house."

There ought to be a restraining influence in the avoiding of evil and idle companionships by the thought that although temptation may have been yielded to in company, the consequences must be borne alone. modern writer has truthfully said: "Evil companions are strong to seduce, but heartless to sustain their victims. They will exhaust your means, teach you to despise the God of your fathers, lead you into every sin, go with you while you afford them any pleasure or profit; and then, when the inevitable disaster of wickedness begins to overwhelm you, they will abandon whom they have debauched. When at length death gnaws at your bones and knocks at your heart; when staggering and worn out, your courage wasted, your hope gone, your purity, and, long, long ago, your peace,—will he who first enticed your steps now serve your extremity with one office of kindness? Will he stay your head, cheer your dying agony with one word of hope, or light the way for your coward steps to the grave, or weep when you are gone, or send one pitiful scrap to your

desolate family? What reveller wears crape for a dead drunkard? what gang of gamblers ever intermitted a game for the death of a companion, or went on a kind mission of relief to a broken-down fellow-gambler? what harlot weeps for a harlot? what debauchee mourns for a debauchee? They would carouse at your funeral and gamble on your coffin. If one flush more of pleasure were to be had by it, they would drink shame and ridicule to your memory out of your own skull, and roar in bacchanal revelry over your damnation! All the shameless atrocities of wicked men are nothing to their heartlessness toward each other when broken down. As I have seen worms writhing on a carcass, over-crawling each other, and elevating their fiery heads in petty ferocity against each other, while all were enshrined in the corruption of a common carrion, I have thought, Ah! shameful picture of wicked men tempting each other, abetting each other, until calamity overtook them, and then fighting and devouring or abandoning each other, without pity, or sorrow, or compassion, or remorse. Evil men of every degree will use you, flatter you, lead you on until you are useless; then, if the virtuous do not pity you, or God compassionate, you are without a friend in the universe."

## XVI.

## Manners and Conduct.

"I would that you would all read and consider well the traits of an opposite character in the biography of Sidney Smith. The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seem to me to have arisen from the one fact, that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen sequests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wheresoever he went."—KINGELEY.

OME one has said, "Manners make the man;"
the converse is not less true—that without
manners no one is entitled to the manly
designation. Manners not unfrequently

lead to fortune, obtain introductions to the best society, secure important and valuable friendships, and are passports to positions of eminence, fame, and wealth. How success is influenced by manners, by the sweetness of deportment, is seen in daily life. Tradesmen who are civil and obliging, who have acquired the art of "manners," and to whom the art has become habit, are sure of patronage and support. The houses of other tradesmen will be passed; distance will be no hindrance, in order to be served by the tradesman who has the grace of manners, and to whom trouble is no trouble,

but, on the contrary, pleasure. Emerson well observed when writing upon the subject of manners: "When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force, how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth,—that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners;—when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph,—we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty." range is only limited by human existence. There is no state or condition of life, no position, however eminent or lowly, that is not influenced and affected by manners. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes: he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." That was a strange saying of the accomplished American author Hawthorne: "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth." He evidently meant that awkwardness was immediately rewarded with its own punishment; and forgiveness could not, as it does not, ward off results. Chesterfield wrote to his son: "You had better return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favour gracefully than grant it clumsily. All your Greek can never advance

you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." An instance of the advantage of manners, which is but another word for courtesv and kindness, occurred to a gentleman when in Turin. On sauntering through the city he met a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous of making a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous watercourses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and trying to save himself lost his hat. The spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat rolled, and taking it up presented it with an air of kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart.

On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company at dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was taken to court, at that time the most brilliant court in Europe, and was received with particular attention.

During his stay in Turin, he was invited everywhere: and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. politeness in this instance was no doubt habitual. otherwise it would not have been commendable; that is, if it had been done for an anticipated reward, Courtesy, kindliness, the grace of manners, although always returning a rich reward to the possessor, should not be cultivated because of the reward: these graces and embellishments of daily life, that make life sweet and beautiful, should be the outcome of natural and refined dispositions, ruled and guided by the one great law, the law of all true happiness—doing to others as we would have others do to us. This disposition, which tends so much to make life an enjoyment, is a growth, and not an impulse or an inspiration. Like all other virtues, it is only developed by the destruction and subduing of evil habits, evil desires, and evil passions. But when these virtues become habitual—for courtesy and kindliness are virtues—they become their own reward, in sweetening the disposition and destroying the crudities and sourness which in so many instances make life miserable, a wreck, and a disappointment.

The man that is notable for manners, for courtesy and a kindly disposition, can be seen and recognized in the streets as readily as in the shop, club, or home; he carries with him an unmistakable air which impresses the beholder with interest, if not with something akin to affection. A favour would be asked of such a man with confidence, and if not granted, the denial would

almost compensate for the refusal. This is the reason why some men are loved and courted while others are shunned and neglected. Without any real or imaginary power of mesmerism or magnetism, the kindly, considerate, lovable man, exercises a notable influence upon those around him: he subdues their habits and passions. if that is needful, and impresses himself, his pure, kindly, good nature upon them. To live with such men, to be much in their company, is to taste one of the chief enjoyments permitted to mortals. But if this excellence of disposition, this considerate manner, affords the onlooker so much pleasure and unalloyed happiness. how much more heartfelt joy must be experienced by the possessor! Happiness is not so much the result and consequence of outward and surrounding circumstances as of interior states and conditions; and the happiness which is communicated to others is first felt and enjoyed by the donor. Truly in this respect does Shakespeare express the experience of millions when he says:

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The true criterion of courtesy and manners is to be found in the Scripture injunction,—doing to others as we would have others do to us; he that will act towards others as he would have others act towards him is not likely to fail in the practice and in the attainment of the most acceptable and desirable deportment. In no condition of life is the opportunity denied for the exercise of gentle and courteous actions. The spirit of Christianity, the germ of Christ's teaching, the centre

as it is the apex of civilization, is found in the words. "Preferring one another." In this preference—giving place to others—the absence of selfishness—is found the secret of courtesy and the true method of manners. education and religious instruction do not lead to this consummation of individual character, the best purpose of life is missed. Courtesy and manners are not, however, reserved for special and notable occasions; these ennobling virtues are needful for every-day life, to be exercised upon the smallest things and on the most trivial occasions. They are the characteristics of a gentleman, and without them, whatever may be the social standing and monetary condition of the man who does not possess them, he cannot claim or be entitled to the designation. No class or condition of society is exempt from the necessity of geniality, gentleness, and courtesy, if the best is to be made of life and life is to be a suc-These virtues may exist with more finish and embellishment, more completeness in observance of rules and detail, and with greater attention to form and etiquette in the higher classes; but they may also be seen in all needed essential elements in the humblest walks of life. It is not an unusual circumstance to accost an individual in an obscure situation, with little or no culture or education, who exhibits the most attractive simplicity, purity, benevolence, and instinctive propriety; and who, although possessed of little of this world's goods, and who works for daily bread, yet is entitled, by manner, gentleness, and deportment, to the designation of "gentleman." On the other hand, it

is not less frequently observed that persons in eminent and distinguished positions, surrounded by wealth and all that wealth can procure, outrage every principle of true feeling and genuine refinement. It was well said by an American essayist: "A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures—it is the finest of the fine arts."

One important element of the desired mental and moral condition which is the source of true courtesv and refined manners is purity of mind. No condition, however elevated, can conceal a gross, sensual, or vulgar mind; the close observer detects the appearance from the reality through the mask of studied politeness. Hypocrisy and shams are sure to be declared through some unguarded and spontaneous word, look, or action. Another needed element is kind, social feeling—the disposition to make all around happy, and a considerate regard for the wants of others, a delicate respect for held and expressed opinions, a tender sympathy and consideration for suffering, and a wise forgetfulness of It may seem a small matter to refer to the inattention which is sometimes manifested in conversation: when the thoughts, instead of being fixed upon the subject, are allowed to wander away or to remain stupid or listless. Not less important is that becoming dignity which flows from self-respect. Good nature and a disposition to be pleased should never descend to silly simpering and meaningless laughter, which so

forcibly illustrates and indicates the vacant mind. Sobriety and self-respect must be maintained if there is to be any weight or influence preserved in society. There is much danger of losing this influence where there is natural tact for wit, fun, and drollery; the temptation to yield to the indulgence and parade of these fanciful ebullitions can only be controlled by selfrespect and the exercise of strong common sense. feeling which would conserve self-respect would not be less anxious for the feelings and self-respect of others. This would deter from playing upon the weakness or thoughtlessness of friends and companions. The character of a friend ought not to be less carefully guarded than our own. In company and in society one of the most valued traits of culture and development of manners is the grace of unaffected ease. Everything which is not natural, which is affected, stiff, artful, is repugnant and opposed to good taste and good manners. Unstudied, artless, easy simplicity is the most fascinating of all graces; associated with a pure, elevated, and benevolent mind, it constitutes an important element in the highest character. It is, however, one of the most difficult graces to acquire without degenerating unbecoming freedom and presumption of manner. is all-needful that while amongst friends there should be an unconstrained, frank, open, and cordial manner, there should always be a delicate and respectful civility, which preserves the true aroma of friendship and prevents the descent into vulgarity.

The difference in manner and the difference in result

are illustrated in the anecdote of two Quakers in the Abolition days in America. Both Quakers were sent to lecture upon the abolition of the slave. When the young Quaker lectured, there was a row; stones and eggs were thrown at the speaker. When the old Quaker spoke, everything ran on smoothly, and the audience were carried along by the speaker. The young man wanted to know the reason—the secret. "Friend," said the elder, "thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished;' and I say, 'My friends, if you will not do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" They both said the same thing, but there was a great deal of difference in the way they said it.

History is not silent upon the advantages of manner. The manners of the Duke of Marlborough often changed an enemy into a friend. His manners and deportment so charmed the Duchess of Cleveland that she presented him with five thousand pounds, which sum was the ground-work of his subsequent fortune. Charles James Fox, when he was politically the most unpopular man in England, and had spent his last shilling at the gaming-table—even then his exquisite manner preserved him from personal dislike. There are men whose appearance is a passport to success—to whom Nature has been very bountiful, who make an impression without talents or special ability. others who fight the battle of life under great disadvantages. A stunted, ungainly figure, an awkward gait, stammering and hesitancy in speech, and any personal defect, detract from opportunities and the

possibilities of commercial and social success. This ought not to be, especially as the defect of deformity is not self-created. But there have been instances in which men have been personally positively repulsive, and yet by the charm of manner have become fascinatingly attractive. Wilkes, who played an important part in his day in the political history of England, is said to have been exceedingly ugly; but he boasted to Lord Townshend, the handsomest man in Great Britain, that with half an hour's start he would distance his lordship in the esteem of any man or woman in the kingdom. Mirabeau is said to have been the ugliest Frenchman of his time: he was so hideous that he was compared to "a tiger pitted with the small-pox;" and yet, strange as it may seem, there was no man so attractive. and no man so loved by women! The secret of his success lay in his manner, his gentle and winning deportment, which drew and attracted all hearts. of thousands of professional men, without any special ability, have succeeded in making fortunes by the practice of a courteous manner. Many a doctor owes his reputation and success to the recommendation of friends and patients who remembered his kindness, friendliness, considerateness, and above all, politeness. This has been the experience of countless numbers of successful lawyers, divines, merchants, tradesmen, and men in every class and walk of life.

Dr. Guthrie was rather hard upon his countrymen when he said: "Ask a person in Rome to show you the road, and he will always give you a civil and polite

answer; but ask any person a question for that purpose in this country [Scotland], and he will say, 'Follow your nose and you will find it," -a statement which admits of doubts, which is not borne out by experience. The children of Scotland are not only educated in what is termed secular education, but carefully instructed in religious principles; it would be strange if the children so taught should grow up boors, with manners akin It is very delightful to meet poor unto savages. educated people, and it is not unusual to do so, who in manners, politeness, and self-forgetfulness, would adorn any station in life. Foster, in his Life of Dickens, records the experience of the great writer, that the dock-porters in New York, "without knowing you from Adam," would turn and show you the place for which you inquired. Dr. Guthrie attributes the want of manners in the lower classes to the want of its example in the upper classes. He attributes the proverbial civility and manners of the artisan and lower classes of France to the fact that the upper classes in that country are polite and civil to them. "I remember," he said, "how astonished I was the first time I was in Paris. I spent the first night with a banker, who took me to a pension, or, as we call it, a boarding-When we got there, a servant-girl came to the door, and the banker took off his hat and bowed to the servant-girl and called her mademoiselle, as if she were a lady." And why not? she was a human being with sympathies and feelings; why should she not be addressed politely and courteously? Her own language

would be deferential; why should she not have paid to her the compliment of similar language and manner? Nay, why should she not be instructed by the example of those who had had better opportunities, who had had the benefit of a liberal education, and been surrounded by improving conditions? How are the lower classes to know how to conduct themselves unless they are taught by the example of those above them? Courtesy and kindness to inferiors, however, is wise policy, as it secures a return in kind—obligingness and willingness, which no amount of exaction could obtain.

There are times when it is difficult to exercise the grace of manners, when the spirit rebels against the exhibition of courtesy, and there is a great disposition to indulge in strong expressions and a rude manner. He that subdues this feeling, especially when it has been excited and exasperated by wrong, insults, and fraud, does more than he that conquers a city-he conquers himself. To allow chagrin and disappointment to excite and exasperate the temper, is to suffer defeat; the cool, collected, self-controlled man, obtains and retains any advantage of which passion and an exhibition of temper would deprive him. The advice which is frequently given to young married people, to "bear and forbear," is equally valuable to the single as to the married, and will earn a rich reward of calm selfpossession and consequent self-respect. Epictetus had good cause for passion when his master, after being previously warned, carelessly and foolishly broke his

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leg. Epictetus, however, having full command of his temper, merely said: "There, I told you you would break my leg, and you have done it!" Wisely did this wise man say,—

"Fear to offend your judgment, fear to slight Reason, th' unbiased rule of wrong and right, Under whose conduct we more safely may Follow where her discretion leads the way."

Civility, manners, and courtesy are important investments relative to monetary success. It is said that the successful dealer in snuff-Lundyfoot-owed his prosperity to his habit of thanking his poorest customers, and giving the invitation, "Please call again." It is remembered of Mr. Winans of Philadelphia that his fortune and eminence in life were obtained through his civility and courteous manner. Two strangers had visited the works in that city, but had not been received with any special kindness; Mr. Winans, on the contrary, showed them through his works, patiently explaining every detail, and answering every inquiry as if he were receiving a favour instead of conferring one. Within a year, when the visit had been quite forgotten, he received an invitation to visit Russia to manufacture locomotives for the Czar! He accumulated a fortune in that country which laid the foundation of one of the largest private fortunes ever owned in Philadelphia. That was the result of civility and kindness to strangers.

It is quite clear, then, that manners, courtesy, and kindness have much to do with success in life. It is

also quite true that these embellishments of social life do not compensate for the more solid attainments; and that mere manner, however deferential and admirable. cannot be the equivalent of a knowledge of any trade, calling, or profession. Some men, by dint of extraordinary ability, despite boorish, uncouth manners, have succeeded in the attainment of fame and fortune; but how much sooner would their labours have been crowned with success had they been known for suavity and the grace of manners? Numerous anecdotes are told of Abernethy, who added to his wonderful surgical skill a manner and brusqueness which would have utterly destroyed a man of less ability. It is related that upon one occasion a lady that had called professionally to consult him was so annoyed by his rude manners that she threw his fee upon the table, and said sharply, "I had heard of but never witnessed your vulgar rudeness before." He had written a prescription. "What am I to do with this?" the lady asked. "Anything you like: throw it on the fire if you will." She did so, and left the apartment. Abernethy hastily followed to return the fee. The lady did not condescend to notice him, and he flung the money after her! A lady upon another occasion complained that when she lifted her arm higher than usual the pain was intense. why do you lift it higher than usual?" was the gruff response. Had Abernethy been a man of no special ability, his rudeness and boorish manners would speedily have left him without patients. But he has not been the only man who has exhibited rudeness in

social life, and thereby lost much of the influence and happiness which a contrary course would have secured.

Gentleness, however, does not imply the forfeiture of any manly quality, or the giving up of any principle or position that ought to be maintained. Blair well said that "gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value." Tennyson, in one of his sweet and suggestive verses, describes the power of gentleness:—

"An accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-pacëd counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescribed,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride."

Burke never spoke more truly than when he said: "Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give the whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them." But manners and politeness cannot be acquired as a branch

of knowledge, as a language or a science can be acquired; manners, like good temper, must become the habit of life—the habit which is confiding, generous, graceful, self-denying, trustful, thoughtful of others, and not lost in self. These graces, which make life a poem, cannot be put on and off at will. Many a battle against selfishness must be fought in their attainment; but when acquired the sweetest aroma of life will be enjoyed, and roseate happiness accompany daily duty.

## XVII.

## Libes that are not Successful.

"They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived."—CLARENDON.

"Not many lives, but only one, have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!"
BONAR.

UCH of the misery and wretchedness of life is occasioned by false views, wrong purposes, and unattainable pursuits. Instead of being content with the condition in which Providence has placed them, many pine and

which Providence has placed them, many pine and covet some other state, and suppose happiness only to be found when that is attained. Let, however, the desired goal be reached, and the attainment of happiness is still in the distance—it is still the unattained. The poet expressed the universal experience when he said, "Man never is, but always to be blest." The satisfactions of life are not here, but yonder; life is spent in the pursuit, and when it is ended the prize has not

been gained. This experience is multiplied by ten thousand examples, and yet the throng rush along the same path, realize the same experience, and meet with the same disappointments. The exposure of the illusion does not disenchant. The illusion of fame and fortune, ease and pleasure, attracts multitudes of votaries. The supreme good is centred in their attainment; and when they are attained, as possibly they may be, like the fabled apples they are found fair and beautiful to look upon, but within nothing but ashes and disappointment.

The illusion of what is called respectability has drawn many to destruction—drawn them from useful manual labour, from healthful industrial country employments to respectable town situations and positions, in which the hands remain unsoiled and wages and profits increase. "To the inexperienced youth," said Henry Ward Beecher, "the city is a wonderful and awe-inspiring place. He has heard of its wealth, and to him it is immeasurable. He has heard of its splendours, and they dazzle his imagination. He has heard of its pleasures, and he can scarcely conceive of its enjoyments. He has heard of its curiosities till his imagination runs riot. Those that last year worked in coarse clothes by his side come home in an untimely hour this year so finely dressed, and such gentlemen, that the poor farmer's boy despises his hard hands in comparison with the white hands of the new-comers, and longs for an open door by which he may leave his labour and drudgery and rush upon the career of a gentleman in the city. It is a sad thing to see an honest man ashamed of toil, and coveting the lily-white rather than the homely brown which the sun makes on one's skin."

Favour, fame, and wealth must come to the wouldbe gentlemen by some lucky turn of Fortune's wheel. Labour, the beaten path by which mental and material stores have been accumulated, is despised. Instead of trade being pursued in the spirit of integrity and industry, it is dealt with as a speculation; the slow process of fair and legitimate profits is despised, and trade assumes the appearance of mad and wicked gambling. A lucky venture in trade further indisposes to the old "dog-trot" method of getting on, and questionable paths are sought by which desired wealth may be obtained. The most attractive doors, promising speedy realization of the desired good, are betting, gambling, card-playing, and horse-racing. Money is withdrawn from trade—money that is needed to meet trade engagements is hazarded upon the turn of a card or ventured upon the speed of a horse! Is it wonderful that the wrong card should be turned up, and that the favourite horse should lose by a head? Then comes the difficulty to meet engagements: the money that would have met them, so wantonly thrown away upon a chance, must be redeemed by a further venture, which is equally as unfortunate and destructive. What is the result? What has been the result in tens of thousands of instances? Irretrievable ruin! But ruin is not less certain if ventures at the gaming-table

and at the horse-race are successful instead of disas-Gaming must always destroy the gambler. Lavater only repeated the general experience when he said: "It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man." Not less truthfully was it said by Burton: "Sports and gaming, whether pursued from a desire of gain or love of pleasure, are as ruinous to the temper and disposition of the party addicted to them as they are to his fame and fortune." "Home," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is a prison to an inveterate gambler; there is no air there that he can breathe. For a moment he may sport with his children and smile upon his wife; but his heart, his strong passions are not there. A little branch-rill may flow through the family, but the deep river of his affections flows away from home. On the issue of a game, Tacitus narrates that the ancient Germans would stake their property, their wives, their children, and themselves. What less than this is it when a man will stake that property which is to give his family bread, and that honour which gives them place and rank in society?"

Another source of dishonour, wretchedness, and death, are the drinking customs which so generally prevail, and which are so inimical to the well-being of the country. Fortunately the man who altogether abstains from taking intoxicating drinks is now not held to be eccentric and peculiar, but, on the contrary, earns by his abstinence the respect if not the admira-

tion of his fellows. The habitual frequenter of the tavern has entered the broad way that leads to destruc-Millions of human beings have found that the insidious temptation offered in the public-house has led on, not only to the destruction of health, but to the loss of respect, the loss of business, and ultimately to the bankruptcy court. He that abstains not only saves his money and his time, but conserves his healtheminent medical men being in agreement that alcoholic liquors are not needed to sustain the physical system in robust health. They are not taken, however, in the first instance at least, because of any special natural liking, which does not exist, and never has existed. The taste for intoxicating drink is an acquired habit, not a natural appetite. The first indulgence, however moderate, is not thought to be the commencement, as it so frequently has been, of a life of unblushing and shameless drunkenness. Very soon the taste and the habit grow; -grow so quickly, and strengthen with the growth, that the victim becomes bound as with chains, without the power to free himself except by an effort that is almost superhuman. As millions of lives have been destroyed by what is called the use of strong drinks, so millions of lives and reputations will be preserved by their non-use.

It is impossible to compute the vast numbers of men who have become wrecks in mind and body owing to a want of firmness and independence. They have lacked a due sense of their individual responsibility, and have yielded to the practices and opinions of others in

opposition to their own convictions of duty. have been induced thus to act from a false impression that respectability and success in life depended on being on good terms with those with whom they associated and came in contact. This compliance and relinquishment of personal independence led to the adoption of prejudicial and injurious habits, both in thinking and acting, and, sad to say, not to the exclusion of errors and vices. Early compliance and the yielding up of individual opinion were prompted by a desire to avoid the ridicule and criticism of companions; and as this feeling grew and became developed, the courage was wanting to utter the word No when they were tempted to enter the pathway of vice. Many a young man has in this way made shipwreck of life's opportunities, and has fallen to rise no more.

The common habit of smoking, in defence of which there is no argument that will bear a moment's examination, is the prolific cause of excessive drinking. The fact that some men pass through life—through long lives—without seeming injury to themselves is no argument for the adoption of the habit. Assuming that using tobacco is a perfectly harmless custom, which it is not, is it worth while to adopt the custom, seeing that it necessitates a waste of money and time, and is the source of annoyance to those who do not smoke? But the habit of smoking is not innocuous. It is directly in opposition to the teachings of nature. It is directly opposed to health—to the health of the body and the mind. Eminent medical men have not been

chary in the deliverance of well-sustained opinions that the use of tobacco always tends to waste the nerveforce and the brain-force, and in numberless instances to shorten life. The almost universal complaint of dyspepsia among smokers is proof that the habit interferes with the healthy digestion of food; and unless the process of digestion is perfect, health must of necessity be imperfect. The fact that almost a martyrdom has to be endured before the habit is formed,before nausea and repugnance to nastiness is overcome. -is proof that the habit is repugnant to every natural feeling, the whole nature revolting from it. certain, that there is no natural attraction or affinity in tobacco for any physical want. Not one single element of health does it give, and in the main the pleasure which is derived is illusive. It is said that the habitual smoker, when in the dark, cannot tell whether his pipe is alight! When once the custom has been contracted, the habit once formed, the struggle to break away from it is next only to the struggle to break away from confirmed drinking habits, to which smoking has so frequently led. The man, then, who wants to make the most of life, to minimise its temptations, will not learn to smoke; and if the habit has been contracted, he will break himself away from a custom that is so loathsome and in every way so prejudicial to happiness.

"Good eating and drinking," as it is called, has killed, as it has ruined, tens of thousands. Some men live to eat, instead of eating to live. The great object in life is

to tickle the palate with rare and expensive food, and to gorge the system to repletion, so that medicines are needed to carry off the superabundance which is so foreign to the easily satisfied wants of nature. Cobbett said: "I am talking against indulgences which, by men in general, are deemed not only harmless, but meritorious, but which the observation of my whole life has taught me to regard as destructive to human happiness. and against which all ought to be cautioned even in their boyish days. I have been a great observer, and I can truly say that I have never known a man 'fond of good eating and drinking, as it is called; that I have never known such a man (and hundreds I have known) who was worthy of respect." It is astonishing how little food is required to keep the body in perfect health, and enable it to perform any reasonable amount of work. Mental labour especially demands that the body should be kept under, not surfeited with food, or the work will be tiresome and the result not what was desired. The reported habits of the most eminent literary men, although many of them were fond of the table, furnishes proof that when they had a literary task to perform they were so abstemious as to cause uneasiness to their friends. The celebrated Sheridan Knowles, when engaged upon one of his famous poetical compositions, was accustomed to shut himself up in his room, in which were placed every morning a loaf and a bowl of milk. Vegetarians, who confine themselves to farinaceous food, assert that their enjoyment in eating, the appetite being natural, is

greater than the pleasures of the habitual gormand. They assert, also, that simple food taken in moderate quantities generates a keener relish for life and its enjoyments; and that moderated and wise abstinence enables them more clearly to realize that "the mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and convert thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence."

The words of Ecclesiasticus are pregnant with wisdom: "Eat modestly that which is set before thee, and devour not, lest thou be hated. When thou sittest amongst many, reach not thine hand out first of all. How little is sufficient for man well taught! A wholesome sleep cometh of a temperate belly. Such a man riseth up in the morning and is well at ease with himself. Be not too hasty of meats; for excess of meats bringeth sickness, and choleric disease cometh of gluttony. By surfeit have many perished, and he that dieteth himself prolongeth his life."

Another cause of much misery is "living beyond the means,"—living for appearance, living artificially, aping those in a superior station. It is scarcely possible to imagine any cause of domestic misery so certain to

bring discomfort and wretchedness as living beyond the income. The chief stimulating causes are pride and envy; -pride in desiring to be dressed and ornamented equal to, if not superior to, our neighbours; pride in furnishing or re-furnishing our dwellings, not because such expenditure is necessary, but because Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so has been purchasing new furniture and has had a considerable amount of costly decoration. This thoughtless course of action creates debtsdebts which will imbitter and destroy all peace and comfort. "To one that is not callous," says Bridges, "a state of debt and embarrassment is a state of positive misery; the sufferer is as one haunted by an evil spirit, and his heart can know neither rest nor peace until it is cast out. Pecuniary embarrassment weakens and chains the mind; and perhaps the worst effect of all is in the indignities to which it subjects its victim. There is no rule of life, therefore, more urgent than to avoid it; nor has a careless man the slightest suspicion of what may be the effect of overlooking a comparatively slight error."

The payment of debts—"paying as you go"—is the most efficacious method of avoiding living beyond the means. "Owe no man any thing" is a divine command. If this injunction is obeyed it is impossible to run into debt. Credit induces purchases which would not be made if cash had to be paid; and the price of the articles would be varied, according as they are sold for cash or credited. Many tradesmen prefer the credit system, because, as they say, it secures a customer;

who is prevented, for very shame, from carrying ready money to another tradesman while the account is unsettled with the first tradesman. The credit system, while it is the source of unmeasured misery, obviously prevents freedom in purchases, and the loss of trade advantages which would otherwise be obtained.

One author very quaintly and truthfully says:—
"Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best
means in the world to deliver you from a thousand
temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and
you will not have wherewithal to buy a costly toy or a
pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not
have money to lose to a gamester. In short, pay your
debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many
indulgences that war against the spirit, and bring you
into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your
utter destruction, both of soul and body."

Debts are frequently needlessly incurred in order to entertain friends or to make feasts for neighbours and acquaintances. This compliment to them is a poor compliment to the entertainer. It would seem that he is visited not for his company, but for his good cheer; and that if it were not for the generous things upon his table, his presence would neither be sought nor endured. Would not a friend worthy of the name feel his friendship more true and real if he were received and treated exactly as a member of the family; and if he required refreshment, or happened to be present at the time when a meal was served, he were not made to feel that he was a stranger by any extra preparation,

or what is properly called "fuss"? Friendship that has to be paid for, or that can only be obtained by entertainments or bribed by feasts—in the dark hour or in the day of trial it will be found to be wanting.

A source of much annoyance and disturbance of peace is to be found in the habit of garrulous gossiping, backbiting, and tale-bearing. Detraction to some natures—vicious and detestable—would seem to afford exquisite enjoyment: a tale which can be circulated at the expense of an accredited reputation is passed from ear to ear with eagerness, special care being taken that nothing is lost in the telling. And if the facts are not well defined—if the tale is in its incipient state—shrugs, grimaces, and innuendoes are made to do duty in the communication of scandal. Swift, in describing these detestable characters, says:—

"Nor do they trust their tongues alone, But speak a language of their own; Can read a nod, a shrug, a look, Far better than a printed book; Convey a libel in a frown, And wink a reputation down; Or by the tossing of the fan Describe the lady and the man."

Not less hurtful and injurious to peace is the indulgence of passion, which grows by what it feeds on, until it becomes the master and controller, leading its owner into difficulties which distress and imbitter life. It was a hard saying of Sir Philip Sidney: "He whom passion rules is bent to meet his death." Not less truthfully was it said by Horace: "Govern your passions, or otherwise they will govern you."

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In married life, controlling the temper, subduing it, keeping it under, is of inestimable advantage in conserving the delightful harmony and sweet fellowship which characterized the first days of matrimonial union. Mutual forbearance—and there is always something to forbear in all conditions of life—would prevent and destroy many serious and regretable chapters of unhappiness. The ever-recurring worry and exacting temper of some men utterly destroy the joys and felicities of home; and instead of its being a haven of rest, the one dear spot of quiet and of peace, it assumes more the appearance of pandemonium, where all bad passions and evil influences are let loose. Mr. George Dawson said: "A woman should be very careful that when her husband comes home 'Pax' should be written on the doorway." He also said, no less wisely: "No house can go on right except it contain the trio-man, woman, and child. The man is now only a nightlodger in his own house, pleading that the necessities of business require him to leave early and return late. Would it not be better to have a smaller house and live at a lower expenditure, so as to have more time to spend at home? It is worth reconsidering-whether it is desirable to make one's house only an inn, over the door of which might be written, 'Good beds.' If you call unexpectedly upon people whose homes are mere houses, you find that the man is away and the family huddled into the back. Oh! that back-parlour life has much to answer for. What does it teach the child? It teaches him that the stranger and the occasional visitor are of more consequence than the daily growth of the little ones! It is lovely that a man should be hospitable and give his best to his guest; but those family guests given to him by God, they should always come first, and the culture of the house should be given to them. No guest should have at any time anything better than the constant guests. There is something wrong in a family when the children are delighted to know that a stranger is coming."

Life is not a success when it is devoted to one purpose and pursuit. There are men who become merely animated machines—excellent folders of ribbon and calico, capital cutters of cloth, and exact weighers of tea and sugar. When taken from these employments they are miserable, be the condition of life what it may to which they succeed. This absorption of all the faculties by one pursuit dulls and deadens the manliness and sensitiveness which make existence an enjoyment; and the face of nature, which is an open book to the receptive mind, becomes dark and pleasureless. the faculties are not cultivated, like the unexercised organs of the body they become effete and die, if at any time they have been invigorated with life or energy. If man is to attain the full measure of happiness, all his faculties must be employed: he must be a many-sided man, as his Maker intended him to be; finding enjoyment in business, and business in enjoy-While wealth is sought as a good, as the means of attaining good, its sole and undivided pursuit can

only have one effect—that of destroying God-given faculties, and making their possessor a mere thing: a machine devoted to the business of material accumulation, without the power wisely to use the wealth so The man who is in pursuit of the accumulated. highest good must not only quit the paths of indolence and the habits which mar and destroy all social happiness,—which lead to the destruction not only of hopes and aspirations, but of life itself,—but must also set before him an ideal to attain to which he must strain every effort and make unceasing exertion. have purpose and system in daily life, or in life's course, is to waste its opportunities and lose its rewards. sleep of the sluggard not only results in the garden being covered with weeds, but the folding of the hands of the irresolute and the purposeless produces vacuity in the mind, the loss of healthful energy, and ultimately of life itself.

"Be just in all thy actions, and if joined
With those that are not, never change thy mind:
If ought obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topped the hill.
To the same end men several paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close
Which instantly a palm expanded shows."

A name almost forgotten, and only noted in biographical dictionaries, is that of Thomas Dermody, who was the son of an Irish schoolmaster, who is said to have employed his son as Greek and Latin assistant when only nine years of age, and who at ten ran away to Dublin, with the full conviction that in that city

he would attain to fame and fortune! Had he had but common prudence he would have risen to literary distinction, and his name would have been treasured among the most eminent of Ireland's poets. certainly a genius, and had natural and acquired ability of no common order. It is not too much to say that Dermody ought to have done for Ireland what Burns achieved for Scotland. Chances, opportunities, "luck," as it is called by the idle, were poured upon him; any one with a tithe of his ability would have risen to eminence and prosperity, with the patronage, help, and encouragement he received. Long before his sixteenth year he had obtained the confidence and good-will of the great Irish orators, Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont: but whoever his friends might be, he managed to destroy their interest in him by conduct the most offensive and When friends furnished him with money, which was frequently the case, he dissipated it in some youthful excess, without thought of future, or present pressing needs. No wonder, then, that he roamed about the streets of Dublin in rags, and that upon one occasion, when presenting a letter to a Mr. Tighe, he was told in a rough tone to go about his business, and was threatened to be knocked down with a cane! When Mr. Tighe discovered his mistake, he commissioned him to write a poem upon a pamphlet he had just published. Before the interview was ended, however, he offended Dermody by a casual remark upon his attainments; who thereupon rushed from the room, never to return, as Mr. Tighe thought. He turned up,

however, on the next day, with a keen and pointed satirical poem on the pamphlet. Instead of being offended at the liberty of the young poet, he presented him with five guineas, a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, and a cocked hat of immense proportions. The breeches had to be tied below the calf of his leg, the lapels of the waistcoat reached to his knees, the skirts of the coat dangled at his heels, the hat covered both his ears. For some time Dermody amused his friends by appearing among them in this ridiculous fashion. The five guineas he received from Mr. Tighe he would spend to the last shilling in some low public-house, surrounded by companions who sought his company solely for what could be got out of him. It frequently happened that he could not leave his wretched lodgings owing to the not less wretched state of his wardrobe. Writing to one of his friends, he said: "To-morrow, if you have leisure to step to Ellis's quay, I shall not be invisible, being, in the fashionable phrase, confined with a sprain in the ankle, but, vulgarly, by not being fit to appear publicly in my present patriarchal garments, which might vie with the drapery of a Stoic philosopher." Upon another occasion he wrote: "I am at present in the venerable appearance of a Stoic, and have been forced by the badness of my sandals (for shoes they are not) to sojourn at home while the whole universe is abroad, in as much secrecy and oblivion as the celebrated alchemist Duns Scotus."

After losing the esteem of his friends and the help which they had cheerfully given him, he turned upon

them and published a political pamphlet in opposition to the principles they held. He found, however, little profit resulting. His state had now become so desperate that he was prepared to sell himself to any cause which promised any aid. He had now to retire to his wretched lodgings, tortured by the recollection of the contempt which his conduct so richly deserved. purpose in his retirement was to shut himself from the world until his errors were forgotten, or his genius procured him new friends. He soon, however, commenced the meanest method of obtaining the means of living-sending begging petitions to persons of rank and influence; some of whom responded to the appeal. while others, looking upon Dermody as a common impostor, returned his letters unopened. When reduced to a state of absolute want, he formed the resolution of submitting to his condition without repining. accordingly confined himself for several days in a miserable garret, without receiving the least nourishment, and provided with no other accommodation than a wretched pallet of straw, and a tattered blanket which he frequently used as a curtain to shelter him from the wind and rain that assailed him through the crevices of the roof. He was, fortunately, visited by the Attorney-General, who found him just risen from his truckle-He not only pitied his condition, but immediately revolved the means of assisting him. He would insist upon Dermody returning with him to dinner; which nearly proved fatal, as Dermody's long fast ill prepared him for the feast at the Attorney-General's

table. Comparatively little wine completely upset him, so that the carriage had to be ordered to the door to convey him to his lodgings. When he awoke in the morning, he found a purse in his pocket containing five guineas, kindly placed there by the donor of the last night's feast. The Attorney-General, in addition, interested himself to procure the young poet apartments in the college, in order that he might commence his contemplated course of study. He promised further to furnish the rooms for him, to defray the expense of the college course, and allow him thirty pounds a year in order that he might appear in the world with comfort and respectability. This was a glorious opportunity for Dermody to regain his lost character. Will it be believed that he was so utterly lost to reason as to refuse the offer, and to prefer mean obscurity to the opening presented to him of rising to a position of honour and usefulness?

Fully sensible of the advantages he had lost, he again retired to his obscurity, depending upon his remaining few friends for the means of existence. At times these friends forgot him, and left him in hunger to ruminate upon his past follies. His days were generally spent wandering about the fields, and his nights in the chimney corner of a low public-house. He had his particular moments of reflection and reserved sobriety, and his stated fits of unlimited intemperance. The prospect of advancement or hope of affluence had no power to draw him from his low habits. When his mind was disgusted by the ignorance and frivolity of

his associates, or his appetite satiated by intoxication, he would retire to his solitude, and wholly resign himself to despair. At times he would give vent to his feelings in poetic strains:—

"Me, hapless youth! the fury Troubles tear!
Me from the Muse's rosy bosom wean.
Dim streams my glance o'er sorrow's dreary scene:
Dark to my sight Parnassian charms appear;
Damped each bold ardour, each enthusiast fire:
Sad-weeping o'er my song all-pensive laid;
Or-haply, roused from lethargies of woe,
Still by new forms more terrible dismayed;
Harsh-featured Penury and cares combined,
Tearing with tiger-fang my tortured mind."

One method to which he resorted to obtain the means of living was the foibles of the great. His only way to obtain a knowledge of them was through the medium of a newspaper paragraph or magazine article. He would not unfrequently wander fifteen or twenty miles into the country to the seat of some nobleman or person of fortune, with a copy of verses extolling the owner or residence of the owner. At times he was received with kindness and liberally entertained; at other times he was driven from the gate as a common impostor, when probably he was sinking with hunger and fatigue. When this happened he would seek a refuge in a corner of a shed, where he would give way to a flood of tears, and then wearily retrace his steps, until he arrived at some mean inn or public-house, where he would move the compassion of the landlord, who would gratuitously supply him with food. When he returned from one of these unsuccessful journeys, he would shun the face of the owner of lodgings whose

importunities had compelled the excursion, and wander through the streets during the night, and shelter himself in a gateway or in a night-house. When he returned to his room, he would stealthily ascend the stairs and shut himself in, not even admitting the few friends who still remained to assist him. Upon one occasion he determined to visit Mr. Grattan, the celebrated Irish orator, who lived about fifteen miles out of Dublin. He was very kindly received, and presented on his departure with five guineas. Before he reached his lodgings, which was at midnight, he had parted with every shilling!

An effort was made to assist Dermody at this time by a Mr. Smith, to whom the poet addressed several poems; but this effort was frustrated by the silly foolishness which held Dermody in thrall as if bound by circlets of iron. He now formed the idea of going to London, where, doubtless, he thought his abilities would be appreciated and rewarded. Some days elapsed before he could sail for England. In the meantime he visited a low public-house where a recruiting party were staying, and where he speedily became intoxicated, and was then carried to a tender moored in the bay. Here was an end to his finely-conceived London pros-A Mr. Samuel White, learning of Dermody being carried on to the tender, obtained an order for his release. In a few days he was again inveigled in the same manner, and again released through the efforts of Mr. Emerson. A few weeks subsequently, probably feeling that all efforts to redeem his character were

fruitless, in a fit of despair he enlisted in the 108th Regiment. He used every means to conceal the act from his friends. He did not succeed in this intention; but it was thought well, in his own interest, to allow him to remain with the regiment, as the best means to effect a reformation in his character. On the 17th September 1794 the regiment sailed for England, Dermody being then only nineteen years of age. regiment joined the army destined for the coast of France, and took part in many engagements. On the reduction of the army, Dermody was entitled to a pension of half-pay. He then entered the establishment of Mr. Faulder, bookseller, London, which he held only for a short time. Relieved from the daily attendance at the shop, he began a course of life which had been his ruin in Dublin. He was arrested for a debt which he had contracted, and lodged in the Fleet prison; the Earl of Moira, however, paid the amount of the arrest and obtained his freedom. The noble earl, however, intimated that until he had redeemed his character he must not hope for any further assistance from him. Instead of making the effort, he sank lower into his irregular and destructive habits. He spent his last shilling with some vile companions in a low publichouse, and presently felt again the pangs of hunger, without money or the means of obtaining any. lodgings were in a miserable garret rented by an Irish His appearance at this time was heart-rendcobbler. ing to those who had known him a few years previously. A settled melancholy had taken possession of his mind;

his careworn, pallid countenance, disfigured by a wound received in action, added to the meanness of his garments (for he was then almost naked), caused him to look that which he really was,—the embodiment of despair.

Upon another occasion he was found early in the morning on the steps of the house of one of his friends, almost in a state of nakedness and offensively dirty. His rags were exchanged for a fashionable suit of clothes. He then returned to the garret of the cobbler, and in a short time was in as wretched a plight as before. Those who assisted him with money at this time were Viscount Sidmouth, the Right Honourable H. Addington, the Right Honourable Mr. Bragge, and Sir James Bland Burges. The last named gentleman obtained him a gift of ten pounds from the literary fund, in order that Dermody might purchase a decent suit of clothes in which to appear before his patrons. Within a week, however, he forced his wav into Sir James's house literally in rags and covered with mud! He had been arrested for debt, and while in the bailiff's house had written his poem entitled "Extravaganza," -a poem which would add honour to any writer of modern times. The literary fund was again appealed to, and again was money voted to find him clothes and to free him from his debts. And this was the life led up to its close by the possessor of one of the finest poetic minds ever given to an individual! Had Dermody used and improved his talents and opportunities, he would have taken his place among the most distinguished poets of his own or of any country.

As his end approached he was constantly attacked by nightly coughings; and as he was at this time constantly importuned by his needy landlord, he sank into a state of depressing melancholy. Without the slightest intimation to his friends, in order to get quit of the annoyance of his landlord, he fled from his wretched lodgings, and took shelter in a miserable cottage near the village of Sydenham, in Kent; from which, when reduced to the last extremity, he sent the following letter to one of his friends:—

"You, no doubt, have been greatly surprised at my I had neither time nor opportunity to relate my miseries. My poverty and the importunities of my unfeeling landlord compelled me to leave those abominable lodgings in Portpool Lane; and I cannot say I have changed for the better. Pray, my dear friend, write to Lord Moira again: say I cannot live long, and it will be the last favour conferred on an unfortunate youth. I expect nothing but friendship from you at this fatal period, and therefore will not scruple to ask an extraordinary favour on my death-I am in want of everything; and in saying this, I need not tell you that the smallest assistance will give me comfort. I cannot live, and my last hours are full of misery. The favour I have to beg is, that you will call again upon Mr. Addington, and explain that you have seen me: say his last bounty is expended;-

he is generous; and though I do not deserve his kindness, I think you will not fail to move him. You will write me immediately, as you perceive I employ another to write. Forget me not, my dear friend; I have troubled you long, but cannot much longer. God bless you!

"THOMAS DERMODY"

On receipt of this letter he was immediately visited, and was found in a wretched hovel, leaning over a few embers, which hardly gave warmth to his shivering and emaciated body, in a state of the deepest misery and dejection. He had scarce power to utter a word, and his eyes filled with tears; and being unable to give expression to his feelings, he sat speechless for a considerable length of time. He then tried to relate the events of the last few weeks, but was compelled to pause by repeated attacks of the most distressing cough. When he recovered himself a little he fixed his sunken eves upon his visitor, and said: "Thank God for this friendly visit. I thought I had given the whole world, and you in particular, cause to forget me. I have deserved the severest censure; but do not now remember I have done so." A severe fit of coughing intervened, when he said: "That hollow cough rings out my knell." Preparations were immediately made for his comfort, and fresh lodgings were taken, to which he was to be removed next morning. All this kindly care proved useless, as the poor misguided young man died the same evening, at the premature age of twentyseven years and six months! On the monument

erected over his grave by a few of his friends, the following lines, selected from one of Dermody's poems, have been engraved:—

- "No titled birth had he to boast:
  Son of the desert; Fortune's child;
  Yet, not by frowning Fortune crossed,
  The Muses on his cradle smiled.
- "He joyed to con the fabling page
  Of prowessed chiefs and deeds sublime,
  And e'en essayed in infant age—
  Fond task!—to weave the wizard rhyme.
- "And though fell Passion swayed his soul, By Prudence seldom ever won, Beyond the bounds of her control, He was dear Fancy's favoured son.
- "Now a cold tenant does he lie
  Of this dark cell, all hushed his song;
  While Friendship bends with streaming eye
  As by his grave she wends along;
- "On his cold clay lets fall a holy tear,
  And cries, 'Though mute, there is a poet here.'"

Dermody's published works, owing to his intemperance, were few. His first work, which was published in 1792, consisted of the poems written before his thirteenth year; this was succeeded by another volume of poems in 1800, and a third in 1801; he subsequently published a poem called the "Battle of the Bards," and a pamphlet on the French Revolution, and a poem bearing the title "Reform." It is asserted that the poems he wrote before his twelfth year would fill ten volumes of moderate size. These compositions were not mere childish poems upon childish subjects, but poems that would do credit to poets of acknowledged

ability. One was a translation of the "Epitaphium Damonis" of Milton; others, "Monody on the Death of Chatterton," "Ode to Fancy," "Hymn to the Memory of Thomson," "Dirge on Fidele in Cymbeline," and an elegy on himself. During his first fourteen years he acquired a competent knowledge of Greek, Latin. French, and Italian, with a slight knowledge of Spanish. The ending of a life of so much promise and ability was sad indeed. Had he renounced his errors, and had his ambition kept pace with the encouragement which he received; had he studied moral with the same ardour as poetical propriety; had his regard for character and decorum equalled his poverty and love of dissipation,—he might have lived to be the admiration of the great, the wonder of the learned, and an ornament of society. He mistook the way to happiness, and early fell a victim to imprudence and excess, which speedily ended his fitful and lamentable career. His was indeed a sad instance of an Dermody, in his poem of the unsuccessful life. "Enthusiast," admirably portrays his own character:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;He who such polished lines so well could form
Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child:
Now earth-enamoured, grovelling with the worm;
Now seraph-plumed, the wonderful, the wild."

### XVIII.

## "Quit Pourselbes like Men."

"Know, sir, that the wings
On which my soul is mounted have long since
Borne her too high to stoop to any prey
That soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghill
Minds, composed of earth, in that gross element
Fix all their happiness; but purer spirits,
Purged and refined, shake off that clog of
Human frailty."



ARLYLE says man's function "is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things." To be a man is to be manly, and to be manly is to do nothing mean or untrue.

To be manly, it is needful to cherish thoughts that will bear the light of day, to perform actions that can endure the closest scrutiny of conscience, and so to live that no moment will cause a blush now or occasion punishment hereafter. How would the errors of youth, of manhood, of old age, be swept away and prevented, if the thought should occur on the doing of any action,—"Is this right, is this true, is this manly? Should I do it in the presence of a parent, a sister, a friend? and can I do it with a clear and an approving conscience in the presence of an all-seeing and all-knowing God?"

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This can only be done by the exercise of restraint, by resisting manfully the temptations to evil, and living in innocence, let the cost in privation be what it may. It is a false and foolish notion, that the exercise of liberty—to do wrong—is manliness, and that the restraint of liberty is the forfeiture of manliness. Restraint in doing wrong is conformity to the law of right; and he that does right is manly, while he that does wrong is the opposite. The law of obedience—for that is the law of restraint—is a condition of order and happiness; and without obedience, conformity to law, the true purposes of life will go awry, and success in life will not be achieved.

Early in life the thought occurs that to throw off the guidance and direction of parents and friends, to be self-directed, is manly. To adopt the habits, the manners, the course of life of companions, however objectionable that course may be, is manly. Thousands, tens of thousands, have been ruined by imitating what are wrongly termed manly habits. No well-conducted youth but would feel a blush of shame on ordering and drinking spirits for the first time in a public room; but presently, in imitation of those who do not blush, the manly habit of drinking would be contracted, and a life commenced which might end in confirmed drunk-The conscience, when not seared and dulled, is ever true in its pointing to the right path; its faintest doubts should lead away from temptation with the strength of unyielding determination. There should be no parleying or reasoning when conscience says No.

Conscience is the manliest instinct, and to obey its teaching and to follow its leading is in the highest and best sense to be manly. That which degrades and lowers a man's self-respect, which causes him in his better moments, when true to himself, to think meanly of his conduct, and to blush at the thought of the course he has pursued, cannot be manly in any sense. Manliness is the parent of fearlessness. Only he that has done wrong shuns the light and dreads exposure. There is no more glorious sight in creation than a fearless, honest, and upright man. What has he to fear or dread? When Shakespeare says:

#### "Conscience does make cowards of us all,"-

he can only mean that it makes cowards of those who have done wrong, who cannot bear the stings of remembrance and the thought of evil which has been done.

But not only in performed actions is the conscience seared and dulled, but by indulgence in morbid thoughts. The real life which is lived by every man is in the mind. That which is seen may only be seeming—not the reflex of the innermost thought. The mind has properly been described as a kingdom, the ordering of which is as important as the directing of a state. To control the thoughts, to subdue base and impure thoughts, to call them home from wandering wickedly and unwisely into forbidden paths, is the work of men—is the manly work which elevates humanity, and brings us nearer to the ideal of truth

and purity. Battling with the world and its many annoyances and troubles demands the lightest efforts, in comparison to the struggle needed to command the thoughts and to rule the desires.

"I solemnly warn you," says Henry Ward Beecher, "against indulging a morbid imagination. In that busy and mischievous faculty begins the evil. Were it not for his airy imaginations man might stand his own master—not overmatched by the worst part of himself. But, ah! these summer reveries, these venturesome dreams, these fairy castles, builded for no good purposes—they are haunted by impure spirits, who will fascinate, bewitch, and corrupt you. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed art thou, most favoured of God, whose thoughts are chastened; whose imagination will not breathe or fly in tainted air, and whose path hath been measured by the golden reed of Purity."

In order that "the thoughts of our hearts" may be cleansed, we must not only battle with them when they obtrude, as evil thoughts will obtrude under the most sacred conditions and circumstances, but there must be a firm resolve to quit companions and any company when improper subjects are discussed and indecent thoughts suggested. To do otherwise would be to parley with vice, to lay the heart open to the inroads of evil, and to forfeit all pretensions to manliness. The wrecking of many a life has been occasioned by suffering the ear to be entertained by an immodest joke, which, possibly, for the moment called a blush to the cheek, but which in future recitals of impure stories simply

incited silly laughter. If a stand is to be made against this inroad to a pure, manly life, which may become a vortex of perdition, it must be in the heart, the thoughts, the fountain of all action. But if this stand is not made at the outset, the next stage toward ruin is delight in the society of the coarse, the obscene, and licentious in action and conversation.

When a resolute determination to resist the inroads of these contaminating and destructive evils is not made and kept, from that hour there is a difference in the feelings, the condition, and the prospects of the young man who thus relinquishes himself to the mastery of morbid and impure thoughts. He may not be aware of the change; but the ingenuous confidence of innocence is lost. Home is no longer the home that it has been. The presence and companionship of parents and sisters, hitherto affording delight in mutual confidence and intercourse, now only occasion embarrassment and confusion—the result of the loss of innocence and the natural purity of thought. That which is obtained in exchange for previous open, ingenuous, cheerful, sportive demeanour, is morbid sullenness, reserve, and passionate irritability. In this instance, as in all instances, if law is violated punishment follows. And what a punishment! To have every fine feeling dulled, if not destroyed! To contract a repugnance to everything of a religious nature-prayer and public worship becoming irksome and a penance instead of an enjoyment! Against this destruction of life-of all that is holy and all that makes life happy—the battle must be fought with a

life's resolution and determination. The society of all whose conversation is loose, and whose lives are devoted to the open or private practice of vice, should be shunned as a virulent pestilence. He that touches pitch carries about with him the mark of the contact; he that courts or accustoms himself to the company of the vicious, contracts a taste and disposition for indulgence in indecency, which blurs and deforms the natural purity and innocency of life.

The two desires, society and excitement, are at the foundation of all the evils which afflict humanity. Rightly used, they are the incitements and incentives to true and noble lives.

"Our bane and physic the same earth bestows, And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose."

What is it that induces crowded bars, bar-parlours, and public-houses? In the first instance, desire for society and excitement, not the desire or craving for strong drink; that is subsequently created. The conversation, for the most part, of these frequenters of public-houses indicates a distressing vacuity of mind. Their homes possess no attractions, books have no interest for them, and all study and intelligent intercourse is irksome if not intolerable. They fly to the tavern because its frequenters are as purposeless, useless, and as empty as themselves. The result is idleness and inanity. Of the former the quaint Burton says: "Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all

mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy."

When, however, the mind has been properly disciplined, and there is a healthy desire for recreation and relaxation, books and the society of intelligent friends not only preoccupy the mind, but prevent that void and vacuity which is the source of so much evil. Employment in business, and employment in healthy amusement, are preventives against the temptations which assail the purposeless and the idle. The poet in the following lines defines the notions and absurdities which the idle and the vicious entertain on the subject of manliness, or what is meant by being manly:—

"And there was one

Who strove most valiantly to be a man;
Who smoked, and still got sick; drank hard, and woke
Each morn with headache: his poor, timorous voice,
Trembled beneath the burden of the oaths
His bold heart made it bear. He sneered at love;
Was not so weak as to believe the sex
Cumbered with virtue. Oh, he knew! he knew!
He had himself adventured in that sea;
Could tell, sir, if he would; yet never dared
Speak to a lady in his life without
Blushing hot to the ears."

Manliness of this nature only needs to be mentioned to be despised and condemned. But it is the manliness which finds favour with multitudes on the threshold of manhood, who are just adventuring upon the sea of active life. With such principles and practices it would be strange if the voyage were not disastrous, if the ship were not wrecked, and if life were not a disappointment instead of a success. God is not mocked: that which a man sows that shall he also reap. It is pure insanity to suppose that life can be dissipated in idleness and inanity and yet be a success. In the attainment of success in life, effort and energy are as much needed to battle with the deadening dispositions and temptations of "the flesh" as with the world in endeavours to attain a competency in trade, profession, or business.

When conquest in this fight has been attained—and all can conquer who persevere—a satisfied calm and self-possession will take the place of the unhealthy bustle and disturbance of spasmodic mental and bodily existence. Excitement, hurry, and bustle are symptoms of weakness; calmness and repose indicate manly strength. Milton has well observed,—

"What is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command."

The greatest forces in nature are not the noisiest. The storm which overthrows dwellings and uproots trees, and which manifests its presence by thunder and lightning, cannot be compared in its effects with the still and noiseless process by which nature produces the fruits of the earth. So is it among men. The strongest and most productive in good and enduring work are not the

noisy and the bustling. History is full of evidence of The mental conflicts and heroic deeds which have obtained for us the freedom and liberty which all enjoy, have proceeded from men of great calmness and courage. They had a settled and determined purpose: they knew they were engaged in the battle of right against wrong; and they also knew that the right must ultimately succeed. Fearlessly and calmly they pursued their way; and hence to-day the liberties and privileges of the meanest subject are secured and protected by laws which have destroyed the wrong and oppression under which our forefathers laboured. Clarkson and Wilberforce would not so soon have achieved the emancipation of the slave had it not been for their calm confidence in the ultimate success of their labours, which enabled them to work on untiringly in the face of all opposition until the end was gained and the slave was declared to be free. Men like John Wesley and George Whitefield, who spent their lives in preaching the gospel to the most benighted of their fellow-men, met all opposition and personal danger with the calmness and confidence which befit messengers commissioned to proclaim peace and joy. The Puritans who fought under the banner of Cromwell were stolid, staid, and self-controlled men-the opposite of the gay Cavaliers who fought under the banner of Charles. When the two forces came into conflict, it was seen that the despised Puritan was an over-match for the butterfly soldier.

But this calmness and confidence of purpose must not degenerate into stubbornness. When decision is the result of intelligent reflection and conviction, it cannot be too highly commended; while decision and determination in a course which is prompted by ignorance, and which the most clear and conclusive argument cannot move, cannot be otherwise described than as stupid stubbornness. Unfortunately, men of the latter description are much more common than of the former. are to be found in all classes of society. In the streets. in the highest places, self-opinioned and stubborn men are to be found. They know all things, and have no difficulties; they are like those who are "wiser in their own conceit than seven men who can render a reason." To hear them talk, it is only necessary to put them into positions of political trust in order to save the State, to control and manage a disturbed Church, to bring happy issues out of a war, to determine what is truth, and to bring to an end all disputes and difficulties. In argument, however clearly beaten, they never acknowledge defeat, but stubbornly insist upon their perverse position. As they grow older they do not, as a rule, grow They go on dogmatizing and asserting, rendering themselves disagreeable to all with whom they come in contact; and, if they allow thought and conscience to operate, without satisfaction, comfort, or happiness to themselves. A stubborn man cannot be a happy man. His stubbornness does not give him strength or power over the minds of others. Stubbornness is not manliness; it is stupidity. It blocks the way of healthy, manly progress and development, but is no aid in the attainment of any virtue, mental possession, or desired goal.

The man who desires to quit himself like a man will not hesitate to own himself, on conviction, of being in the wrong. He will anxiously ascertain whether he is so—that the facts are against him; and he will willingly concede his false position, and not shrink from any changes which truth demands. It is this openness to conviction to which we owe the mental victories achieved by the great men of all times. It was well said by Southey that "a stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom, or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness." Above all things it is needful that there should be no tampering with truth—no stubbornness in conserving error.

That was admirable advice which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon gave to the young men in Exeter Hall: "Gentlemen, I venture to advise you to wear no armour for your backs when you have finally determined to follow the track of Truth. Receive upon your breastplates of righteousness the sword-cuts of your adversaries; their stern metal shall turn the edge of your foeman's weapon. Advance with the resolve in God's strength never to turn aside. Let the right be your lord paramount; but for the rest be free and your own masters still. Follow Truth alone, and for her own sake; follow her in evil report; let not many waters quench your love to her. Set her as a seal upon your heart, and a seal upon your arm. Lean on her arm, and she will be a sure support. Bow to no customs if they be evil; yield to no established customs if they involve a lie. Think it better to lose

the approbation of the good through following your conscience than to win universal applause by yielding even an inch when you know you are contending for the right. Do not evil, even though good should come of it; do good, even if evil should follow. 'Consequences!' this is the devil's argument. Leave thou consequences with God, whose business it is to overrule all things; go thou and do the right. If friends fail thee, do the right; if foemen surround thee, do the right. Be genuine, real, sincere, true, upright, godlike. If you would be anything in this world, and serve your generation, do what you know in your own soul to be the right thing for you before God."

If there is one character more despicable than another, it is the vacillating changeling. Something to-day which he was not yesterday, and something to-day which he will not be to-morrow. He has no settled purpose and no settled principles. He is tossed about by every wind of doctrine, adopting every freshly-conceived notion and every new-fangled fancy. Dryden well describes him:—

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong; Was everything by starts, and nothing long."

The old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is true of intellectual life as it is true of business life. The man who is constantly changing his business as a rule makes little commercial progress; and the man who has no settled principles—principles upon which he has taken his stand for life—is likely to become a

convert to every new vagary, and to reap as his reward disappointment and discontent. That is not to be a man or to be manly; on the contrary, irresolution and vacillation indicate the absence of the mental qualities which constitute character commanding admiration and respect. Burns wrote of his father:—

"He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing;
For without an honest, manly heart, no man was worth regarding."

But independently of outward regard, the esteem of friends, of which no right-minded man can be indifferent, the consciousness of integrity, of rightly ordered and determined purpose, is not without reward. Is it nothing for a man to feel that he is not like a straw tossed about by every wind,—that he has settled principles which lead him to a resolute, resolved, and a wise life? If a man has right principles, he is not likely to indulge in wrong practices. Right principles, firmly held, will save a man to himself,-will enable him amid confusion and disturbance of opinion, when the props and stays of society seem about to be destroyed, to preserve himself in quiet trust. He has faith and confidence in right and truth, and he is fully assured that ultimately all will be well. This assured trust in the wise government of the world, which imparts confidence in its ultimate attainment of wisdom, and its escape from wrong and evil, is not less assuring to the individual. The man who thinks right and does right can "look the whole world in the face" without fear and careless of a frown. "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength."

An instance of manliness is furnished in the life of William Hutton, the Birmingham bookseller. name came prominently before Parliament during the notorious Birmingham riots, which occurred in the summer of 1791. For three days the town was given up to the inflamed passions of a mob, who, under the cry of "Church and King!" destroyed the property of all who were in any way obnoxious to the infuriated Dr. Priestley and other dissenting ministers populace. only escaped with their lives by the sacrifice of all their property. Birmingham in recent years, ashamed of its inhabitants of the riots period, has erected a monument to Priestley, whose scientific attainments and blameless life justly entitle him to the honour. Among others who suffered in the mad and senseless riots was William Hutton, a man who was regarded with high estimation by all political and religious parties, but who had excited the ire of the mob by the strict impartiality with which he had discharged his duties as a commissioner in the Court of Requests—a court established for the recovery of small debts. the misfortune not to be able to find a way by which both parties could win. This made him enemies among the idle and the thoughtless; and when the riots commenced, Hutton's house was sacked and his property destroyed. He estimated his loss at eight thousand pounds, but was only compensated by Act of Parliament to the extent of five thousand pounds.

Hutton had raised himself by his own exertions to an honourable commercial position. He did this without

the forfeiture of a single manly principle. No success would have compensated for the absence of self-respect. Hutton could work, could persevere, could starve, if needs be—which was often the case in his early life—but he could not resort to any trick or meanness in his trade, in his life or conduct. It would hardly be possible to conceive circumstances more embarrassing or prospects more unpromising than were those which surrounded William Hutton for the first twenty-five years of his life.

His father, a journeyman woolcomber, was a man whose powers of mind and professional ability would have insured success, and would have entitled their possessor to universal esteem, had he not been afflicted with habits of the most reckless intemperance. knew the evil of his course, and again and again resolved to amend; but again and again temptation overcame his weak purpose, until by repeated failures the last stronghold gave way, and self-respect became annihilated. The occasional drinker settled down into the habitual sot, and William Hutton was born the third son of a confirmed drunkard! Rags, misery, and almost famine, were the scenes in the midst of which his childhood was spent. Cuffs, kicks, buffets, and hard words, were his constant portion; but they only schooled him to a life of patient endurance and laid the foundation of his habits of self-dependence. early compelled to work in a factory in Derby, at a time when children in factories were shamefully and cruelly used. The seven years spent in the mill Hutton

described as the most wretched of his life. He then spent another seven years with his uncle, a stocking-weaver of Nottingham, where he was begrudged every meal he tasted. "My aunt," he said, "kept a constant eye upon the food and the feeder. This curb galled my mouth to that degree that to this day I do not eat at another's table without fear."

During his apprenticeship with his uncle, his taste for books and reading seems to have been first developed. He continued to work for his uncle until his death, when he was cast upon the world without a home. He managed to set up a stocking-frame in his sister's house, but found little or no demand for his labour. "The manufacturers," he said, "would neither employ me nor give for my goods anything near prime cost. As I stood like a culprit before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears to think that I had served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread."

As making stockings would not yield him the means of living, Hutton resolved to try another business; and as taste led him to books, he determined to become a bookseller. His qualifications for his new business were small enough—a little reading and writing, with the ability of cobbling up the old books which fell in his way, were his capital and stock in trade. It was a weary time before his noble perseverance overcame all obstacles. Having walked to London and back to lay out a few shillings in the purchase of tools, he fixed upon Southwell, a small town about fourteen miles from

Nottingham, as the scene of his first experiment. Nothing short of the most surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried him through the year he devoted to this effort. Walking for ten hours, and starving in his miserable shop for six hours, to secure receipts varying from one to six shillings—a task he regularly executed every market day—was not a very cheerful or brilliant success; but he held on. His increased experience of the business induced him to try new ground, and on the 25th day of May 1750 he commenced business in Birmingham, in a shop the rent of which was one shilling per week. One gentleman gave him a little encouragement by trusting him with a few old books and taking in exchange a note from Hutton, which ran thus:--"I promise to pay Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings when I am able." A debt subsequently cheerfully paid.

His weekly expenses during his first year in Birmingham did not exceed five shillings; at the end of the year he had saved twenty pounds. It was all right with him now; his courage and self-reliance had met with their reward. The next thirty years of his life passed on in an even and prosperous tenor. He became so highly estimated for his prudence and good sense that in 1768 he was chosen one of the overseers of the poor; and in 1772, one of the judges in the Court of Requests—a small-debts court. The Birmingham riots occasioned his withdrawal from public office, though his life and health were prolonged for many years. At the age of eighty-five he walked a tour of six

hundred miles, to collect materials for an antiquarian publication. He died at the age of ninety-two, notwithstanding that his youth had been surrounded with so many depressing influences. His habits, no doubt. tended much to prolong his life and preserve his health. He viewed strong liquors with absolute abhorrence, and considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that "ninety-two years," says his daughter, "had scarcely the power to alter his features or make a wrinkle in his face." The moral of Hutton's life is-Courage and Self-reliance. He early learned to depend upon himself, and that lesson he has left for all who come after him. He was a man in all relations of life; he did not allow poverty and privation to cow and overcome him -he overcame them; and now his life and example call upon the desponding and despairing to quit themselves like men.

#### XIX.

# "My Bear, be a Good Man."

"So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke Severe in youthful beauty, added grace Invincible: abashed the devil stood, And felt how awful goodness is."—MILTON.

IR WALTER SCOTT when on his death-bed said to his son-in-law: "Lockhart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious—

be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Sir Walter had had a successful life, not unaccompanied by disappointment, but notwithstanding full of that which men covet and earnestly desire. His success in life had been great; men everywhere conspired to laud and applaud his name, and to praise his genius. This adulation, which was not unmerited, was not the source of his rejoicing when he came to die. During his long life he had written books which will be a source of pleasure to countless numbers yet unborn; and when about to leave the world he could look back upon his unexampled literary career with the satisfaction of knowing that he had not written a line that he would desire to blot.

But literary fame, and the satisfaction which accompanies an industrious life, were not the source or kind of "comfort" needed on a death-bed. Sir Walter commended to his son-in-law virtue, goodness, and religion, as the source and means by which death-bed peace could alone be secured. If it were otherwise, if talents and ability, applause and fame, were the passports to a peaceful ending of life, how few could attain that consummation! Happily the man in the meanest condition, surrounded by the most adverse circumstances, whose mental powers are of the most meagre character, and whose life has been passed in obscurity, known only by a few humble friends, can vet attain to heights of virtue and goodness which will place him on a level with saints, and make the chamber where he meets his fate "privileged beyond the walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven."

Life cannot be a success if its ending is not successful. History is full of instances of failures at the moment when life is about to be yielded and all opportunities are ended. Cardinal Mazarin, when told by his physician that he could only live two months longer, was filled with despair. A few days after this sentence had been pronounced he left his bed in his night-cap and shirt and dragged himself along his magnificent picture-gallery, muttering as he went, "Must I quit all these?" Addressing an attendant, he said: "Look at the Correggio!—this Venus of Titian!—that matchless Deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit them all!—Farewell, dear pictures, that I

have loved so dearly, and that have cost me so much." When the time of his death drew near he became restless and uneasy, and as tears filled his eyes he cried: "Oh, my poor soul! what will become of thee? whither wilt thou go?" To the Queen-Dowager of France he said: "Madam, your favours have undone me: were I to live again, I would be a monk rather than a courtier." With such an experience at its close could the cardinal's life be said to have been a success?

Another man, Horace Walpole, who was accounted in his day "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," who was possessed of rank, fortune, and talents that made him welcome in the highest society, yet devoted himself to a frivolous, purposeless life, without achievement or the attainment of any important or useful obiect. At the end of his wasted existence he wrote: "I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Oh. how can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my This was a poor conclusion of a life of so much opportunity. It had been wasted, its true purposes had been neglected. Happiness had not been found in its course, and was therefore wanting in its ending.

Madame de Pompadour, who was a butcher's daughter. exercised during her life an important influence in the court of Louis XV. of France, and enjoyed all that wealth could purchase, of which in her early life she could have had no conception,-she was an instance of how unsatisfactory is the pursuit of pleasure in satisfying the heart's demands. Upon one occasion she wrote: "What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope; there is no peace in ambition. I am always gloomy, and often so unreasonably. The kindness of the king, the regards of courtiers, the attachment of my domestics, and the fidelity of a large number of friends-motives like these, which ought to make me happy, affect me no longer. I have no longer an inclination for all which once pleased me. I have caused my house at Paris to be magnificently furnished; well, that pleased me for two days. My residence at Bellevue is charming; but I alone cannot endure it. Benevolent people relate to me all the news and adventures of Paris; they think I listen, but when they have done I ask them what they said. In a word, I do not live, I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Everything conspires to imbitter my life. My life is a continued death." She died disappointed and wretched, feeling acutely that which she had earned by a life of voluptuous indulgence—the public hatred. She reaped that which she had sown, and furnished a melancholy example of the great law—that retribution follows evil even in this life.

An instance is furnished of a wasted and a useless life in the career of Sir Francis Delaval, who owned abilities of a high order, and who had every blessing of fortune and station. Instead of improving his opportunities, blessing himself in blessing the world, he dissipated his life in conviviality and all kinds of absurd extravagance. Just before his death he said to a friend: "Let my example warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be, capable. able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in needful information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of merely making myself a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to gallantry which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army-I should have become a useful member of society and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man. Pursue what is useful to mankind;—you will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself." Admirable advice! To neglect work, labour, and effort, which will satisfy the inward monitor, and to devote talents and God-implanted powers to mere frivolity, is not only to make shipwreck of opportunity, but to destroy all repose and satisfaction during life, and at its close to have the mind and memory filled with regrets.

"Will toys amuse when medicine cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Fade in the view and vanish from the sight,
Will toys amuse? No! thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale."

Strange as it may seem, however, recorded experience of the impossibility of a futile, frivolous life, affording any solid satisfaction or true enjoyment, seems to have but a slight restraining effect upon those just entering upon life's career. An impression is entertained that the evil may be avoided by an indulgence, but not a too free indulgence, in absorbing sensual pleasures; and that at the right moment, just when pleasure is about to become the master, the voke can be thrown off, and a useful and honourable life commenced! Account is not taken of the strength of habit, which is so formidable an opponent of any momentary good desire or newly-formed good intention; account is not taken of the sloth and indisposition of human nature, the striving that is needed to avoid the evil and to pursue the good. He that wishes to shut out evil from his heart must not temporize with it, must not come near it, must not turn aside to parley with it, but "let his eyes look straight on," turning neither to the right nor left in his pursuit of the upward path.

Universal experience has shown the inutility of

many pursuits followed in the hope of obtaining the supreme good. Lord Byron had during his life more public admiration and praise than any author of his What was it that degraded his undoubted talents, making his high powers instruments of the most bitter infidelity, the most caustic malice, and the most degrading buffoonery? Did he suppose that any satisfaction or happiness would result? His lordship had too keen a sense of right and wrong to flatter himself with so self-evident a delusion. No one knew better than he that his life of vice and sensual indulgence could only lead to disappointment and regret; and yet he continued this career to the end, hushing the voice of conscience by a continuous habit of intoxication! When he came to die, instead of the remembrance of a useful life, he had the reflection of wasted powers and neglected opportunities. No wonder when on the confines of another world he was overheard by his physician to say, "Shall I sue for mercy?" But instead of yielding to this gracious influence, this last overture of pardon, his habit of unbelief smothered the "still small voice;" when he was again heard to say, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last." Will the most ardent admirer of Lord Byron's poetry affirm that he either lived or died like a man? Must he not be likened to the fool who said in his heart, "There is no God"?

Voltaire had more literary homage than any author that ever lived. He was idolized as if he had been a god. He was an hypocrite and a sensualist. At one time he formed the resolution to make the work of his life the destruction of Christianity, and rarely spoke of Christ but as "the wretch." When he came to die, instead of the adulation of his admirers being a source of comfort and satisfaction in his last moments. it was evidently the source of much misery. When his friends came about him, intending probably to renew their laudations and fulsome flattery, he commanded them to "Retire," adding, "It is you who have brought me to my present state. Begone! I could have done without you all, but you could not do without me. And what a wretched glory have you procured me!" The Marquis of Richelieu, one of his companions in evil, fled from his bed-side, saying that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire." Could a life having such an ending be deemed a success?

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Turning away from the death-beds of men who have lived unhappy because sinful lives, to the closing scenes of those who have usefully used life's busy day, and who have done all as in the eye of their Heavenly Parent, it will be seen that lives of virtue, truth, and of simple, unaffected piety, not only secure peace, quiet-

ness, and happiness in this world, but also assurance of joy when life is ended, and the spirit is about to take its departure. When Hannah More, the gifted authoress, was near her departure, instead of death and the grave being hideous and abhorrent, she said, "Oh, what will it be when our eyes close on this scene, and open upon a world of spirits! I have often thought of poor Thistlewood's expression, 'We shall soon know the grand secret.' A Christian may say the same; it is a secret equally to him, but he says it with a firm faith and a well-grounded assurance that 'there is a reward for the righteous'-that 'there is a God that judgeth in the earth!" - The Rev. Robert Hall when about to depart was in great pain, and said, "Oh, the sufferings of this body!" When his wife asked, "But are you comfortable in your mind?" he answered, "Very comfortable-very comfortable;" and then exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come-." He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters, involuntarily as it were, anticipated him by saying, "Quickly!" on which her departing father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight. - The Rev. John Elv of Leeds, when the time of his departure had come, addressing his friends who stood by his bed-side, said, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but

unto all them also that love his appearing." - When Lord Teignmouth, who had been for thirty years president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was on his death-bed, his end was perfect peace. affection towards the members of his family and his kindred, present or abroad, was overflowing; whilst he unceasingly addressed to all, including his servants, the language of a devout, rejoicing, and grateful heart. He was full of sweetness, and full of thankfulness to God and all around him, and in this happy and rejoicing state he quietly passed to the heavenly kingdom.-When the Rev. Richard Watson was upon his deathbed he said: "There is no rest or satisfaction to the soul but in God-my God. I am permitted to call him my God. 'O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." -When the Rev. Charles Simeon lay upon his deathbed he said: "I never felt so ill before—I conceive my present state cannot last long; but here I lie waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish." - Mrs. Hemans, the gifted poetess, when nearing the close of her life "enjoyed the greatest peace, nor would she allow any tones of commiseration to be employed before her. 'No poetry,' she said, 'could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

These instances of peaceful endings of useful lives,

which could be added to by myriads of similar instances, are so many proofs, if proofs are needed, that God is not mocked in the laws which he has instituted for man's guidance and happiness, and that that which a man sows that also shall he reap. Men do not think, and they will not learn by experience, that a life of sensuality and self-pleasing, that the pursuit of transient, trivial, and false enjoyments, can only lead to unhappiness and moral death. There cannot be found individuals so wholly blinded to their contemptibility as not, under the pressure of disease and the prospect of death, to denounce them as delusions, and as far as possible to counsel those they leave behind to devote themselves to better and more enduring objects of desire and aim. All experience proves that a life of ease and pleasure is a wretched preparation for the close of life, and is a poor satisfaction to the demands and exacting conditions of conscience. An instance of the votary of pleasure looking back with satisfaction upon his past life may not be looked for. All known instances prove the exact contrary. When the last hour has come, he that has indulged in convivial scenes, and made pleasure his pursuit, instead of rejoicing in the experience, being honest and truthful to himself, will confess with Solomon that all has been vanity. Men do not gather grapes of thistles; neither can true enjoyment be obtained unless life is devoted to useful pursuits, its solemn obligations acknowledged, and all actions done, and work performed, "as to the Lord, and not to men." That only is to live, and that alone is the method to obtain true "success in life." Without being at one with the Author of our being, in harmony with his designs, the best intentions and purposes will go awry, and life become a disappointment in its course, and incur a fearful reckoning at its close.

Life, then, is a battle. It is a strife against adverse conditions and untoward circumstances, which may militate against making progress in trade, and which may invite to deviations from the straight path in the pursuit of fame or fortune; it is a strife against fleshly lusts which war against the spirit; it is a strife against what the apostle describes when he says, "We ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another." To be freed from this thraldom of evil, this bitter malignity of heart; to cherish no evil in thought or deed; to be honest and truthful; to preserve a peaceful conscience, void of offence,-demands earnest effort and the struggle and battle of a life. Happily the Author of our being has implanted within us a direct communication from himself-"the still small voice"-which warns from evil and prompts to good, by ever saying as doubt and danger arise, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

"Oh! who would live if only just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian good below, still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life."

### XX.

# Success at the End.

"Reflect that life and death—affecting sounds—Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
The Eternal gave it; and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away.
Thus life with loss of wealth is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life."—Johnson.



HE attainment of success depends upon what has been the purpose and object of life. There may be a failure in the realization of success in consequence of the goal being

unattainable, placed too high, or out of the reach of the possible. Success is assured to all who will take the means to attain it,—but only that success which is attainable. Success in the accumulation of property depends upon circumstances and surroundings and the efforts made to take advantage of favourable circumstances. While honest and industrious effort is certain of reward, wealth and distinction, honours and large emoluments, may never be realized. It is absurd to suppose that all that is needed to attain success in any

given direction is a fixed and resolved purpose. The success which may be achieved is the success which is possible of attainment. A young artist may look long and lovingly upon the works of Reynolds, Constable, or Turner, and his study and careful observation of their paintings will no doubt improve his own work; but he ought not to suppose that he has failed in obtaining success because his work does not equal the productions of England's greatest painters. however, in the true sense, is within the reach of all, whatever the condition or lot in life may be. It will be admitted that intellectual improvement is within the reach of all, and that success in the development of the faculties is within the power of the poorest. Success may not be attained in the pursuit of any given class of knowledge so as to obtain honours and distinction; but there need be no failure in obtaining success in the acquisition of knowledge and in the improvement and development of the mind. That degree of capability and possibility is within the compass of all who have the desire and needed perseverance. In its pursuit it may be seen that the inordinate desire for wealth for wealth's sake is one of the world's delusions, and that in true success many a poor man living in humble circumstances has passed and distanced the proud millionaire. Valuable as money is,—and it is valuable for the good which it can obtain,—it is probable that the poor-poor in comparison with the rich-enjoy as many, if not more, of the true blessings of life. Providence has so apportioned enjoyment that every station in life has allotted to it its opportunity—its share of good. There is no desire to depreciate the advantages of wealth: but it cannot but be observed that the slave to wealth never gives the idea of comfort and happiness. "When a man pursues money only," writes a modern author, "his features become narrowed; his eyes shrink and converge; his smile, when he has any, hardens; his language fails of poetry and ornament; his letters to a friend dwindle down to a telegraphic despatch: he seems to have no time for anything, because his heart has only one thing for which it wishes time. What he calls the 'pressure of business' is often only the want of any other pressure about the heart." It cannot be said that this votary and lover of gold pursues the supreme good of life and at the end achieves its attainment.

Life at the close may be said to be a failure if its progress has not been marked and improved by the great truths of history, by the developments of science, by the inspirations of poetry, the thrilling careers of the heroes of liberty, of science and religion, and the humanizing tendency of the arts. Life has not been a success if its course has not been charmed and cheered by the "concord of sweet sounds," and gladdened by the gambols and innocent laughter of children. Not to be receptive of these influences is to acknowledge the existence of a blank page in life's history.

A successful career, or the conservation of the greatest happiness, will not be found or enjoyed in a busy public life, or in the plaudits of assemblies. The

peace and the holy calm depicted by Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night" outbids the illusions and enjoyments which find favour with what is called society. No more laudable ambition can fill the breast of a human being than the desire to found and possess a home which shall be the centre, the attraction, the loadstone of life. Here it is that every virtue is developed and heart-happiness is stored; where a wife's sympathies will tone and dispel the world's asperities and disappointments, and where children make a haven of peace and love. When old age comes on, and life has nearly run its course, no earthly happiness is comparable with the enjoyments of a happy home, however humble it may be.

Life will not have been a success if it has been tainted in its course by practices which are alike condemned by God and man. In the not unfrequent toast, "Honour and honesty," lies the germ of a true life, which will earn respect in its passage and the absence of the pangs of conscience as the evening of life approaches. It is no small or trivial matter, when the day's work is ended, to put the head upon the pillow with the consciousness that during the day no evil deed has been done; and when life is closing in, and the last days are rapidly running out, the thought must be inexpressibly sweet that no dishonour taints the name that is held so dear. Fame in any sense may not have been achieved; but if there is the approval of the "still small voice." the plaudits of the crowd are of small account.

The great law which pervades every life is unchanging-"Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Pleasure sought by a violation of any law of health, or of conscience, or of society, is only a pain delayed. Heavy interest must be paid in the future by the drunkard, the gambler, and the exclusive seeker of sensual pleasure. Every dereliction of duty is a draft upon the comfort and happiness of a future day. Happiness is not an accident; it is an acquired condition. It is frequently forfeited temporarily by excessexcess in eating, drinking, and in too great an indulgence in pleasure. On the day following the indulgence friends look askance, the mind and the body are depreciated in health and tone, and irritability and illtemper supervene. This is the result of a day's or night's thoughtless pleasure; and precisely, but more fearfully, is it the result of a life's indulgence in mental and physical evil. Happiness, which is life's pursuit. is associated more with home and its inhabitants than with objects more remote. He that dwells in a cottage has the opportunity to secure peace of mind and the smile of existence, which is well called happiness. equally with the dweller in a palace. The price to be paid for the priceless blessing are duties which are due to soul and body—the health of the body and the claims of kindred and mankind. Happiness accompanies duties faithfully discharged. It is associated with industry, wise and useful studies, thoughtful companions, the wisdom which has been obtained by experience, and a child-like trust in the Supreme.

God has capacitated, organized his creatures for enjoyment. And that happiness which has been sought and found in the course of life will not be wanting as life approaches its end.

Happiness is not selfish; it is diffusive and wide-spreading. A perfectly selfish man cannot be a happy man. History records numerous instances of happy men and women; but the record does not omit to state the ground of their happiness—lives spent in useful service, in active benevolence, "going about doing good." And the consciousness and happiness of duty performed companions deeds of goodness, however small and comparatively insignificant they may be. The immediate reward which ever accompanies duties performed, whether obligatory duties or duties voluntarily undertaken, is proof of the overseeing eye and parental guidance of the Author of our existence.

This fact, which is vouched for by the experience of every human being, if there were no other fact or proof, declares that the actions of men are taken note of by the Supreme, and that while no evil deed goes unpunished, no action prompted by a loving heart can go unrewarded. It were strange, indeed, if the man who reflects upon these conditions and laws of human life could at the same time deny the existence of a Creator, and affirm with the fool, "There is no God;" that all creation, with its wondrous developments of design, is the result and combination of chance! What has matter to do with motive or mind? Is it conceivable that, let it assume what form it may, it has any innate

properties which would enable it to produce a thinking, responsible being, with a knowledge of good and evil? Whatever difficulties may be presented in the mysteries of creation as revealed in revelation, infinitely greater difficulties are met with at the threshold of unreasoning negation and denial. Why should matter—a mere combination of matter-demand, as the condition of happiness, right action, the performance of duties, and the consciousness of responsibilities? No further proof of the existence of an Almighty Maker of the world and all that it contains ought to be needed than the implanted consciousness of right and wrong. inward witness, while attesting the power and goodness of God, ought to prompt to such a course of conduct as would leave no room for the stings and arrows of a violated conscience when the evening of life induces reflection and thought.

When the gloaming of life has come, it will depend largely upon the course of life—its occupations and enjoyments—whether the evening of existence is pleasurable and happy. At such a period, the converse with the mighty spirits of the past, in the immortal works they have left behind, should afford unalloyed enjoyment. But if these books have not been companions in the past, in more youthful and vigorous years, they will afford no delight and communicate no pleasure when the eye has become dim and the mind clouded by increase of years. At no period of life does habit so determinedly assert itself as when life is about to close. The action and the thought of life have become stereo-

typed, and no mere mental effort or resolve will destroy that which is in reality a second nature. As well might the Ethiop attempt to change his skin as the aged man the habits of his life. If, then, a man has devoted all the energy of his existence to the business of accumulation, and none to the care and development of his faculties, what other can he be than an accumulator, in mind if not in body, when years and infirmities demand cessation from labour? How needful, then, as life progresses, that the thought of the future should supervene, and care be taken to make such mental provision for old age as will render the last years graceful and enjoyable.

But if this is needful in relation to this life, how much more needful as a preparation for the life to Men die as they have lived; as they have sown, so do they reap. That is a fearful delusion which supposes that a long life may be spent in the service of self and sensual pleasure, "without God in the world," and that a few repentant hours in the death-chamber will purchase the Heavenly Father's favour and condone a life of sin and folly. To rest upon this hope, or to trust to such an ending, is the extreme of madness. There is no warrant or word in the sacred Scriptures that gives assurance that God's favour can be so purchased. There has been, possibly, a latent intention at some period of life to seek the favour of the Almighty; but that period has been postponed under the impression that worldly success is incompatible with a religious life. This assumption supposes that God has designed laws of business, laws of commerce, upon principles which do not and cannot harmonize with the laws of morality and religion: that the foundations of business have been so laid that conscience is in the way, and that religious scruples can only be indulged in at the expense of prosperity. There are tens of thousands of witnesses who will attest that this is a delusion; that godliness is not only profitable for the life which is to come, but for this life; and that the man who is known to be invincibly true, unbribably honest, and who fears God, is sure of respect and prosperity. But how will lax principles and a pliant conscience soothe and calm the last hours of life? Men who, when drowning, have been saved almost at the last gasp, tell us that in the moment when all hope was gone, the scenes and actions of a long life have come vividly before the mind, and that deeds of fraud and wrong have stood out as in a blaze from the rest. And will not such thoughts obtrude when life is ebbing to its close? Can that life be a success which is imbittered at its ending by reflections of a misspent existence, and when so much of the life which has been lived is proved to be a delusion, and a deceptive, miserable mirage?

We are told with truth that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven." The life lived in the past will bear the thought and examination of the present. Looking back through the long vista of life, mistakes will be seen to have been made

-the experience of all lives; but if there have been, honesty, integrity, and good-will, there must be satisfaction in the remembrance, and the calm and quiet which come of duties performed and a life not uselessly employed or wasted. But there must be something more even than the satisfaction resulting from the remembrance of a well-spent life. To make a good ending there must be the consolations and enjoyments of Religion—the union and communion which flow from the intercourse of man with his Creator. In all conditions and states of life this intercourse makes bright the day of darkest gloom; but how much more consolatory when life is about to close, when man is about to stand in the presence of his Maker! "He who is fully conscious," says Bates, "that he has a soul to save and an eternity to secure, and, still further to animate his endeavours, that God and angels are the spectators of his conduct, can never want motives for exertion in the most sequestered solitude."

"Live well, and then, how soon see'er thou die.
Thou art of age to claim eternity."

THE END.

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